

FIGHTING ADMIRAL
THE STORY OF DAN CALLAGHAN



CAPTAIN DANIEL J. CALLAGHAN

On the bridge of the *USS San Francisco*, which became his flagship after he was elevated to the rank of rear admiral. The photograph was taken shortly after the start of World War II, probably early in 1942.

FIGHTING ADMIRAL

**The Story of
DAN CALLAGHAN**

**by
FRANCIS X. MURPHY**



VANTAGE PRESS, Inc., NEW YORK

Copyright, 1952, by Vantage Press, Inc.

Manufactured in the United States of America

JUL 3 - 1952

E

746

C27

M87

Imprimi potest:
John Sephton, C.S.S.R.

Nihil obstat:
Claude Vogel, O.F.M. Cap., Censor Deputatus

Imprimatur:
Frank A. Thill, Episcopus Salinensis
Die 30 October, 1951

To
BART W. HOGAN (MC) USN
and the Midshipmen, past and present,
of the
United States Naval Academy

Contents

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>Page</i>
PROLOGUE	1
1. THE BOY FROM SAN FRANCISCO	5
2. MIDSHIPMAN DAYS AT ANNAPOLIS	17
3. COURT-MARTIAL	34
4. WAR AND ITS NAVAL AFTERMATH	51
5. GUNNERY OFFICER	76
6. PROFESSOR OF NAVAL SCIENCE	93
7. NAVAL AIDE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: I	107
8. NAVAL AIDE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: II	132
9. SKIPPER OF THE USS SAN FRANCISCO	152
10. BATTERED GLORY	175
EPILOGUE	203
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE	208

Prologue

Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando explicet,
aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?

—*Aeneid*, II.

TO THE MEN OF GUADALCANAL, crouching on the beach in mortal fear of the momentarily expected Tokyo Express, shortly after midnight, Friday, November 13, 1942, the action that suddenly developed at sea resembled "A door of hell, opening and closing, opening and closing, over and over." For in the all but total darkness, there emerged sudden, brief, blinding flashes from big guns; momentary, mammoth stabs of illumination that immediately flared and faded; fantastic patterns of star and tracer shells; the whole accentuated with huge, orange-colored explosions as of a ship instantly disintegrating. Savo Sound re-echoed to the thunder and roar of cannonading, and to the peculiar whine of stray projectiles, mingling with the chaotic confusion.

Then, in the sudden glow of that strangely diffused action, vague traces could be discerned of ships spitting fire and thunder, and wallowing in their recoils. In the ordinarily lake-like harbor of "Iron Bottom Bay," huge waves were thrown back against the rock-ribbed sands. The very beaches seemed to quiver and tingle under the impact of a titanic struggle being waged offshore. And from the heart of many a battle-scarred marine, who a few hours earlier had demanded with an oath, "Where the h—'s the United States Navy?" there now stole forth a prayer for mercy and for victory. For this night, at last, the United States Navy was there; incredibly, invincibly there.

To the man standing on the flag bridge of the *San Francisco* that same moment, in the midst of the gigantic struggle, there was one thought uppermost in mind: "WE WANT THE BIG ONES!" For as his mighty cruiser plowed through the churning sea, salt-spray pouring past him, mingled with the smoke and powder of belching eight-inch guns, the Admiral peered ahead into the terrifying darkness, hopelessly trying to distinguish friend from foe, futilely endeavoring to delineate his own cruisers and destroyers amid the baffling confusion, and, withal, determined upon directing the withering fire of his task force upon the mightiest of the embattled Japanese war-ships round about him.

It was an impossible task. A United States battle line of five cruisers and eight destroyers, under command of Rear Admiral Daniel Judson Callaghan, had suddenly run smack into a bombarding expedition of Japanese battleships and destroyers, spread out like the spokes of a fan. In the midst of the ensuing melee, the American admiral's care had been to keep his ships in line, headed straight for the strong units of the enemy's force. But suddenly a salvo from an opposing Japanese battleship landed squarely on the American flagship's bridge. It killed Dan Callaghan, Cassin Young, David Wintle, seaman Owen Russell. It mortally wounded a number of other intrepid officers and men. And it sanctified in the annals of United States Naval glories the story of Dan Callaghan.

In that action at sea, despite Dan Callaghan's own heroic death and that of a large number of his associate officers and men, despite the great loss of United States ships and personnel, despite subsequent discussions and critiques, the Tokyo Express was effectively halted; the first large-scale United States offensive was buttressed and saved; and the United States Navy found itself over the hurdle that led to the second and offensive phase of the war at sea in the Pacific.

It was no mere accident of fate that had placed Dan Callaghan on the bridge of the *San Francisco* that perilous night. His whole career as a student and officer of the United States

Navy had prepared him for, and led up to, that moment. Like the movement of a great, classic drama, it was all but inevitable that at that hazardous moment, a man of the intrepidity and character of Dan Callaghan should have been guiding the destinies of practically the only effective naval force possessed by the United States in that area. In the mysterious arrangements of Providence, the drastic nature of the situation seemed to have demanded the sacrifice of a great hero. To the great good fortune of the American people, they had such a figure in Daniel Judson Callaghan—fearless, intrepid, untainted, an officer loved and esteemed equally by everyone with whom he had ever come into close contact, from his commander in chief in the White House to the callowest youngster in the bowels of his battlewagon, terrified, but confident in the mastery of “Admiral Dan.”

This is not to imply that things might not have been otherwise—that in the inscrutable movements of destiny some other man or some other moment might not have presented a mightier victory to the Marines then hopefully waiting on Guadalcanal, and to the nation, prayerfully struggling to acquit itself of a momentous task. But it is an attempt to recognize the fact that Providence does seem to capitalize from time to time upon a set of circumstances that emphasize the intrinsic drama of a single human life. The career of Dan Callaghan is an instance of just such an event.

This book owes its inception and its being for the most part to the men of the United States Navy. To Bart W. Hogan (Captain, MC, USN) in particular is due its inauguration. To Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, (MC) USN, (ret.), to Vice Admiral William M. Callaghan, and to Admiral Louis N. Denfeld, (ret.), is due credit for continuous encouragement and interest in its completion. To a whole host of Dan's shipmates, colleagues and friends, the author is grateful. In particular, a sincere tribute is due to Dan's father, Mr. Charles William Callaghan, since deceased at the ripe age of 81, for

his immediate and unfailing assistance; Commander Bruce McCandless, USN, for various documents and recollections; Rear Admiral William N. Thomas, (ChC) USN, (ret.), for indispensable aid in obtaining much valuable information; Commander Rowlin E. Westholm, USN, Miss Marie McAleer, and the Misses Helene and Estelle Philibert of the Navy Department for the same; the Right Reverend Monsignor Peter Guilday (R.I.P.) for his patience and care in going over the manuscript; and my own immediate superiors for permission and assistance in pursuing the work to a successful conclusion.

Immaculate Conception Rectory
The Bronx. 2 March, 1951

The Boy from San Francisco

Urbs antiqua ruit . . . Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim corpora . . . *Aeneid*, II.

PERCHED UPON ITS VERDANT HILLS, looking out over the Golden Gate, San Francisco in 1890 was still in the midst of its growing pains. Its spacious harbor was cluttered with merchant ships and men-of-war from the seven seas. Its streets echoed to the chatter of newspaper urchins, to the excited clatter of its grain, wool, fruit and lumber magnates climbing the ladder of success. At night, the din and the eerie darkness of Chinatown and the tavern-loaded waterside contrasted oddly with the stateliness of the Praesidium and the quiet of the upper reaches of the town. It was a city strangely assorted. In an atmosphere of feverish trading and sharp business deals, of wanton pleasure-seeking and scandal-tinged politics, the local schools, the civic and literary societies, the churches and academies were hammering away for a place in the sunlight, which, despite the frequent fogs that crept in upon the city, came to be one of its most avid boasts. San Francisco was a city of the future. William Randolph Hearst, its blatant young journalist, said so; its Catholic Archbishop, Patrick W. Riordan, had no doubt about it; and prominent politicians such as Theodore Roosevelt and William McKinley kept it uppermost in their shrewd election calculations.

It was here, in an atmosphere of blithe but solid living, that Daniel Judson Callaghan was born. Both his father, Charles William, and his mother, Rose Wheeler, were of pio-

neer California stock, well educated, civic minded, Roman Catholic, and fairly well-to-do. They belonged to the social set of the more stable, better-circumstanced citizens of the town. Their interests enmeshed in the thriving business enterprises centered in the local mills and banks. They were part and parcel of the social gatherings that grew out of the alumni and alumnae of St. Ignatius College, and of St. Rose's Academy for girls, and found themselves on fairly intimate terms with the city's affable and energetic Archbishop Riordan.

Ethnically, the Callaghans were Corkonians from 'way back, who somewhere in transit between Dunmanway and the City of London, or between Skibbereen and Fall River, Massachusetts, had deleted the "O" from the family cognomen. Daniel Callaghan, Senior, after whom the future admiral was named, had left his native hearth in the hard times of the 1840s, and debarked from a famous Black Ball line American packet in the city of Boston, in the *New World*, on July 2, 1845. He had immediately secured employment with the Globe Milling Company in Fall River. There, while proving of inestimable value to the vigorous young pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist—a Father Edward Murphy—he also managed to win prizes in mathematical contests held by the *Boston Pilot*, and to fall in love with Jane McCombe, the daughter of a block printer but recently emigrated from Manchester, England.

With the death of his mother and sister, shortly after their arrival in America, Daniel Callaghan, Senior, headed west, as much in search of a brother named Jeremiah as to take advantage of whatever fortune the aftermath of the gold rush of '49 might have in store for him. Late in 1852, Dan found Jerry behind the counter of a general merchandising store, which that canny Irishman had opened in Shasta, California, servicing the miners with everything from food and equipment to banking their gold. Dan bought a half interest in the store, which was thereafter operated jointly by the Callaghan brothers, netting them a considerable fortune.

In the early part of 1855, Dan Callaghan, Senior, felt himself sufficiently enfranchised and matured—he was thirty-four years old—to make a hurried trip back to Fall River. He married Jane McCombe there on the 18th of July, and whisked her off across the continent to Shasta. By 1859, the Callaghan brothers were worth about \$60,000. They dissolved their partnership, and Dan moved down to San Francisco, where amid other enterprises he helped establish the First National (Gold) Bank of California (now Croker's), and took an active interest in the development of the town's transportation system, serving as first president of the Omnibus Railroad Company.

Living in a quickly expanding frontier town, with its gauche, fly-by-night atmosphere, its industrious, hard-working, but just as hard-drinking, hard-fighting, continually shifting population, disturbed not at all the calm solidity and determined uprightness of this solid Irishman. He was one of the city's bedrock citizens, piqued no little by the fluff of cheap and roisterous entertainment that was pointed out as characteristic of this mecca of the West; impatient though not completely intolerant of the loud, oftentimes gaudy concomitants of too much ready coin among never-do-wells. He himself traveled a different world. His interests were concentrated in the whirling enterprises of finance and business incident to a swiftly expanding frontier. His hobbies and cultural avocations revolved round the recently founded college of St. Ignatius, opened by the Jesuit Fathers at Jesse and Market Streets, on a location where the Emporium now stands. He was among the first citizens to construct one of the large, overstuffed, stone mansions in town that were the augury of the settling down prospects of a city newly weaned.

On the first of January, 1866, there arrived in the family a young son, who was promptly baptized in the nearby Mission Dolores and called Charles William Callaghan. The hurly-burly of the San Francisco of this period was not allowed to affect the boyhood of young Charles one whit. His earliest

memories went back to the large family mansion on Howard and 14th streets, and to a few months of schooling with the Irish Christian Brothers, whom he did not particularly like. His real education began in 1877, when he was enrolled with the Jesuits at St. Ignatius. He graduated from their college in 1885, with a Bachelor of Science degree. (Years later, he confessed that he had actually spent an extra semester working up credits for an Arts degree, but that he had got huffy over a sudden change in the date for the examination in Greek, and just did not bother to show up for it!)

For a while there was question of Charles' entering the University of California, which had opened in 1868. But instead, the young man went to work as a clerk in the First National Gold Bank of California, of which his father was then president. He likewise began the courtship of Rose, the daughter of Judson Wheeler, a friend of his father's, and one of the founders of the famous Paragon Mining Company, of Placer County, California. All his life, Charles William Callaghan retained the greatest respect for the Italian Jesuit Fathers who had taught him at St. Ignatius. Though he did not take their final Greek examination, he proved a credit to their tutorial system, making his way in the world while remaining a keen if amateur historian and philosopher, down through the years.

It was to this young couple, Charles W. Callaghan and Rose Wheeler, married the previous September by Archbishop Riordan himself in the Church of St. John, that a young son, Daniel Judson, was born on the 26th of July, 1890. Young Dan's birth and christening were accompanied by the greatest of festivities. His two grandfathers were prominent, solid citizens of San Francisco. His uncle, P. J. Callaghan, and his maternal aunt, Grace Wheeler, who served as the boy's sponsors at baptism, were likewise among the city's prominent figures. His father was an enterprising young man who had the reputation of a gay blade among St. Ignatius grads. He played the cornet, and made a rather dashing figure at fashionable af-

fairs, as well as behind the counter in his father's bank. Pursuant to his parents business interests in Guatemala, he had made a trip there in the late fall of 1888, incidently carrying into the country papers and documents for Archbishop Casanova, who had been exiled from his See, as the result of one of that Central American republic's not infrequent anticlerical squabbles. One result of Charles William's experiences below the border was an almost complete intolerance of anticlerical-minded Latins, an attitude that was to be strengthened by the difficulties which confronted his young son Dan, and the United States Navy, in that general area during the years 1912-1914.

Into the make-up of young Dan Callaghan there thus entered a number of elements which, though they would not completely explain the man, gave a clue to much of the magnanimity, the courage, and the gentleness that was in him. He was of an enterprising, pioneer stock, particularly on his maternal side. His grandfather, Judson Wheeler, was a large man, physically and mentally, who had originated in upper New York State, and had rounded the Horn in '49. On the Callaghan side, the family was of the type which solidifies rather than founds great enterprises. In its religious alignment, securely anchored and satisfied, the family would produce nothing startling or unique. Daniel Callaghan, Senior, had set the pace with a solid knowledge and love for his faith. His offspring were brought up in an atmosphere close to the Jesuit teachers of St. Ignatius College—hence quietly pious, sane, reliable. The Callaghans were Catholics, good and solid—always had been, always would be—who saw the Church as an eminently sensible approach to the Kingdom of God, and would tolerate no other.

On the patriotic level, a similar attitude prevailed. Amid the early skirmishings for political power and influence that characterized the rather wild growth of the town of San Francisco and the state of California, both Judson Wheeler and Dan Callaghan, Senior, found themselves of one mind in

staying severely clear of the intrigues, rivalries and questionable dealings of the local politicians. On the other hand, they had quickly joined the forces making for law and order, helped organize the better of the vigilante committees, and always took a keen pride in the history and the statehood of their adopted land. Judson Wheeler had no use for Democrats of any description, and very positive views on the reasons for the Confederate failure, especially the fiasco at Vicksburg. Dan Callaghan, Senior, was less vehement about his party alignments. But both men handed down to their children the general impression that politics, while necessary, was bad business, and should be avoided as much as possible by Wheeler-Callaghan stock.

Young Dan got his schooling at St. Elizabeth's in Oakland, under the tutelage of the Dominican nuns. He made a good record there both in his studies and his conduct. He was a rather large hulk of a boy who got along well with the nuns both because of the serious twist of his behavior, and because the Callaghans were continually doing favors for the sisters. He was in and out of the scrapes usual for a boy of his age and size, with an Irish face and an Irish temper. Called to task one day by Sister Benedicta, his earliest instructress, for having called one of his schoolmates a "good-for-nothing, lousy bum," Dan promptly apologized to the boy involved: "I was told to ask your pardon, you good-for-nothing, lousy bum. Now I quit." He took the chastisement that followed from the nun with a stubborn docility.

Living fairly close to the Church, he functioned as an altar boy, regularly struggling to make his way to the sanctuary with some good Franciscan friar at five-fifty in the morning, his eyes more closed than open. He had some difficulty in memorizing the Latin responses, but both his father and mother, who had shown proficiency in that tongue, stepped in.

The bay area agreed with the young Callaghans. So did their frequent camping trips into the nearby mountains. The

father had a wagon and team which he used to haul his whole family up to Yosemite Valley. It was good, healthy living. The boys in particular took to it as cubs to a scout pack. Dan, as the oldest, was usually in charge, whether hoisting the flag, gathering fire wood, delivering mail, or exploring sundry rustlings in the middle of the night. He was head and shoulders in size, strength and courage over his two younger brothers, Bill and Chad, and as a consequence was looked up to as pacemaker and guide.

Upon graduating from St. Elizabeth's in 1903, Dan entered the College of St. Ignatius as a freshman in high school. He made the long journey by train from Oakland to San Francisco every morning, leaving home about six o'clock and not returning until supper time. This left him little leisure around the house or on the streets of Oakland. It likewise accentuated the rather serious turn to his character, for his father made it plain to him that the rowdyism and carryings-on of some of his fellow commuters would simply not be tolerated in his case. When not gazing dreamingly out over the vast expanse of flats and bay that separated Oakland from San Francisco, Dan used the time riding to and fro for plugging down the poetry to be memorized for English classes—long skeins of Keats and Tennyson, whole cantos from Longfellow and Scott—or figuring out the all but impossible ways Caesar or Cicero had of constructing sentences for his Latin classes. He was a trifle slow in picking up mathematics and science. But on the whole he was a capable student, whose secondary training stood him in good stead all his life, enabling him to express himself clearly in correct, everyday English in the innumerable reports he was to write for the Navy department, or in the short, rousing pep talks he would have to give in later life aboard destroyer and battle cruiser.

At St. Ignatius, Dan made the class that graduated from college in 1911, and included Everett Carreras, John Casey, Adrian V. Buckley, Joseph Giannini, and Charles P. Knights, all prominent San Franciscans. They were a strong, healthy-

mind group of boys, the sons of locally successful business men, who were greatly influenced by their Jesuit mentors. Classwork was tough, purposely geared for discipline as well as mind training. Under it, Dan had the appearance of being a bit overserious. But actually, in the company of his own crowd, he was jolly enough.

On the Ignatian ball team which, though a secondary affair took on the junior varsities of the University of California, Santa Clara, and Stanford colleges, Dan soon won himself a right fielder's berth. He was also prominent in the "Gas League" punchball circuit, and, especially after making up his mind about going to Annapolis, he was a constant devotee of the gymnasium, taking considerable pride in thorough physical workouts—a habit that became almost a fault throughout his life.

Yet, for the most part, Dan at high school concentrated on books. On the Jesuit roster was a none too gentle line-up of Latin, Greek, mathematics, English, history and languages. The classes were organized on a Roman legion plan, with two of the boys selected as centurions—a finely conceived atmosphere for struggling with Caesar's "*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres,*" as well as Cicero's resounding orations. Discipline was rigid, and it was a rare individual who escaped the gruff, bushy-browed Father Wood's disciplinary castigations. The Jesuit educator acted upon the theory that it was part of maturity for a young man to be able to take a dressing-down without flinching. He admitted of no exceptions, inexorably applying his behavioristic slide rule at the slightest provocation.

Striding into Father John P. Madden's Cicero class, on a fine, spring morning, Father Woods found Dan Callaghan up, reciting. Father Woods took over the book from the slightly startled mentor, and popped a question at the strapping youngster in a purposely unintelligible mumble. Dan did not catch it, of course, and stood nervously waiting. To have asked for a repetition of the question would have been an ad-

mission of lack of attention. After a moment or two, the Jesuit repeated the question as indistinctly as before. Dan could only guess at what was wanted, and guessed wrong. Hence his answer was wrong. His mounting nervousness then prevented him from answering anything right. The result was a severe going-over for not having studied his lessons, much to the amazement of his classmates. But Dan took it well. After the first phase of indignation at the injustice of the procedure, he comforted himself with the reflection that such "lacings" were good for the soul, though terribly hard on one's sensibilities. He developed a certain respect for the craftiness of the old man's disciplinary technique, and felt that much of his cantankerousness was assumed—which it was. The experience stood him in good stead in a similar situation under court-martial later on, as well as in tight spots as Naval aide to the President of the United States.

Dan was drafted into the junior Philostorian Society at the school, and turned out to be a better than average speaker. He had a tall, well-built appearance, which gave to his slowly uttered phrases a dignity and sureness which in turn bolstered his self-confidence. He was soon taking part in minor skits and dialogues, earning a reputation for being a reliable "parts" man.

Many of the problems of the modern teen-ager seem to have passed over Dan Callaghan somewhat lightly—both because of the ideals set before him by the religious and social circumstances in which he found himself, and because of the kind of person he was. All his life he would be of a sensitive type of mind, unapproachable when it came to joking, or speaking irreverently about matters of sex, highly idealistic in his dealings with women. In the religious conferences to which he was subjected during these years, he was told that purity was a great value, the violation of which was a serious infraction of the laws of God. He was given to understand that sex was something sacred, the use of which was reserved for cooperating with the Creator in bringing new life into the

world. He was told plainly that there was a remedy for the awakening urges of one's passions in hard work, hard play and prayer, and above all in keeping one's mind and conversation free of trafficking in the seamier manifestations of life. A straightforward, serious sort of person, Dan believed such admonitions and put them into practice. He thus grew up sound of soul and body.

The highlight of Dan's career at St. Ignatius, as of every San Franciscan of his generation, came on the morning of April 18, 1906. For at five-sixteen to the minute, that morning, the Callaghans were rudely awakened from a sound slumber. Dan and his brother Bill were out of bed in a bound. Their father, Charles William, stirred, sat halfway up in bed, and suddenly realized that San Francisco was in the midst of a violent earthquake. He immediately settled back in bed. Aroused by his wife and family, he calmly informed them that if it was a question of being killed by the quake, he figured his bed was as sensible a place to die in as any. Besides that, he told them, he had been to confession and communion the previous Sunday, and presumed that he was still in the state of grace. With that, he calmly turned over and tried to fall asleep.

But by this time young Dan was into his clothes and out on the street. He discovered the town in turmoil. Houses stood agape, windows and doors smashed, and chimneys toppled over. People in every sort of disarray were hurrying into the streets, alarmed, shouting and screaming in the confusion. Dan turned and shooed his young brother Bill back into the house, then rushed into the nearby neighborhood to discover the extent of the damage. There he found neighbors to comfort, children to quiet, friends to arouse.

Hurrying back to his own house, Dan quickly had his father up and alarmed. People were saying that a tidal wave would wash in from the bay, drowning Oakland in a new deluge. There was great terror of fire. That was what had aroused "C.W." He sent Dan out into the street once more,

warning people not to make fires in their homes. He organized a sort of vigilante committee to quiet the neighborhood, then set his own family to unpacking camping equipment kept in the woodshed. He ordered families out of their houses into the streets and vacant lots. Dan, of course, was constantly at his side, calmly and efficiently carrying out commands, giving aid and comfort to the dazed and the injured. He was sent scurrying to the school and convent where he found the nuns all aflutter but unharmed. He came running back home to help his mother with his young brother Chad and his sister Rosarie.

When things had somewhat quieted, Charles William held a council of war. He decided he had better cross the Bay of San Francisco and discover what had become of his family and property in the city itself. Dan begged to go along. But his father put him in charge of the home-front, then hustled down to catch the last ferry for Frisco that day. Upon his return, he had tales of horror to unfold of the limitless damage done to the fair, queen city of the Far West, and of the fires that were already threatening to enfold the metropolitan area. His own office building, *O'Neill Bros. and Callaghan*, on Sansone and Clay streets, not far from Chinatown, was a shambles from which he had been barely able to salvage insurance papers and bonds. But fortunately his own mother and all their loved ones were in safety.

In the conflagration that followed the quake, the church, academy and college of St. Ignatius perished. But the energetic Jesuit fathers were not long in salvaging their educational efforts. Word passed, even to the outlying districts of Oakland, that classes would be resumed in an old mansion that had survived, out on the dunes at Hayes and Stanion streets. Dan was one of the first boys to come trudging in. It was difficult, of course, to knuckle down to Ovid and Virgil, or the *pons asinorum* in mathematics, when there was so much wreckage to explore, and so many tales of adventure, horror, heroism and despair to be talked over with his youth-

ful companions. But the dynamic sons of St. Ignatius soon had their charges close to the classical grindstone, insisting that the whole story had been better reported nineteen hundred years previously by the poet Virgil, in his second book of the *Aeneid* on the fall of Troy, when that great hero Aeneas had responded to the query of Queen Dido of Carthage with his undying: *Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem*. ("You command me, O Queen, to recall an untellable tragedy.") "Great fire or no great fire," they announced, "no one would survive the June examinations unless he supplied for the month's loss in scholarly training." Dan Callaghan passed that year with honors.

Midshipman Days at Annapolis

Hic qui forte velint rapido contendere cursu
Invitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit . . .
Aeneid, V.

TO DAN CALLAGHAN AS A YOUNG LAD of seven, as to every child of his generation, the United States Navy had become a sudden, glorious reality on Monday, the Fourth of July, 1898. For that day, to the crashing chords of John Philip Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever!* was announced the destruction of Admiral Cervera's Spanish squadron at Santiago, Cuba. Immediately there sprang into the popular consciousness the epic of the powerful *USS Oregon*, steaming at full speed around the Horn, to be in time for the big fight. The picture and reputation of every ship in the American fleet became a byword, to street urchin and market manipulator alike. In town house and country store the pride of the nation was fed on the glowing accounts of war correspondents. Into the screaming headlines went Lieutenant Rowan, who delivered the message to Garcia; Commodore Dewey's magnificent "You may fire when ready, Gridley!"; the irreverences of Captain Bob Evans of the *Iowa*; and the plaintive "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying," of Captain Philip aboard the *Texas*.

Young Dan Callaghan imbibed the excitement from his contemporaries in the streets of his native Oakland, and came scampering home from school or play, shouting the latest headlines about the Battle of Manila Bay, or the exploits of

Admirals Sampson and Schley. He was, of course, completely unaware of the possible misgivings of his parents, who were not so sure that the war was not an imperialistic urge, occasioned by the "yellow press" and the expansionist interests of Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Beveridge, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Captain Mahan. Nor could he appreciate the subtle fears on the part, for example, of the nuns in the local parochial school, lest these happenings forebode the destruction of the religious influences of Catholic Spain. So he wended his merry way, dreaming in his child's simplicity that someday he would grow up to be a man, and would follow the ways of the sea, becoming the stoker on a United States battlewagon, or maybe the skipper of a destroyer, like his future uncle, Lieutenant James J. Raby, or even an admiral. But immediately there was homework to do, spelling lessons to memorize, and arithmetic problems to master.

To add to his naval awareness, the family had recently become interested in a young naval lieutenant. Jamie Raby was a serious young man from Michigan, with a pronounced French as well as strong Catholic bias. As a young ensign, based at Mare Island in the late 1890s, he had sought out several local families among whom he might feel at home. At a party on board the old *USS Philadelphia*, he was introduced to a Miss Davis, well known among Catholics of the San Francisco Bay area. She in turn introduced the lieutenant to a young lady friend of hers named Callaghan, and the naval officer lost no time in fastening his attention on charming and outspoken Janet Callaghan. Courtship and marriage followed. Thereupon, a close friendship sprang up between young Lieutenant Raby and Charles William Callaghan, Janet's older brother.

Following the Spanish-American War, Lieutenant Raby was attached to the collier *USS Nero*, which was sent out to make soundings for the cable to Guam.

Young Daniel, and the Callaghan family generally, followed his doings with considerable interest. They were par-

ticularly delighted by his description of the finding of the Nero Deep, a sounding of some 34,000 feet (a trifle less than six miles), the deepest portion of the ocean then known. In September, 1900, the Rabys moved to Annapolis for duty at the Naval Academy. Upon completion of that tour, they moved back to San Francisco. There Uncle Jamie was appointed inspector of machinery at the Union Iron Works in which the battleship *South Dakota* was being built. This gave him ample opportunity to show the young Callaghans various units of the United States fleet. And gradually there came over Dan a desire to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Dan first broached the subject to Grandmother Callaghan, then living at the family summer home in Soquel. It was in the summer of 1906, and he was beginning to consider what he should do upon graduating from high school. She cautioned him to bide his time, as an appointment to the Academy involved two matters that might not sit well with his father. One was the fact that it would preclude Dan's going to a Catholic college. But more than that, it meant that his father would have to ask a favor of a politician, which she knew "C.W." would be loathe to do.

Dan took counsel of his Uncle Jamie and when the time seemed ripe prevailed upon his mother to intercede for him. At first, his father wouldn't hear of it. But Dan waited until their next trip to Soquel and had Grandmother Callaghan clinch the matter. Thereupon "C.W." capitulated. He got in touch with Senator Perkins, an old friend of the family's, who procured Dan's appointment as alternate to Annapolis.

To Dan's surprise, his Jesuit mentors were not a bit opposed to his seafaring aspirations. They were well acquainted with his uncle, Lieutenant James Raby, and were proud of the record a number of their own graduates had made in outside institutions such as the Naval Academy. Annapolis, besides, had a reputation for being tough, both academically and in its physical requirements. Hence CW's one stipulation upon handing Dan his appointment was that he prepare him-

self well for the task. This Dan proceeded to do with vigor. He redoubled his efforts at calisthenics. He buried himself in geometry and algebra, becoming for all practical purposes an academic recluse. He virtually memorized the program and academy regulations concerning the admission of candidates that his uncle Jamie procured for him from Annapolis.

In the early part of May, 1907, having just been graduated from St. Ignatius High School, he readied himself and left for the East. Fortunately, the Rabys were making a hurried trip to Annapolis and they took Dan with them, helping to get him located upon arrival, and entering him in Werntz's prep school. He lived at the Maryland Hotel where a Mrs. Gadd gave him intermediary mothering.

Suddenly, the excitement of the entrance examinations and the sullen heat of Annapolis crept upon the heavy-set, athletically built young man from San Francisco. Fortunately for him, his uncle's acquaintances and his letters boosted the boy's flagging spirits. In the warm June Annapolis days Dan was plugged away at arithmetic, algebra and geometry, struggling to stuff his memory with pertinent details of United States and world history. Occasionally, he would go for a stroll down by the Severn, or saunter through the academy grounds in search of shade and a breeze, and companionship. Or he might slip into St. Mary's, the town's Catholic church, where it was cool and dark, and where he could drink in the quiet loveliness of its stately Gothic lines, whispering a prayer or two for his immediate scholarly needs.

On the twenty-third of June, 1907, he wrote home:

Dear Papa, Mama and Sis:

Maybe I don't feel happy today! I could dance a jig around this place. My only regret is that you are not all here to rejoice with me. The news that I had passed came as a complete surprise to me, as I surely thought I had busted in Algebra and Geometry. The Algebra exam was a peach, a good deal harder than I ever got up against or ever hope to get up against. I just did pull through

with a 2.6 * in that subject. The names have not been published yet and I learned that I had passed through Mrs. Gadd, who telephoned to Lieut. Garrison . . .

I'll warrant Uncle Jamie's writing to his classmates had quite a good deal to do with my passing. I am almost positive that my Algebra paper was upped, as I don't think I did enough work on it to warrant a 2.6. Of course if they want to mark me that high alright. I am not kicking. I certainly did take a baloon (*sic*) ascension when the Algebra was handed me. It was all plain sailing until I struck the third question, then my troubles began. Immediately I began to get nervous and that lasted throughout the "exams."

The Geometry also was very hard. I think I got a 2.7 or 2.8 in that. Mr. Capron, a "math" teacher, who boards here at the hotel, has been very kind to me and has told me several of my marks, namely: 3.5 in Arithmetic, 3.2 in U. S. History and 3.7 in World's History. The lowest was the Algebra. I will get the rest of my marks when I am officially notified of my passing.

I had to laugh at Uncle Jamie. On the second night of exams I got a letter from him in which he started in by congratulating me on passing the exam. This came on the night I was feeling blue over the Algebra and it made me "bluer" still as I thought I had surely "busted." If you could see the list of things I will be according to Uncle Jamie's visions, you would die laughing. Here are some of them: Member, First Class, Captain '11 baseball team, Center Navy football Team, '08, '09, '10, Intercollegiate Record Holder, Shot Putter and Hammer Thrower, Commander of Midshipman Brigade (hurrah) and Star Member Class '11, besides being greatest college pitcher going. When you see Uncle Jamie just pinch him to wake him from his dream, and tell him I will be satisfied with plain "Middie" without any of the other numerous titles he mentioned, tacked on. . . .

I am afraid, Papa, that I will need \$10 or \$15 more as my washing and board bill will soon come due and I had only \$30 in the bank when the \$275 came. I will need every bit of the latter for my outfit; so Papa if it will not be too heavy a drain on you, the extra money would come in handy. . . .

I am just taking it easy these days, loafing, eating (especially ice cream sodas) and sleeping. This last week has been a scorcher

* The Navy rating system is based upon 4.0 as high tally, with 2.5 as a passing mark.

here. Phew! I almost perspire away at night. Sleep all the time with only a sheet over me and half the time without that much. I have discarded my underclothes and am wearing a gym shirt and track pants under my other clothes and suffer even then. We would think we were over a volcano if it ever got this hot at home.

I haven't felt so joyful since I left home as I do today. With lots of love and wagon full of kisses I am

Your affectionate son,
Dan.

Penciled at the top of the letter, which runs to sixteen pages, in Dan's large and heavy script, is the brief note: "This is a regular book." It is. But it is worth quoting, for it is Dan Callaghan, approaching his seventeenth birthday, with a whole new world in prospect.

Dan spent the next few weeks in pure relaxation, going on several excursions around Annapolis and the eastern shore of Maryland. The heat of an Atlantic Coast summer was a new and unpleasant experience for him, as were the thunderstorms that came in from the Chesapeake. He writes:

Still hot as blazes here. I almost melted to a grease spot yesterday until I got out in the Bay.

We had the dickens of a thunder storm about 8:30 last night. The lightning scared the life out of me. I am surprised that nothing was struck by it, it was so near. I don't mind the thunder as I know it will do no damage, but I do not like the lightning a bit.

He also took the opportunity to catch up on his correspondence, about which, during most of his naval career, he seems to have been most conscientious. In another note home he mentioned the tremendous jubilation that swept over the candidates whose names were posted at an academy entrance as having successfully passed the mental test: "Some of the fellows almost went crazy; they formed in lines and went around the town singing and raising rough-house generally."

He followed with keen interest the doings of the Navy ball team and the crew, and was quite disappointed that "Navy only got third place in the Poughkeepsie race yesterday (June

26). They did not begin to show the 'form' that was expected of them."

Dan passed the physical examination on July 5 and was admitted and sworn into the academy on the following day. Thus began a confused but terrific two months known as "plebe summer," when the academy novice is put through a bewildering round of exercises, initiatory instructions, clothing drills, and a general orientation process. He learns the fundamental ins and outs of Bancroft Hall; how to rig and identify himself as a naval cadet; the meaning of sheer physical exhaustion; and the depths of teen-age lonesomeness. He also makes friends with his fellow bondsmen. With them, he exchanges tales and warnings about the horrible "hazings" that will be theirs when they join the regiment of midshipmen in September.

Dan had a close ally in a fellow Californian named Tom Starr King, 2nd, and they soon picked up with a group of fellow sufferers including Beirne Bullard of Wisconsin, Bob Griffin and Roger Paine of Washington, D. C., Ellis Stone of Arkansas, Lewis H. Brereton of Pennsylvania, and Scott D. McCaughey of the Windy City. They were quickly lost in comparing background notes, home-town proficiencies, and in organizing baseball, tennis and soccer matches. "Plebe summer" was a wonderful experience.

The class chronicler thus describes their plight on the sixth of July, 1907:

Then began the metamorphosis of a festive citizen into a meek midshipmite. After being soundly thumped and tested by the physical examining board we, almost three hundred strong, were sworn in. Can any of us ever forget the elation he felt as he walked through the yard from the Administration Building to the office of the Senior Assisant in Bancroft Hall? A short-lived elation!

He pictures the typical plebe as:

A forlorn looking creature, whose body seemed one huge ache from setting-up drills, with hands and fingers daubed with the omnipresent stencil ink, blistered palms from those all-morning cutter (oar-rowed) drills, new and odiferous white works (sailor uniform) surmounted by a round white hat, and with feet stove up in those heavy regulation shoes.

Dan was no exception, as Charles Knights, a fellow graduate of St. Ignatius, found him on a visit to the academy that summer. What had made a particularly ominous impression on him was the accidental drowning of a classmate named Phinney, in the course of a swimming drill in the Severn, right after their admittance to the academy. Dan couldn't swim himself, and the incident did not make his learning any the more pleasant. However, the general tension was well relieved with songfests in the recreation room, intercompany track and sport meets, baseball games, and occasional sailing or cross-country jaunting parties.

Early in October that year, the First Class returned from cruise and the other upper classes from leave. Thus began the real plebe year, full of the pitfalls of academics, formation-minded officers, and persecuting first classmen. *Dago* (foreign language) and "math" seem to have been Dan's main scholastic worries. But he was accustomed to working hard at his books and managed to keep clear of the "tree." *

The plebe is the lowliest of individuals, with no rights and such inconvenient obligations as cutting square corners on his rounds through Bancroft Hall, keeping to the exact middle of the corridor, eating while poised on the very end of his chair, and being able to answer in exact formula any stock question put to him by an upperclassman. Dan, being a big hulk of a boy, got by fairly easily, though occasionally a tendency to clumsiness got him into minor difficulties. He

* "Tree": a list of midshipmen with unsatisfactory academic marks, posted each week.

was uncommonly large for his age, with a lot of chin, eyebrows thin at the end, a rather blunted nose, and a serious, set expression around a small mouth.

Dan's forte was his physical prowess, and he could hardly wait for the regular athletic season to begin. He played in the outfield on the plebe baseball team, and turned out for plebe football. What loomed largest in the plebe horizon, however, was the trip to Philadelphia for the Army game, late in November that year. It would be their first contact with "the outside world." Thus, when Navy trounced the "Boys in Gray," jubilation was unbounded. Until Christmas the discipline maintained by the upperclassmen was relaxed, and the plebes lived an almost charmed existence.

Dan weathered the semi-annual examinations, though some twenty-seven of his classmates "bilged." * He was the recipient of numerous encouraging letters from his uncle Jamie and through the latter's contacts at the academy, was occasionally invited to dinner by some of the instructors in the Yard. Among his classmates he was accepted as a nice, quiet fellow, with lots of energy—a reliable, stabilizing influence. One of them describes him as a "serious citizen," who never drank or smoked forbidden cigarettes, or went in for practical jokes. He was apt to give the impression of being a bit aloof, except for the fact that he was not adverse to making a speech, or offering suggestions in the course of section or class meetings. He willingly served on committees for doing something or other, and frankly enjoyed the opportunity this gave him to be in contact with other people.

On the whole, he was a friendly person, who got along well with the energetic, rough-house-raising gang, though he naturally abstained from their more outrageous doings. He took no part, for instance, in the "Irish-Orange affrays," originated by Francis "Rosy" Shea on the seventeenth of March,

* "Bilged": dismissed from the academy because of failure in studies.

which started at three in the morning and usually ended in a battle royal. At the same time, he was a tower of strength to the more conservative type of boy who was constantly coming to him for advice, usually of a moral or religious nature, though not a few relied on him for classwork explanations.

With the graduation in June of the Class of 1908, Dan and his classmates adorned their left sleeves with the single, diagonal stripe indicative of their rank as "youngsters," and the following morning embarked aboard the *USS Olympia* for their first summer cruise, up and down the Atlantic coast. Landlubbers pure and simple, they were the butt of numerous salty jokes and no end of sharp practice by the regular crew, who were not overly fond of the "wise boys" from Annapolis. However, it proved a thrilling experience. They did manage to get fleeting liberty at New London and Bar Harbor—enough at least to give the more exuberant boys leeway for "gay blade" boastings. The next thing they knew, they were on their way home for leave with "real money in their pockets and a grin as large as the moon on their faces."

Dan arrived in Oakland exhausted from a five-day trip by rail. He was the pride and joy of Bill, Chad and Rosarie; but Jane, the new arrival, would hardly suffer him to come near her. He kept the family and the neighborhood alive with a serious though lively account of things back East. His father marched him on the rounds of relatives and friends, over to see his former Jesuit mentors, in to visit Archbishop Riordan and Senator Perkins. The nuns made a great fuss over him in St. Elizabeth's, particularly Sisters Benedicta and Diana, who were a trifle disappointed that he did not show up in uniform. But he showered them with pictures of the Academy, regaled them with tales of the horrible life led by Plebes, and left them his admirers forever. Then he started back east with the promise from his father that, come the spring, he would visit Annapolis.

Calculus and formal hops, with a substitute berth at first

base for the varsity, claimed most of Dan's attention during the fall of 1908. He hurt his leg in an early football practice game which ruled him out of the game for good. Hence he was up in the stands at Philadelphia for the walloping the Army team administered to the Navy blue in November. He had to stand at attention with his fellow middies while the "kay-dets" cavorted through their victory march. It was a bitter pill to take, as the game was Navy's until "the ball bounded out of Lange's waiting arms into the hands of Army's rushing back," who obligingly streaked across the goal line.

A blizzard destroyed plans for marching the regiment down Pennsylvania Avenue for the Presidential inauguration on the 4th of March, 1909. But Dan had his father's forthcoming visit in May to look forward to, which he did with considerable relish. He had a great respect for his father's knowledge of men and the world—and properly so, for Charles William Callaghan was a keen business man, with excellent historical and philosophical insight and a clear incisive way of expressing himself that won him the enduring respect of all who knew him.

On the way east, "C.W." had stopped off at Chicago to call on some business connections, and was appalled at the slum conditions. In Annapolis itself he made the acquaintance of old Judge Magruder, and was soon involved in lengthy and lively conversations with the elder jurist concerning the race question, the general state of the United States Navy, and the policies of Teddy Roosevelt. Maryland had just disfranchised the Negro, and the old judge couldn't see how the Californians could stand having their children attend "the same school with Asiatic Japs and Chinamen." But along with more humanitarian arguments, "C.W." provided him with the unpleasant reflection that "there were only a few gunboats between our coastal cities and the Jap fleet." With the recent Russian naval defeat of 1906 to the Japanese credit, discriminative legislation was simply out of the question on the West Coast.

Dan naturally took great delight in displaying his father to his friends and acquaintances, and in showing him the many incidentals of midshipman life. Then he went sailing off, after June Week, on the Second Class cruise, which again headed up the New England coast. His father traveled separately up to Fall River, Massachusetts, in search of uncles and cousins on the McCombe side, and had the pleasure of again meeting Dan there, before heading back west. Dan followed home for his Third Class leave.

On their return to the East, Dan's class of 1911 held a dinner at the Belvedere in Baltimore, which proved a huge success. The next morning, as Dan wrote home, "we drew 40 pounds of texts and were handed a brand new Book of Regulations." Somehow or other, under the new system "inspections and demerits were as common as houseflies in June." But Dan had drawn a "buzzard" * which meant that he was a class officer, and fared very well. Mechanics was the academic bugbear, Second Class year; Inaptitude, a new vocabulary acquisition that somehow foreboded doom, driving many a reluctant "fusser" † to the "light squad." ‡ Dan managed to stay "sat" without resorting to night cramming, yet did it in such a straightforward fashion as to avoid resentment. Boys of that age have a natural distaste for fellows who appear overanxious about outdoing the others.

That fall spirit lagged somewhat, especially when the Army game was called off because of the fatal injury of Cadet Byrnes. Dan's own classmate, Willy Wilson, was hurt badly in the Princeton game. To finish matters Dan's whole class had a run-in with the executive department—the lords of discipline, routine and behavior—and were restricted to the yard for the spring, without the privilege of attending a single hop.

In March, 1910, Lieutenant Commander James J. Raby and his family arrived in Annapolis, Jamie being attached to

* Buzzard: sleeve insignia in the form of a golden eagle worn by midshipmen petty officers.

† Fusser: one who studies excessively, now known as a "slasher."

‡ Light Squad: midshipmen who contrive to study after the "lights out" signal.

the English, history and government (the Bull) departments. The Rabys were given quarters in one of the large houses on Upshur Road, in the Yard, whereupon Dan and his gang moved in on Aunt Jen. Up to then they had managed well, as Starr King's mother had moved to Annapolis in the course of his "youngster" year, taking a house on King George Street, right outside the academy gate. Dan was also on intimate terms with the Congers, Scales and Bartletts, all of whom had presentable young ladies in the families. The ban on spring hops was thus eased somewhat, which proved a great relief for Dan. For although he was not particularly noted as a "lady's man," it is of this period of his life that his biographer in the *Lucky Bag* notes: "His claims to be a 'Red Mike' * have suffered sadly."

However, with the inauguration of baseball practice and the looming of final exams, plus the First Class cruise, little time could be spent in lamenting. Dan made first-string catcher's berth that year. As the *Lucky Bag* notes: "He had been only a passably good first baseman who on being shifted to catcher came into his own." Dan had a powerful throwing arm that infallibly shot down base runners, and a very considerable ability at steadying and soothing pitchers, who are always temperamental souls.

On the last day of the annual examinations, it was customary for underclassmen to gang up outside the Seamanship Department with the fell intent of throwing the first Second Classman to come out of that exam into the brink. This was the ceremony which officially sanctioned the donning of Academy rings by the First-Classmen-to-be. Thereafter, preparation for the June hops and a cruise in foreign waters occupied their complete attention. The latter took the boys on board the battleships *Iowa*, *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*, to Plymouth and London, down the Mediterranean to Nice and

* Red Mike: a midshipman who avoids dates or the company of young ladies.

Marseilles, back to Gibraltar, and home by the end of August. It was a tremendous experience to which the class chronicler does full justice in the 1911 *Lucky Bag*.

Dan returned from leave in October, 1910, to find himself in possession of three stripes and in command of the first battalion. His classmates conceded that "stripes were given out in a fair and equitable manner" that term. Hence they knuckled down to win themselves a good reputation for keeping order, while encouraging initiative among the underclassmen. They felt that the new regulations, introduced in 1910, were on the whole, a sensible set of rules, and they enjoyed the good opinion of the executive discipline department, which they promptly ceased to regard as a police outfit.

When the football squad, under the canny guidance of half-pint "Reds" Sowell and Jack Dalton, of the Class of 1912, went through a whole season without being scored upon, Academy morale reached a new high. "Reds" was an upstanding young chap, who had much of Dan's temperament and outlook, though only about half his size, vertically and horizontally. They were the closest of friends.

At Christmas, the First Class was granted a surprise two-day leave which Dan, of course, spent with the Rabys. He then settled down to the long pull before graduation. There was a typhoid scare that spring, which kept the boys subdued for a while, but it receded before the spring sport practice.

Dan was elected captain of the baseball team that fall, to replace Vinny Erwin who had become "unsat" * in engineering. But he hurt his finger in early practice, and it kept him out of a number of games. However, the class chronicler wrote, in the midst of the season: "There is scarcely a man on the team who did not make some play worthy of mention. Above all, perhaps, Dan Callaghan deserves credit for the good game he caught in spite of a mighty bad finger." In the Amherst game that season, Dan caught A. B. (Beauty) An-

* Unsat: not achieving a passing grade.

derson for a 5-to-2 loss, despite Dan's remarkable put-outs, but he made up for it the following week by coaxing Walter Seibert into a 7-to-0 shutout against the Maryland Athletic Club. As Fletcher Pratt has pointed out, the fact that the team lost nine out of sixteen games that season, including the all-important Army game, was hardly his fault. A study of scores shows that Navy was held back all year by a lack of batting power in the outfield, despite "Cap" Callaghan's hard work to keep his batteries in the low-score levels.

The "Irish-Orange affray" of March 17 that year, under the vociferous leadership of George D. Murray, had wound up a fiasco, due to the unwitting interference at three-forty-five in the morning of the duty officer. Dan had no part in it, exhibiting his usual dislike for such goings-on, reflecting his father's rather cool approach to things blatantly Irish. In any event, his three stripes disqualified him for such non-regulation activities.

Mainly under the influence of the Rabys, Dan had finally struck up a close friendship with Father James Barron, a Redemptorist then attached to St. Mary's church in town, who was a frequent visitor on Upshur Road. He thus renewed an intimacy with priestly mentors, which he had missed since leaving St. Ignatius. Always a sincerely religious chap, with a clear conviction and a good knowledge of his religious beliefs and duties, he still maintained a reserve in talking about such matters that was in keeping with Naval tradition. However, he frequently felt the need of tackling the Catholic padre about some issue that required clarification. For the first year or two in the Academy, he had been at a loss for such counsel, as in those days the Newman Club and the constant chaplain assistance of today were non-existent. He obtained the essential advice he needed about his moral and interior life in the confessional, but it was not until he came into contact with Father Barron that he was able to unwind all the doubts and difficulties that beset a young man between adolescence and

maturity. He headed the Catholic Church Party his final year, and took a quiet delight in marching his contingent up Green and over the Duke of Gloucester streets to St. Mary's. All through his life he would speak of St. Mary's as a simple but exceptionally beautiful Gothic church that had always about it an air of quiet prayerfulness. His intimacy with Father Barron also set the pace for his later relations with Padres William Maguire, John Brady, Matthew Gleeson and Joseph Cammerman.

June Week and graduation commenced with the usual "No More Rivers" (to cross) ceremonies, featuring such recent song hits as *Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Dan's parents came on from Oakland and were thrilled to see their little Danny marching on Worden Field, heading the First Battalion. They were feted at the home of the Rabys with a whirl of social and Academy events. Dan had a hand in producing the final play of the year, *Lorania*, and got tremendous enjoyment out of fitting out the boys in the female roles with some of Aunt Jen's discarded finery. Finally, diploma in hand and in civilian dress once more, Dan Callaghan headed home by way of Canada, stopping off at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré in Quebec at the earnest insistence of Father Barron. The family traveled cross-country to Lake Louise, then down through Seattle and home.

Dan had graduated as number 38 in a class of 193, which included George Murray, Norman Scott, Harry W. Hill, Bernard Bieri, Oscar Badger, Calvin Cobb and Lewis Breton, a lively gang who were to make their mark in American naval and military annals. The *Lucky Bag* biography, a publication of extreme candor, by no means always flattering, hit Dan Callaghan off very well:

Dan came to the Academy a quiet, steady fellow, and leaves it just as quiet but steadier. One of the very few men who have not changed their good habits and who have not ac-

quired bad ones. He is a rare combination of straightforwardness, dignity and generosity that makes him one of the most respected and admired men in the Brigade. His claims to be a Red Mike have suffered sadly during the last two years.

Court-martial

Iamque dies infanda aderat . . . *Aeneid*, II.

DANIEL JUDSON CALLAGHAN, aged twenty-one, left the Naval Academy as a "passed midshipman" with instructions to proceed home and await orders. Even though a very junior officer, he had been allowed to signify his preference for type of duty (as graduating midshipmen still do). Dan, with some idea of ordnance in mind, had applied for a heavy ship operating off the West Coast. He was more than delighted, then, to find himself attached to the armored cruiser *California* with instructions to report aboard at Mare Island on July 5 for his first assignment.

From every viewpoint, duty aboard the *California* was choice. The ship was comparatively new—big, roomy, comfortable, without the hammocks and cramped decks of the older ships Dan had known during his midshipmen's cruises. To someone interested in ordnance and gunnery, she was a golden opportunity. For like all pre-dreadnought vessels of her class, she mounted no less than four distinct types of guns. To Dan's supreme delight, he received command of a turret containing a pair of eight-inch guns, the heaviest pieces aboard.

Besides, there was a distinct prospect of approaching action. China had just exploded into the Sun Yat Sen revolution, and the United States Government, President Taft at the helm, had an uncomfortable remembrance of how Chinese revolutions had turned out in the past. Hence the Navy

Department ordered the *California* to get ready for a trip to Pearl Harbor to stand by for trouble. Three of her sister ships were detailed to go along with her. They made up the Armored Cruiser Squadron, specifically so named, the subject of a rollicking song by one of its officers, the chorus of which runs:

*Away, away with sword and drum,
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for someone to put on the bum,
The Armored Cruiser Squadron.*

Dan Callaghan soon discovered that the Navy of his day was in a sense a hard-boiled, hard-drinking outfit, with the *California* well out in the van on both scores. The Armored Cruiser Squadron had been functioning as the nation's "Big Stick" in Teddy Roosevelt's phrase, displaying the United States flag in foreign ports and portions of the world. It was in the nature of an intimidating gesture. Hence a number of the squadron's officers, either in the attempt to camouflage their real intent, or further to display their national prowess, considered an all but inordinate amount of carousing their bounden duty. To the steerage mess—composed of the junior officers—this was a distinct challenge, particularly since, fresh from Annapolis and its disciplinary restrictions, drinking for them was no longer a crime but an apparent manifestation of manliness. Hence when the *California* was not on the bounding main, winning battery trophies—thanks to a gunnery officer named Bates, and eventually to Daniel J. Callaghan—she was often the setting for a heroic party.

The contingent of young academy graduates who accompanied Dan aboard in July were for the most part impressed by this procedure, and attempted to fall in line. This was, of course, before Josephus Daniels dried up the fleet. To Dan, the whole procedure was a considerable shock. He had been used to overlooking minor disturbances at the academy, cov-

ering up occasional delinquents among the midshipmen, but in general tending strictly to his own business. He had heard tales of the rollicking behavior of officers and crews. But the officers he had known at the academy had not been of that stripe. Above all, his uncle James Raby was a person of considerably different caliber. Dan was thus unprepared for this sudden plunge into cold reality. But it did not completely nettle him. After a talk with some of the older officers, he worked out a technique that enabled him to avoid the messier gatherings, and to pass up a proffered drink with good-natured tolerance. It required virtue on his part. There is a natural instinct in young men of his background and bearing which resents unwarranted indulgence.

Dan had made up his mind that he had no taste for alcohol—it was in line with the practice of his father before—and he hewed to that decision all his life. Nor did he bother to crusade against, or to reform, his shipmates. To a large extent, Dan was of an independent cast of mind. He kept busy with the work at hand, which he greatly enjoyed. He took part in the ordinary palaverings and horseplay of the steerage mess, but when the going got too boisterous, or the stories too shady, Dan was apt quietly to slip out of the gathering. He could usually be found lying on his bunk reading a pamphlet on ordnance, or sitting at his desk writing a letter home or to his uncle, Jamie.

Before the Armored Cruiser Squadron finally got under way, the Chinese revolution sputtered to a sudden end. Sun Yat Sen seemingly used a political fire extinguisher with considerable skill. Hence sailing orders for the *California* were canceled, and the winter of 1911-1912 was spent along the West Coast. Dan was thus initiated into life afloat in a more leisurely fashion. It provided him with a comfortable amount of time at home. The latter soon proved a matter of personal destiny.

One evening, while crossing on the Oakland ferry, in full family panoply—the Callaghans had been over in San Fran-

cisco visiting relatives—Dan became reacquainted with a childhood sweetheart named Mary Tormey. He had not seen her for years, although the two families were very close. Dan's father had serenaded Mary Butler on his cornet, the night of her marriage to Tom Tormey.

Dan was immediately taken with young Mary's dark bewitching beauty. He was not too startled a day or so later to learn, on a chance meeting with Charles Knights, that Mary was easily the belle of the neighborhood, "the sweetest girl I ever tried to kiss," as his former fellow St. Ignatian put it. Dan lost no time in inviting Mary aboard his "battleship" to the extreme interest of his steerage mates. Thereafter, a considerable proportion of the letters he so indefatigably wrote were directed to the Tormey household in Oakland.

Then, in the spring, the Armored Cruiser Squadron was ordered across the Pacific once more. This time it up-anchored and was off without a hitch. Together with its complement of rather raw "passed midshipmen," it arrived in Honolulu in early March. There Dan took time out to cable his Uncle Jamie about possible Congressional action on the oft-proposed Ensign Bill which would automatically commission him and his companion "passed midshipmen." This of course was a matter that occupied the conversations of half their leisure time. But before the answer arrived, the *California* was already on its way to the China coast and Tsingtao.

This latter port was in the hands of the Germans at the time. The Armored Cruiser Squadron steamed boldly in. It was greeted by a flourish from the *Graf Spee's* squadron, a division that was later sunk off the Falklands in the First World War. There was visting from one ship to another and back. The German Imperial Navy being what it was, the visits commenced with a series of drinking parties. In almost desperation, the executive officer aboard the *California*, growing weary of having his officers all but roll under the table every night, finally resorted to a strategem. He allotted groups of his junior officers, in turn, to uphold the honor of the ship

in the drinking bouts. When it came Dan's turn, he reneged.

It was not a matter of religious scruple with Dan. It was simply the adherence to principle in a matter of personal behavior that he had long pondered and determined upon. Essentially, it was an offshoot of conviction that made him the strong, consistent character that he was. He had a fairly difficult time explaining his position. He didn't think drinking as such was wrong. He simply did not desire to indulge, and that was that. He knew, of course, that it was extremely bad business in the Navy to show oneself a disobliging fellow, particularly before the explicit desires of an officer of executive rank. But all the coaxing, joshing, and almost bullying of his steerage mates could not budge him. Dan declared himself modestly but firmly on the matter. To the complete surprise of his companions, the axe did not fall. Actually, the incident won Dan Callaghan considerable respect on the part of his seniors, some of whom remembered it to his advantage later on.

The *California* returned from China by way of the Philippines. From there Dan wrote to his mother:

The Navy Register came this morning, and I have spent all my spare time during the day, dopping out how far I can possibly rise under the present scheme of promotion. The result is far from pleasing. At 25 I shall be a Jr. Lieut; 14 years later (39) a Lieut; 8 years later (47) a Lieut. Comd.; ten years later (57) a Commander in which grade I shall retire. Isn't that a nice prospect? No chance at all of obtaining flag rank or even rank of Captain and command a ship. Especially that 14 years in the grade of Jr. Lieut. does not look good to me at all. Just think of stagnating that long in one grade!

Of course legislation may change the method or speed of promotion, but having seen in many cases how ponderously slow-moving is the law in such cases, I shall be ready to retire by the time such personnel laws are enacted.

Those people who graduated five years ahead of me, in '06, came in just right for the last personnel law, remaining in the grade of Jr. Lt. for four months, and are now full Lts.

Uncle Jamie will be coming up for his Commander exams in

less than two years. That's going some, a Commander at 40. Gee! I shall still be a Jr. Lt. at that ripe old age. Of course we may have a war in the course of the next few years, but no one likes to count that among the possibilities for advancement, for the next war we have will be nothing like that backyard fist-fight we had with Spain.

They discovered enough target shells in the magazine at Cavite to allow us to hold practice, so next Monday morning at daylight, off Olongapo, the fun begins. And believe me, it will be one strenuous week. All awnings down, hatches closed—the ships at all times during the practice being “cleared for action.”

On the cruise home Dan qualified as a junior-watch officer, which meant that he could be trusted with general surveillance of the ship in ordinary circumstances—an accomplishment of which he could well be proud. The record of his gun turret had been excellent, due as much to his familiarity with the mechanism as to his ability to get along well with the men who worked under him. He had likewise demonstrated his athletic prowess to the satisfaction of all aboard, working out as regularly as a clock with Indian clubs and dumbbells, and taking on all comers at tennis and handball.

Dan had but one worry in approaching Oakland once more. It arose from a rumor then spreading in Annapolis that he and Milton Anderson had both become engaged to girls in Honolulu. Knowing the agility with which such tales spread in the Navy, his great concern was that Mary Tormey had got wind of it. For it was absolutely unfounded. However, he did have matter for elation. On his sleeve he sported the broad band of an ensign, having been appointed as such, and taken the oath of office on May 21, 1912.

Dan got some leave late in June that year, which he divided between his own family summer home in Soquel, and the Tormey's. He was delighted, on reporting back to duty, to find “Reds” Sowell and a group of younger Annapolis grads newly come on board. For in “Reds,” Dan had a kindred spirit, a chap with high ideals, who neither drank, nor

smoked, nor caroused, and was still a hardheaded, two-fisted, young naval officer.

It was just about this point that matters came to a head in Nicaragua. The Senate had failed to ratify a financial agreement with the then current government; hence a group of New York banks tried to interfere in the country's economic and political affairs toward the end of 1911. Adolfo Diaz, a native politico, was in temporary charge of affairs when, of a sudden, Loma Fort in Managua blew up. The United States had a contingent of marines at both Corinto on the West Coast, and at Bluefields on the East Coast covered by the *USS Annapolis*. On August 1, 1912, the *Annapolis* was ordered to Managua, to cover the arrival of Major Smedley D. Butler and three hundred marines who came up from Panama.

At the same time, a detail of ships, including the *California* and the *Denver* was sent down under Rear Admiral W. H. Sutherland, who placed two marine detachments and a battalion of sailors ashore to clean up the countryside. Practically all the junior officers from the *California* were sent along as aides to the battalion commanders. Dan and his gang, a little on the excited side, were happy to get a taste of real action, though they affected considerable contempt for the poor Nicaraguans, with whom they were to deal.

During these years, in the book of naval regulations, there was a standing order inserted by Teddy Roosevelt—that advocate of the strenuous life—requiring every officer to walk thirty miles in three days at least once a month. Before leaving San Pedro a new skipper had stomped on board the *California*, intent upon tightening down on the tough boys in the steerage. He decided upon enforcing the exercise rule. Thereafter, officers were to be observed in complete misery, trotting round the quarter-deck, mile after mile, with pedometers strapped to their legs.

To Dan and "Reds" Sowell, the landing party in Nicaragua was primarily an opportunity to cover their thirty miles without the unnatural round of the decks. But it was still an un-

interesting business, until someone got the bright idea of organizing a couple of baseball teams. Thereafter Dan took over, sometimes playing with the pedometer on his leg to get his thirty miles into the official record. Today Dan would be considered the athletic officer, an important cog in a ship's morale machinery. But in 1912 it was all new. Yet Dan and "Reds" had learned something most important about the handling of men.

The climax in Nicaragua came with the Battle of Coyotepe Hill, which for all its insignificance was a matter of considerable importance to at least two men: Smedley Butler and Dan Callaghan. It was Dan's first baptism of fire. He behaved himself manfully, drawing upon the resources of spiritual and physical courage that he had been building within him since his earliest remembrance.

There were great doings aboard the *California* when she finally weighed anchor and headed back for the States in November. The junior officers' mess rang with the boisterous reenactment of the various behavior patterns of its inmates under stress and fire. Dan joined in the fun to a certain extent. But the realization of a closeness to eternity had been borne in upon him. Thereafter, though he remained his good-natured, companionable self, he developed a quiet earnestness and devoutness about his prayers that he simply could not camouflage.

Next Mexico blew up. Madero, in 1911, had upset the old dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. In February, 1913, Victoriano Huerta turned traitor to Madero and had him assassinated. Finally, early in April, 1913, the armored cruiser *California* went down to Guaymas on the Gulf of California to watch the West Coast. There was much anti-Americanism among the Mexicans, of course, particularly when President Wilson refused to follow the British lead in recognizing the new government. Hence, one Saturday afternoon when a liberty party, ostensibly ashore to play baseball, got drunk in Guay-

mas, trouble broke loose. Dan was in the midst of it, as he wrote to his mother:

Yesterday (April 9th) is a day which will live long in my memory—and it will not be a pleasant remembrance either. I imagine that today's papers have contained an account in "scare heads" of the killing of two bluejackets from this ship. I can see how they twisted the facts and distorted them to make a thrilling newspaper story. The affair was bad enough at best, but not nearly so as it will undoubtedly be made out.

I happened to be in the vicinity when it all happened, so am able to give a pretty accurate account of the affair. I had been ashore with the baseball team and had just gotten aboard the boat at the landing, ready to return to the ship, when we heard sounds of a scuffle. The doctor (Dr. Rossiter) and I were the senior officers in the boat, so the Dr. jumped out to see what the trouble was. He had just reached the center of the struggling mob when the four shots were fired and the two bluejackets fell. We on the boat couldn't see the scuffling as it was a half a block away, and a high wall shut off the view. The first intimation we had that anything serious had happened was when a half drunken bluejacket ran down the dock to the boat yelling "They've killed two of our men!"

You can imagine the uproar in the boat. In it were liberty men, nearly every one of whom was either drunk or on the verge of it. There was such yelling, shouting, fighting to get on the dock first. But I decided they were in no condition to pacify matters and by main force kept every man in the boat. God! It was awful! Such curses, imprecations and mad struggles to get ashore and clean up everyone in sight. After the boatload had quieted down a little bit I stationed three sober men at the steps of the dock with orders to let no one out of the boat, then ran up to the scene of the fight. There were about ten bluejackets there—stragglers whom the patrol of three men were rounding up to get them aboard the boat. When I arrived on the scene, I found the two dead men lying in the street and the doctor struggling with four or five big, burly firemen, who were attempting to go back and kill that——greaser!"

Finally I managed to pound some idea of duty into the patrol and we pounded, punched, and kicked the drunken belligerents back into the boat, while four of the more sober men carried the poor dead unfortunates. We shoved off and started back to the

ship, with our two dead and two wounded both of whom were bleeding freely from scalp wounds which the man who did the shooting had inflicted with the butt of his revolver.

That was certainly an appalling mess to bring back to the ship as a liberty party. I shudder to think what would have happened had we not been able to hold those men in the boat! Not one of us would have been alive to tell the tale now, as four baseball bats were the only weapons in the crowd and there was a plenteous display of "guns" among the Mexican mob, which had gathered. It took us 45 minutes to return to the ship and on the way back we found the S. P. coal dock on fire. More trouble! We didn't stop, however, but beat it to the ship full blast.

The Mexican who did the shooting was the Gefe del Policio (Chief of Police) here in Guaymas. It seems that while walking along the street he saw Corrie, one of the men who was killed, drinking a bottle of beer in the street, having just come out of a saloon. The "spic" ordered Corrie to put the bottle up, upon which the latter replied in a way that was emphatic if somewhat discourteous. A scuffle ensued during which several bluejackets, drunk by the way, who were standing around, attempted to take a hand in the affray, armed with full beer bottles. It was at this juncture that the Mexican drew his gun. Klesow, the other jackie killed, grabbed one of his arms, while a Filipino named Angelo grabbed and held his right arm. The Mexican fired two shots in the ground, after which he managed to get his arm free. The third shot finished poor Klesow, while the fourth dropped Corrie.

Don't know what will come of the affair. The Admiral advised the Navy department last night, but so far have received no word as to our procedure. An investigation is being held ashore now with the Captain, the Admiral and all witnesses present. Such affairs as this happen every once in a while, and nothing ever comes of it. Of course there is considerable bad blood stirred up over the affair, and from now on no one will be allowed to land except officers and men on duty. No more liberty parties here. We had a game of baseball scheduled with the Guaymas team for Sunday but that, of course, is off now.

Have been ashore twice, both times, with the baseball team. The town is quite modern but typically Mexican. There are three or four big stores and one drug store with soda fountain that looks for all the world like a drug store in San Diego which I know. Five miles from here, on the railroad to Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, the Southern Pacific has quite an extensive lot of build-

ings, comprising repair shops, freight sheds, and round houses, etc. There are some three hundred and eleven Americans living there, all of whom are railroad employees. This town of Guaymas is the only remaining town (Federal) in the State of Sonora and a momentary attack is expected from the rebels. The Federal army, comprising some one thousand ragamuffins, is encamped near Empaline, the railroad settlement I mentioned. The railroad is intact to within 30 miles of here, that stretch having been torn up by the rebels; as soon as the rebels take this place the track will be replaced, or we will not get mail for ages.

This letter goes to Mazatlan by a small steamer called the Ramon Coral, thence by Pacific Coast to San Francisco. If any kind of connections are made you should get this by the 21st of April. It may happen that no steamer touches at Mazatlan for some time, in which case you'll be ages getting anything.

Almost time for drill call, mother mine, so Adios for the present. Much love to all at home, and don't put too much credence in newspaper reports of the doings here.

In keeping with the Richard Harding Davis tradition of the day, nearly everyone believed that the police chief's forty-five had fired the first shots of a war. But Dan didn't quite think so. He was more concerned over the passing of "a poor devil of a fireman who died aboard the next day from spinal meningitis."

The following Saturday, Dan walked up to the executive officer, Commander Traub, and with the proper salute asked permission to go ashore the next morning for Mass. The idea caused a flurry among the crew. But permission was given, and Ensign Callaghan went that Sunday morning to church, in an intensely hostile city, alone and unarmed. He continued to go to the same church every Sunday till the ship was ordered back to San Francisco and he was detached, toward the end of June.

On the thirtieth of June, 1913, Ensign Dan Callaghan reported aboard the *USS Truxtun*, an old-fashioned, coal-burning destroyer, for duty as "torpedo and ordnance officer, as well as navigator." It is standard Navy procedure to shift its personnel to different types of ships and various types of duty,

at least every two years. The idea, of course, is to so widen the functioning experience of its line officers so that they have no special, technical prejudice by the time they reach the upper brackets of command.

Dan Callaghan thus joined this "Delilah" class, 420-ton destroyer, to find himself in as rare a situation as one could ask for. The *Truxtun* was hopefully categorized as ocean-going by its builders, when it first left the ways back in 1901. It had a whaleback bow that was supposed to make it seaworthy, but which somehow merely managed to emphasize its ungainliness. There were no interior passageways through the ship. Hence its personnel had to scramble from one compartment to another by crossing the deck from hatch to ladder—a perilous procedure on stormy days. This meant, too, that the food was usually cold when it reached the bridge or the wardroom aft.

There were sixty-one men and three officers aboard—which meant that all three officers had to stand bridge watches, then work away at their various duties until it was time to be up on deck once more. The officers lived in small cubbyhole compartments placed dead aft over the screws so that it was like sleeping over a meat-grinder. But this did not bother Dan Callaghan, as he never got very much sleep while at sea. Nor, once aboard, did he seem to miss the ordinary comforts of life. There was, of course, no radio in those days. The only light was provided by a five-kilowatt generator. And in cold weather the water splashed in over the hatches, usually filtering its way down to officer territory, forming a thin film of ice across the deck. The only protection a man had against the elements was the heat and energy created by hard work.

"The bunkers in those ships," says one who served in them, "were in the narrow space between the skin of the ship and the boiler-room bulkheads, and were divided into small compartments by several athwartship bulkheads. The coal we usually got was very fine, almost powdered, and frequently wet. This meant that a man had to go into each individual

bunker through a deck hatch, carrying a candle and armed with a sluice-bar to strike the coal down. Between the smallness of the compartment, the powdered coaldust filling the air, the motion of the vessel, and the heat of the atmosphere, it came near killing anyone who was not very tough. I never went into one myself . . .”

Dan Callaghan did, especially when the going was particularly rough. He considered himself the best able to handle a difficult job he wanted done quickly. Particularly when he had taken over as engineer officer, late in October that same year, it was nothing to see him come snorting out of the engine room, sweating like a sea lion, but neat for all that and let himself down into one of the hatches. The men, of course, loved him for it, and were more than proud of their trim, handsome, teddy-bear-like executive. They were continually coming to him for advice, despite the fact that most of them were senior to him by at least ten years. Destroyer service in those days was manned principally by veterans, and though Dan did not affect the raffish, dashing swagger of the ordinary destroyer officer, his name was soon a byword in the flotilla.

In getting duty on board the *Truxtun* Dan had hoped to be able to spend a good deal of his time ashore. Destroyers of that day were more often in harbor than ranging the bounding main, for which their construction was ill-suited. He had a very special interest in keeping close to the San Francisco Bay area; namely, the dark-haired, bewitching Mary Tormey, to whom a large proportion of his correspondence was being directed, and who was gradually crowding out navigation and engineering problems from his thoughts during the long, four-hour watches he spent on the bridge. Unfortunately, there was more sea duty than Dan anticipated or liked. He was hardly comfortably aboard the *Truxtun* when she was ordered down to the Mexican coast. Dan's courtship was consequently sporadic.

Matters grew worse when in April, 1914, the Huerta gov-

ernment arrested a group of American sailors. Half the United States fleet was sent down to Vera Cruz. However, the interval had a happy ending, as it sent the *Truxtun* in for a complete overhaul at Mare Island in the middle of the summer. Dan and Mary Tormey thought the situation most fortunate. They were married with a nuptial Mass in St. Francis de Sales Church in Oakland, on the twenty-third of July, 1914. "Plug" (Robert G.) Coman, Dan's skipper, stood up for them. The wedding was a gala affair, and Dan and his young bride had a time of it, breaking away into the hills of Yosemite for their honeymoon.

Life aboard the *Truxtun*, those days, was a strenuous affair, but it did not quite tax Dan's energies. He was associated with a group of younger officers, but three or four years his senior. He served under T. A. Symington, E. E. Wilson and Ed Guthrie, all of whom appreciated his conscientious attention to duty, his calm efficiency, and his gay spirits, and said so in the periodic reports they turned in concerning his fitness and professional qualifications. With "Plug" Coman he formed a bond of special intimacy that lasted throughout his career. Coman had taken over the *Truxtun* on the trip down to Vera Cruz in April, 1914, and had nursed Dan through the preparations for his impending marriage. He was kept in considerable amazement at many of Dan's doings. His first Sunday aboard, he was routed out of his bunk at six-fifteen in the morning for "permission to go ashore to mass, sir," and almost blew the ship apart when he realized the hour it was. Thereafter Dan had permission to go ashore to mass "whenever he——pleased," particularly if the ship was going out on a Sunday, and Dan was going to the Five.

Dan thought nothing of hopping into a wherry right after dawn and doing a round or two at the oars in the bay at Coronado or San Pedro, just to keep in trim. Together with "Plug" he worked out a technique for handling chronic seasickness or other types of malingering, particularly among the Filipino boys. It was an old saw. But when nothing else

succeeded with one particular messboy, who, immediately the ship up-anchored, got himself a case of seasickness and laid out on the gratings, useless, Dan grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, hauled him up to the bunker, and put him on a coal-passing detail, threatening to "beat the devil out of him if he didn't produce immediately." Terror gave way to anger, particularly when Dan stationed a chief warrant officer outside the bunker with strict orders not to touch the fellow, but to scare the life out of him. The next morning Dan and "Plug" were in the midst of their breakfast when they were disturbed by the sudden appearance of the coal-dirty, disheveled Filipino.

Dan turned, startled at first. "What the devil do you want?" he asked.

"Permission to change my rate to coal-passer, sir."

Dan roared approval. The seasickness had vanished.

Dan made lieutenant (junior grade) in May, 1915. It was a timely promotion as Mary had a baby coming, and she was having none too easy a time of it. Dan himself was overworked, and very much disturbed over the fact that the *Truxtun* with three of her sister ships had been ordered to prepare for a cruise to Alaska. It was at this juncture that Daniel Judson Callaghan ran into trouble—the kind of difficulty that sears a young man's soul, and from which he emerges a distinct, mature individual.

Dan was now functioning as executive as well as engineering officer. In readying the ship for its Alaskan voyage, he discovered the starboard condenser acting up a bit. Dan opened it up, found some of the ferrules—little brass rings placed at the top of the condenser pipes to strengthen them—corroded. He replaced them. This was ordinary procedure, and Dan drew on the nearest destroyer tender for an additional supply, particularly as he noticed that these small brass devices seemed to be deteriorating faster than should normally be the case. Just before the long cruise to Alaska he requisitioned seven hundred more from the navy yard.

Late in June, the condenser had broken down once more. Dan replaced forty or fifty more ferrules from his original spare-parts supply. But early in July, with the ship starting up the coast on the first leg of its big cruise, the condenser went irreparably wrong. The *Truxtun* had to signal its inability to make the trip. It proceeded into a dockyard to have the whole condenser replaced.

In the Navy someone is always responsible for such a mishap. A board of investigation swooped down on the *Truxtun*. It discovered that the *Truxtun's* condenser ferrules had manifested a high rate of corrosion. It found that she was a peculiar ship, slightly different in the pitch and threading of her condenser ferrules. Moreover, it was ascertained that the seven-hundred replacement ferrules taken aboard at the navy yard were not the right type and would not fit. In the judgment of the board, the failure to requisition ferrules sooner, and to check meticulously for accuracy those received constituted dereliction of duty on the part of Lieutenant (j.g.) Daniel Judson Callaghan. He was relieved of his duty, suspended, and ordered before a general court-martial.

There was mild consternation in the destroyer fleet over the plight of Dan Callaghan. He was known as one of the most conscientious young officers on the West Coast. Representations were made. But the toils of the law plodded on inexorably toward a court-martial in August. The court then discovered that the condenser plate had developed a peculiar case of electrolysis beyond the explanation of its electrical engineers. No amount of ferrule replacement would have done any good. It likewise developed that the seven-hundred ferrules that did not fit had been received aboard by one of Dan's fireroom staff, a semi-illiterate watertender, ignorant of the uses of a pitch-gauge. He had considered the replacements satisfactory, checking them himself to save Dan the trouble. Dan Callaghan received a verdict of full acquittal, the highest form of exoneration he could get from the court.

He was immediately restored to duty, and in a few months

took over as CO (commanding officer) of the *Truxtun*. But it had been a grueling time for the twenty-five-year-old naval officer. The shock of the near disaster had been more far reaching in its effect on his character than had his earlier experience, when he first boarded the *California* to find the Navy short of his ideals. For he had come face to face with ominous possibility of personal disgrace—the loss of professional standing, livelihood, reputation—all hinged on a twist of fate. The thousand twinges of conscience, the hopeless reconstructions of personal conduct preceding the minor mechanical failure, the ruthless march of the law, in the weeks consumed by the court proceedings, rocked his self-confidence to its very roots. Thereafter, it was a different Dan Callaghan who faced the world and the universe around him. He was a man, now, rid of the naive approach to life that characterizes the sheltered type of youth that had been his. In his prayers, in his love-making, in his work, the scar of maturity tried in the fire, became apparent. When Dan returned to duty, it was noted by those who had not seen him for several months that his hair had turned prematurely gray.

War and Its Naval Aftermath

O tandem magnis plagi defuncte periclis!
Sed terrae gravior manent . . . *Aeneid*, VI.

WORLD WAR I HAD BROKEN OUT in June, 1914, with an assassination that rocked the world. For two years the United States, despite major diplomatic clashes with both belligerents, had managed to stay clear of entanglement, finally re-electing Wilson president on the slogan, "He kept us out of war." But the military men of the nation, together with many of its statesmen, felt that the entrance of the United States into the conflict was inevitable. This fear was shared by Lieutenant Daniel J. Callaghan, finishing out an uneventful year as commanding officer of the *USS Truxtun*, in the early fall of 1916.

Dan had had half the heart taken out of him by his court-martial experience, the year before. But the sincere sympathy and encouragement he had received from fellow officers all over the service had braced him. There was likewise the steadying assurance of Uncle Jamie Raby that such an untoward event could be lived down. And on the domestic front, he was the proud father of a bouncing young boy, Judson. In the sacred sanctum of his heart, the realization that his wife Mary was one of the most attractive and well-liked young navy wives on the California coast likewise served to steady his view of life as a naval officer.

Dan's competence at handling men and machinery was being quietly but steadily recognized, as an occasional surrep-

titious peek at his fitness reports assured him. The onset of a national emergency brought with it the prospect of a vastly expanding naval program and the possibility of rapid promotion. The Naval Appropriations Bill of 1916 had been recently pushed through a not too reluctant Congress. As a consequence, ten new battleships, six cruisers, ten scout cruisers, fifty destroyers and sixty-seven submarines were in the offing. The *elan* of the regular naval officer took an upward surge. Implementing this increase, the Navy began to recondition a number of its outmoded ships, taking the light cruiser *New Orleans* as one of its first projects.

Originally purchased from the Brazilian government in the course of our Spanish war, the *New Orleans* was an unlovely object by United States standards. It had been built by the British. Hence its quarters were exceptionally cramped, with officers' territory immediately over the screws. In addition, due to its Brazilian affiliations, all the markings on gauges, valves and movable parts were in Portuguese. It was to this ship that Dan was assigned, in November of 1916, upon the expiration of his tour of duty in destroyers. Knowing something of the vessel's background, Dan was at first none too happy over the assignment. Yet he realized that the billet of engineer was a definite advancement. The fact that he was still on the West Coast would prove a considerable domestic advantage.

Dan had hardly arrived in Bremerton, where the ship was being reoutfitted, when he realized his anticipatory error. The crew turned out to be an exceptionally happy collection of skilled and unskilled personnel; a combination of hardy old Navy chiefs, and a likable, smart and ambitious group of reservists from the Northwest. Of a sudden, Dan found himself once more. He plowed through the hold of the ship, checking gauges, sounding out boilers, insisting upon the inclusion of spare parts with American markings, wearing down even the sturdiest of the grease-monkeys in his section. In handball, squash, tennis, word went around that he was out

for all comers; and Dan took them on, one by one, demolishing the opposition in his quietly infectious fashion.

The *New Orleans* had scarcely time to finish its shakedown cruise, fashioning a seaworthy crew out of its assortment of chiefs and landlubbers, when war was upon the nation. For in the early hours of Good Friday morning, April 6, 1917, the Congress of the United States declared war on Germany and the Central Powers. With all other available craft, the *New Orleans* was sent scampering into the Atlantic, to take up the tedious and all but thankless task of convoy duty. For a full year she plowed alongside of slow-moving cargo carriers, plodding from New York to Nova Scotia and back, or headed out across the Atlantic to be met a hundred miles off the English or Irish coast, and sent scowling back. It was tough, grueling work for officers and crew. But it bound its personnel together in an unbreakable clasp of comradeship. The doctor on board was a young surgeon named Ross T. McIntire, and the navigator, a Harvard grad named Winthrop Aldrich. In command of the ship when Dan first arrived was Henry M. Jensen, and among his shipmates were Teddy Larimer, W. Evans, and A. G. Kavanaugh.

Dan soon found himself acting as both engineering officer and executive, and was more than well pleased to find himself described in a fitness report: "This officer has combined the duties of Executive Officer and Engineer in a most satisfactory manner. He is able and diligent. I know of no other officer of his rank that I would prefer to have under my command." Thus read the comment of Captain K. M. Bennett in September, 1917. He followed it in March, 1918, with a similar tribute: "Mr. Callaghan is one of the best young officers I have ever known. His loyalty and subordination are marked, as are his ability and initiative. I had no anxiety in regard to the ship while he was left in command. He is worthy of advance to the next rank. He will make good."

Meanwhile, Dan was writing home to his father from:

An Atlantic Port
March 3rd, 1918

Dear Papa:

About a month will elapse between this letter and the next one you will receive. It doesn't seem to me as if we had been in any time at all, and here we are going out again to brave the wily U boat.

I have been so uproariously busy during these past four weeks since our return, that the time has flown at a great rate. I have been ashore four times in those four weeks and I really shouldn't have gone then, but I felt that a few trips ashore would change my perspective a bit. Unfortunately, it didn't. I am on the job every morn at seven and stay at it until ten or eleven at night, often much later. By nightfall I am as irritable and fidgety as a hibernating grizzly "bar."

This trip will be no sinecure either if prospects are fulfilled. In addition to the duties of my dual jobs, I received orders to appear before an Examining board, so I shall have to get in some husky licks at "boning." How I am going to work that in I cannot see, but must, someway.

Saw Uncle Jamie Raby for a few minutes yesterday, as he was leaving for Washington to spend three or four days. He looked well and seemed to be in fair spirits, though he says a few more trips will about finish him. He sends his love to all at home.

I am sending Mary some pictures that will give you some slight idea of how this ship looked when we arrived in port from our last trip. The reality was even worse than the pictures show.

This is just a hurried note to say "goodbye," Papa, and I must run. Have several thousand things to do in the next few hours.

Give Mama and all at home my fondest love and pray for me. I shall need all your prayers.

Affectionately, your son,
Dan.

At the time of Dan's letter, the *New Orleans* was working out of Staten Island. Because of her age and lack of speed she usually drew the slower convoys—concrete-hulled monstrosities and all the other makeshifts, six- and eight-knot ships that sometimes showed a minus figure for the day's run against the wind. In an ordinary day's work, Dan would be faced with hundreds of odd situations, from rigging extra pens of light board around the main hatch in which to pile

extra coal, to counseling a seaman second class who was worried stiff about his wife and the baby that was due any day. But Dan loved it, and his companions loved him, which meant that they made the most of a tough, harrowing but not impossible situation.

The only thing they seemed to mind was the fact that they never got a shot at a German sub or surface raider out of all that weary voyaging. Yet there were tales in official communiques, and unofficial gossip, reporting numerous U-boat contacts and sinkings. The allied cruiser *Orama* had been sunk in June, 1917, by the U-53 while on convoy duty; the U-58 was captured by two American destroyers in November, that same year. Then word began to circulate of frequent U-boat encounters, and anxiety was intensified with the news that in June, 1918, the U-151 had successfully laid mines off the Delaware River and Chesapeake Bay operating later between New York and Hatteras. But the *New Orleans* had clear sailing with no sight of Dan's "wily U-boat."

Another source of anxiety for the Allies was the German Navy bottled in the Baltic. It kept five great allied squadrons of battleships, cruisers and destroyers all but inactivated at Scapa Flow. Early in 1918, word was passed that the *Admiral Seidlitz* had managed to get loose with a number of German battle cruisers. There was immediate consternation. Two new battleships, the *Mississippi* and the *Tennessee*, were put in readiness for the chase, and out were sent every available scouting craft on this side of the Atlantic. Along went the *New Orleans*, though its battle power and cruising speed would have rendered it a typical "sitting duck" had it had the misfortune to have found the German force. It was half-way across the Atlantic, when, to the immense relief of all on board, word was passed that the *Seidlitz* and the accompanying cruisers were still squatting safely in port at home.

The only real excitement to which the *New Orleans* was treated was the rescue of a big, 16,000-ton, disabled British liner off the north coast of Ireland in a gale. There was no

towing gear aboard either vessel, and it fell to Dan Callaghan to make arrangements to take her in tow. Four times a hawser was hauled aboard the cruiser from the liner, that was about three times the cruiser's size, and four times the cable parted. The Captain was for abandoning the job. But not Dan. With superhuman strength and the full cooperation of his men, he finally secured the cable. For forty-eight hours the *New Orleans* stayed with the stricken vessel hauling it out of danger finally handing it on to tugs from a North Ireland base. It was one of those minor dramas that call for greatness of soul and a stout heart. No one aboard the *New Orleans* had ever doubted Dan's determination or prowess. Now no one ever could.

A successful naval career depends upon several factors over and above a man's general competence. Such incidentals as having been shipmates with one of the future "powers that be," or having an exceptionally charming wife, or happening to have had duty in Washington immediately before or after a war, are often as important in the making of an admiral, as are 4.0 efficiency ratings and a line of battle stars. Dan was aware of such influences. And fortune favored him with a judicious seasoning of all three extra-naval graces. Ordinarily, the court-martial he had received in 1915 should have finished him. But a war had intervened. So had Dan's tremendous capacity for hard work. Hence, at the close of 1918, he received orders to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C.

The *New Orleans* had put into port early in November, 1918, and was on hand for the tremendous ovation that the news of the armistice occasioned. Almost the first dispatch issued by the Navy Department after things calmed down was an order remanding Lieutenant Commander Daniel J. Callaghan from the cruiser *New Orleans* to the Navy Department. The story goes that upon the cessation of the war there was a mad scramble out of the Washington shore-duty jobs,

and that Dan reported into his particular billet to find complete chaos in possession.

The job Dan was taking over was not a particularly pleasant one, for it had to do with the reassignment of warrant and chief petty officers who had been reduced in rank with the end of the war. It was a position open to pressure and influence—from that of the “little woman” who wanted her paymaster located in Vacaville, California, to that of the pretentious congressman demanding that Joe Gooch be sent to Honolulu. Dan’s scrupulous sense of justice, together with an inherent dislike of refusing to do things for people, caused him many an unhappy dilemma as he tried to maneuver the “go-go” tree in order to send Jack Doe to the *Arkansas* because his pal Jim Bilk was there, and to please Moe Ice whose six children were clamoring for him down in Charleston.

He had always an interest in human behavior, realizing vividly the importance to an individual, to his family, and to the Navy, of placing a man where he most wanted to be. But at the same time Dan formed a habit of quietly deflating people who took themselves too seriously, though he did his best to do so painlessly. On the purely political side of things he was not very accommodating, having the usual official fear lest somehow or other a little “P.I.” (political influence) creep into his record. Like his father before him, Dan had little use for the game of politics. He was a seadog through and through.

Dan’s one great consolation during his Washington tour was the fact that Mary came on with Jud, and they got an apartment in Georgetown, where they settled down to two solid years of home life. It took a little conditioning on his part to overcome some of the virtues of a solitary he had picked up in his seven years at sea, but he was soon acting the boon companion naturally, mixing cocktails for his guests, passing out cigars and cigarettes, while indulging in none of these fancies himself. Friends and guests who visited his home in Washington, then as well as later, are unanimous

in praising his thoughtful hospitality, and the excellent dinners Mary served.

For himself Dan privately confessed to a dislike for the pseudo-gaiety of the whole Capital atmosphere. He was particularly bitter against the weather. Being meticulous about his person, he found himself frequently taking three or four showers a day, and almost getting a beating from Mary for the number of uniforms he had in the wash or at the cleaners. But on the whole he managed to survive the strain of demobilization, with its laying-up of ships, its paring down of officer staffs, and the persistence of the department in persuading officers to leave a service that had room for only half of them, despite the excellence of their war records. Then, on the first of October, 1920, Dan Callaghan saw with a grin that he had received orders assigning him as fire-control officer aboard the brand new battleship *Idaho*.

Dan's two years in the Navy Department were an essential element in his later career. He obtained an insight into the workings of the Navy on paper, and a keener appreciation of the aim and ambitions, good and bad, that motivate the generality of mankind. He likewise came into contact, at least momentarily, with a number of people who would one day remember him to his advantage. Richard H. Leigh, assistant chief of the Bureau of Navigation was one; and Franklin D. Roosevelt, another.

Dan moved his family back to Oakland, California, packed his locker and reported for duty aboard the *Idaho* on the eighteenth of October, 1920. There he was soon completely at home, taking over as assistant fire-control officer. At last Dan felt he was in his proper element. He had always had a penchant for gunnery work. Now, with a brand new battleship under him, he set to work with a zest that was amazing.

Dan was in control of the secondary battery, with A. S. Rees, popularly known as "T.N.T.," his senior officer. The boys referred to this watch station as the "smoke watch" be-

cause of the linguistic violence that accompanied Rees's orders, bellowed from above. Almost from the beginning Dan found himself taking over as godfather to the junior officers. He ran what amounted to regular classes in practical gunnery, and was most meticulous in his demands about the keeping of notebooks, which had to be submitted once a week for his scrutiny. No one got shore liberty until his book was okayed. Gunnery ensigns and j.g.'s soon found that Dan's scribbled "idle chatter," or "bologna," down the side of their "paddings" proved costly to their shorebound interests.

Daniel J. Callaghan was thirty years old now, a large and handsome man. He was a professional naval officer with a court-martial, a war, and a turn in the Navy Department under his belt. To his friends he was a serious religious-minded individual with a healthy interest in sports, in his family, in making a financial go of things. He had no known enemies. He soon found himself at work with an earnest group of men, eager to make a first-class battlewagon out of their ship, and just as eager to knock a good time out of the process. On board, Captain C. L. Hussey was skipper, aided by F. R. McCrory as executive officer, and there was a young Catholic chaplain by the name of William Maguire with whom Dan found himself in constant contact. Padre Maguire had the makings of a fair pitcher, and Dan soon had him working out on the forward or after deck, stirring up spirit among the rest of the officers and crew.

When the Pacific units of the fleet dropped anchor off Panama that winter, the commander in chief appointed Dan playing-manager of the Pacific officers' team, with orders to beat the team from the Atlantic. Dan rose to the occasion, playing a fine game himself, and leading his teammates to a well fought victory. At dinner that evening in the Union Club he was like a young freshmen, bubbling over with enthusiasm.

People who knew Dan well characterized him as quiet

though invariably cheerful. His sociability was of the calmer type, never running to the spectacular. Yet he seemed to enjoy the fleet and ship parties, being on hand with his inevitable glass of ginger ale, always ready to lend a hand to help one of his more boisterous shipmates back on board, once the festivities ended. He was notoriously a hard worker, as the boys in the gunnery sheds soon found out. Yet he was charitable to a fault. With him in the wardroom, nothing untoward was to be heard, nor did anyone find him criticizing superior officers or situations which he felt beyond his ken. His very presence, strapping, reserved, cheery, commanded respect and kept his less-disciplined shipmates under a moderate restraint.

He made fast friends with Padre Maguire, who catered to Dan's insatiable appetite for candy, and Dan could be found in his room at almost any time of the day or night "shooting the breeze," or modestly displaying the latest pictures he had received from Oakland of Mary and Jud. Or he might be going over the latest hardship tale he had just received from one of his enlisted men, or discussing the chances of the Cards and Cubs.

On the trip the *Idaho* made to Valparaiso, Chile, in 1921, Dan's popularity was transformed into a peculiar boomerang. When the ship reached the equator, he was given much rougher treatment in being made over into a "shellback" from a "pollywog" than were his officer companions. He was soundly spanked and rudely handled by the Royal Polar Bears in homage to King Neptune. Dan emerged from the tank black-and-blue all over, and in considerable amazement. It took a good deal of explanation on Padre Maguire's part to point out to him that the treatment he had received was due to the affection the men had for him. They had chosen this rugged means of showing that they knew he could "take it."

Dan served on the *Idaho* until June, 1923, enjoying every

minute of his association with Captain Hussey, and then with Captain Joel R. P. Pringle, and a host of junior officers, winning fine tributes from the skipper such as the following from Captain Hussey: (1 April, 1921) "Lt. Cdr. Callaghan is an expertly fine officer. He not only contributes to the efficiency of the ship as assistant Gunnery officer, but in various other ways. He is in charge of the baseball team, playing himself at times. His thorough work as a senior member of the Hull Board was specially commendable."

Some six months later Joel Pringle wrote: "As assistant fire control officer, he has been in direct charge of the Gunnery training of the ship's secondary battery (14 five-inch guns) and anti-aircraft battery (4 three-inch). His devotion to duty, sound judgment and ability to inspire loyalty in his subordinates have resulted in a constant and steady increase in the efficiency of the above mentioned batteries. At the recent battle practice of the Pacific Fleet in 5-inch guns, he made the largest percentage of hits of any ship of the Fleet. I regard him as an extra-ordinarily valuable officer and would select him for duty under any command. His value lies in his ability to handle personnel."

Dan's naval career was definitely taking on direction during his duty term on the *Idaho*. His efficiency in handling gunnery crews and problems was steadily mounting. The *Idaho* gave him his first real acquaintance with anti-aircraft batteries. Hits on the sleeves being towed behind aircraft were few and far between in those days, but Dan, along with many other younger gunnery officers, had an idea that this was a gun of the future. It took two decades to prove the validity of that hunch; but Dan hung on in the *Mississippi* and *Colorado* during the middle twenties; as battleship and fleet gunnery officer during the early thirties; as Presidential aide before the end of that decade. His persistence did not revolutionize naval thought on the subject. It took the Japanese air arm to do that. But he at least helped to prepare for the revolution.

The end of World War I had provided a lull in which grandiose plans for a full-sized Navy were dreamed of and spoken about by Naval authorities. The Wilson administration was all for arriving at parity with Great Britain, which meant not only building up our merchant marine, but carrying out the original building program of 1916, adding no less than ten battleships and six cruisers to the United States fleet. But hopes were soon shattered by a penny-pinching Congress, and the Washington armament conferences. Dan looked with great apprehension on the politicians' designs. He remembered back to the days of his early apprenticeship in the fleet, and the defeatist spirit of many an officer who had abandoned his naval career rather than face the hopelessness of their economy-haunted situation. He remembered back to the plotting that had promised him a lieutenancy at thirty-nine and a lieutenant commander's job at forty-seven. A war had changed all that. He was a lieutenant commander at thirty-two. And while he was definitely not interested in another war, just to favor his career, he was very definitely interested in being prepared for just such an eventuality. As one of his contemporaries commented on certain disarmament plans then in discussion: "Until our friend (speaking of Mr. F. J. Libby, then chairman of the National Council for the Reduction of Armaments) can bring us a signed agreement—that he can enforce—to stop the other fellow from aggression, we don't want him to tell the United States what is a reasonable degree of preparedness on our part."

Early in 1922 the 5-5-3 ratio of naval strength was agreed upon by England, the United States, and Japan. This called for the scrapping of several designated ships, and a ten-year naval holiday in the construction of capital ships. At the same time, the reduction in naval personnel from the 497,000 in 1918 to a mere 86,000 enlisted men in 1922 made life in the fleet a much more strenuous affair, particularly in carrying out fleet exercises and target practice. Hence Dan was writing to his father in December, 1922:

Long Beach, Calif.
December 3, 1922

Dear Papa:

Since leaving Bremerton the days have slipped by with such rapidity that I can scarcely realize something over a month has elapsed since I last wrote home. Rosarie's letter of several days ago, was a well-merited reproach *re* my lack of epistolary effort and I shall endeavor to dash off at least a weekly screed in the future.

Ever since the ship has reached these southern waters we have been going at the gunnery business with great gusto—target practice has followed target practice with such speed that I am actually dizzy. And we have made only mediocre scores. Over seventy per cent of the men who comprised the guns' crew were raw recruits, aboard less than a month and in my own battery, 5 inch, only one of the six officers concerned had been out of the Academy more than five months. Frankly, Dad, I am rather fed up with this Gunnery business. I thought I would surely be detached before I had to undergo a third Gunnery year; but no such luck. . . .

I feel like a normal human being again with my family with me. We have a very nice, though far from elaborate apartment—comfortable and sufficient for our needs. Undoubtedly Nana has given you, since her return, a detailed account of the layout, etc., of our domicile, so I shall not weary you with repetition. Ordinarily, I do not get home at nights until 6:30 or later, and I leave in the morning at 6:45—so except on Saturdays and Sundays, when off duty, I am not home as many hours as I should like. But it is infinitely better than having no home at all to which I may repair. Next week I shall be away practically the entire week, as we shall be out every night getting ready for "Night Battle Practice." Mary is a trifle squeamish about being alone, but she will get over that. Jud is going to school at the sister's Parochial School here and doing fairly well. At least he is learning something about his religion, an education sadly lacking, except at home, in his previous schooling. He brought home a Holy Picture the other afternoon, for knowing so well his lesson in Christian Doctrine. So, I feel that he is progressing somewhat. But the brave lad does not concentrate in his lessons as well as he should. He is such an active little rascal he cannot keep still long enough to really buckle down to earnest business. I hope he will someday outgrow that tendency.

We had hoped Bill and Helen would spend Thanksgiving with

us, but Bill wired that he could not get away. He stated he might be up this week-end but did not put in an appearance. It was just as well—the weather was terrible yesterday and this morning—regular deluge, so had they come, their stay would not have been very pleasant, at least as far as the weather conditions were concerned. Hope they will be able to make it here for a week-end before Christmas.

Please tell Rosarie that her box of sweets was received the day before Thanksgiving and was greatly appreciated. Some of her candy helped to fill out our dessert at Thanksgiving dinner, in which we were joined by Father Burke and Ensign Evans from the Ship.

Must go to bed, Dad, as I have a long and strenuous day before me. Please write me when you feel the urge and let me know all the latest news of your condition and the news of home. I hope that all at home have escaped this mild "flu" contagion which seems so widespread in this neighborhood.

Ever affectionately,

Your son,

Dan.

Dan stayed on the *Idaho* until the end of June, 1923, when he was detailed to the Board of Inspection and Survey, Pacific Coast Section, working out of San Francisco. He moved his family back to Oakland, and renewed his acquaintanceship with friends in the San Francisco area. Dan took up once more with the professors at St. Ignatius College and the alumni of his high-school days. He saw much of the Chamberses, close friends of the family. Mr. Chambers was the family financial adviser, and helped Dan with a few minor real-estate projects.

Meanwhile Dan's work carried him up and down the coast, looking over newly built fleet auxiliaries at Puget Sound or Bremerton, inspecting destroyers laid up at San Diego and submarines bedded down in Mare Island. It was not a particularly wearying task, though there was much paper work and reports innumerable to be submitted and filed. But Dan enjoyed himself thoroughly, taking advantage of the situation to spend a good deal of time with his father,

and the rest of the family. He stayed part of the summer with them in Soquel, participating in their festivities as well as their minor sorrows. He kept in trim physically by challenging some of his younger brother Chad's gang to tennis and handball matches, and followed West Coast sporting events with a keen interest.

He was sorry to have his two years of shore duty run out early in May, 1925, but he did have the pleasure, just previously, of standing as best man for a close friend of his, Charlie Rend. The wedding proved a gala reunion of their Navy crowd, with Padre Maguire (the youthful chaplain of the *Idaho* days), his brother Bill Callaghan, "Plug" Coman, etc., showing up for the occasion.

Dan reported on board the *USS Colorado* as first lieutenant on May 16, 1925. He was welcomed aboard by the skipper, Captain R. R. Belknap, and immediately set to work cleaning up ship. He found himself in charge of everything movable on board; master of the paintpot and the swabbing bucket, responsible agent for each particular that eventuates in shipshape conditions. Being by now an old hand at handling men, Dan soon had the young boys in steerage, as well as the older men in the wardroom, very much on his side. His robust and serious appearance, together with his calm competence appealed to chiefs and warrants as well, thus completing his team, and making for an immaculately caparisoned battlewagon. Then the fleet set sail for the Western Pacific and Australia.

On the way out, an order was received from the department commanding all the "bright work" topside to be painted over. Dan had just completed the overhaul and repolishing of the ship's brass. He was not at all pleased with the new order. But he set his boys to work once more with brush and pot. The job was hardly finished when Captain F. D. Karns strode aboard in Honolulu as skipper, replacing Captain Belknap. One of his first remarks upon inspecting the vessel

was: "What the devil has become of the brass? Tell the first lieutenant to start the boys scraping immediately."

Dan, in some perturbation, approached the new skipper to inform him of the departmental order. "I don't give a continental for the Navy Department," was all the reply he got. "I'm running this ship, and I want polished brass." And for good measure, "So does the Admiral."

Dan blew up. But early the next morning, his boys were out there unearthing the bright work. For the rest of the tour he was the subject of constant ribbing on the subject. But he found Captain Karns an exceptionally fine boss to work for, a man with great spirit, a ready wit, and an urbanity of manners that Dan greatly appreciated. Karns was also a classmate and close friend of Jamie Raby, giving the two men a closer bond of interests.

Captain Karns had joined the *Colorado* in Honolulu. He was hardly settled aboard when the squadron pulled out for Australia and New Zealand. It was a flag-showing expedition. To make doubly sure of an Aussie welcome, they carried several million pounds of English gold. On the way down they stopped off at Samoa and the Fiji Islands, by-passing Noumea. On picnic and exploration expeditions, Dan helped Father Finn, the Catholic chaplain aboard, to ferret out Catholic missionaries scattered through these isolated spots. The missionaries gave them a great welcome, with never a thought of the tremendous part this area was to play in the final stages of many an American sailor's career.

The Australians and New Zealanders received the American fleet with open arms. Even at that time, they realized their almost complete dependence on the United States in case of a Pacific war. The fleet spent two weeks at each of the principal ports, and was wined and dined in style. The American sailors were taken into the Maori mountains and through the Bush country, stopping at the springs at Tota-Rua. They took a natural, great interest in the horse racing and steeplechases that confronted them on every side. Dan

met a number of people, some of whom were to remember him when he returned to Auckland in the summer of 1942 to help hold off the very real Japanese threat.

On the way home, the *Colorado* again put in at Samoa, and Dan and Captain Karns, together with a number of the crew, set out for Apia and the tomb of Ensign John Robert Monoghan, USN, who had been killed in action there, on April 1, 1899. Dan knew the story well. Monoghan had been a classmate of Captain Karns and of his uncle James Raby in the academy. His life had been written by one of the Jesuits, Father H. H. McCallough. It was being circulated in St. Ignatius College back in 1906, when Dan was a high-school student there, and had helped to convince Dan and his father that a career at Annapolis and in the Navy would not interfere with his Catholicism. Captain Karns used to kid Dan a good deal about the strictness of his religious practice, as well as that of James Raby, particularly when fish would appear in the ship's mess on Fridays. Dan took it in a reserved though ready spirit, making no bones about his frequent attendance at mass, or about the rosary that hung continually at the head of his bunk. All in all, the Australian trip proved a healthful boon for the fleet, and familiarized Dan, at least, with a stretch of territory that it would later cost his life in protecting.

On the seventh of April, 1926, back in American waters, Dan was suddenly summoned to the captain's cabin and asked if he would mind transferring over to the *Mississippi* as gunnery officer. It was a strange procedure, but a flattering offer, as no one near his time had a gunnery job. Cleveland Macauley, the *Mississippi's* fire-control officer had been ailing for some time, and an immediate replacement was needed. Old Joel Pringle, mindful of Dan's gunnery interest and proficiency on the *Idaho*, had suggested to Captain Tom Hart that the young, strapping "Irishman" might be just the person. Sorry as he was to lose him, Captain Karns told Dan to take the job, pronto—which he did.

Dan thus described his plight on board the *Mississippi* a month or so later in a letter to his father:

I suppose Mary told you that Captain Pringle was wholly instrumental in my obtaining my present duty. I was somewhat dumbfounded when the Battleships Divisions Gunnery officer came aboard the *Colorado* and asked me if I wanted this duty, especially as I was just on the point of instigating some wire-pulling to catch me a destroyer command at San Diego. I had decided that a total of four years of battleship duty was a-plenty, and I saw visions of two more years of issuing out paint pots, snooping around for dirt and rust, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*!

The prospect was anything but alluring. But no one near my time had a gunnery job, so of course, it was a very flattering offer and one I could not possibly refuse. So here I am! And it has been one strenuous period for me, as this bucket was way behind schedule in practices, stood nearly at the bottom of the heap, to say nothing of the fact that I had to quickly learn the capabilities of the personnel, the condition of the material, and above all to learn to talk this gunnery lingo, which is a parlance and technique all its own.

I was of course tickled that we did so well on our long range practice which counts nearly one half of the whole year's gunnery work. In that one practice we succeeded in pulling up our year's standing from eleven (only twelve ship's in it) to six and possibly five, and for this particular important practice all dope points to the fact that we are in the lead, though by a rather scant margin. At any rate our hits (9) are more than any have made so far, and all ships have fired except two. In any event 'tis the best practice at long ranges ever pulled off by this ship, which is cause for some comfort.

I don't know that I can claim any of the credit for it, but in taking over the job, I was in the rather enviable position of having everything to gain and very little to lose. For if we did well, I could sit back with a sigh; whereas if we fell down, as everyone expected, I could point to the fact that my short incumbency prevented any untoward improvement.

I was impressed with the lackadaisical "underdog" air that was prevalent among the officers in the Gunnery Department, when I came aboard. That's a mighty hard feeling to combat, but I got 'em all together a few days after reporting and told 'em my ideas on that attitude—probably made myself unpopular but at least

succeeded in "jazzing 'em up" a bit. Also looked over the past firing records of the ship and picked out some prominent faults on which I harped in the few weeks prior to the practice. I am enclosing my screed on preparation for the practice.

Dan's scheme on preparation is a model of succinct instruction, and indicates absolute competence in every phase of fire-control mechanism and action. It tickled Captain Tom Hart no end to find Dan counseling his gunnery officers: "While it is realized that gun division officers have duties, in connection with their divisions, which require a certain amount of time, it is believed that by strict attention during gunnery drill periods, much can be accomplished toward preparing the batteries for this most important practice of the year (long-range battle practice). Eat, sleep, drink and think *Gunnery* for the next few weeks. To direct the attention of officers of the gunnery department toward some of those details essential for success in this practice, the following notes are promulgated. They are dictated by experience and by a perusal of records of previous firings."

There followed a detailed, technical instruction on the intricacies of main-battery fire control, aiming to eliminate every possible source of controllable error. Full safety precautions were insisted upon. Casualties of every possible kind are discussed and provided for. Dispersions of fire due to inaccuracies in the pointer elevations, in lining up director system, in bore-sighting, shell-loading and seating, in compensations for erosion, weight, electrical resistance were adequately analyzed and provided for. Plotting, spotting and range-finding were each analyzed and emphasized. Dan was definitely in there, working like a Trojan, and winning the men and officers over by the swiftness of his enthusiasm and the sparkle of his zeal. His fitness report reflected the success that was inevitable with him: "I can scarcely report too favorably on this officer. He is excellent generally and particularly; and he looks and acts the part. As gunnery officer, he is being highly successful and I unhesitatingly recommend

him for almost any detail." It was signed Thomas C. Hart, USN.

Meanwhile Dan's heart and attention were centered on more immediate problems at home. His father had always been his confidant, as he had been for Uncle Jamie Raby. Hence Dan wrote:

Letter writing has been decidedly at a premium during this past hectic month, but at the present moment I have a breathing spell and shall acknowledge the two fine letters I have recently received from mother and yourself.

Was much interested in your account of the new real-estate venture engaged in by Uncle Dan and yourself. Where is this tract that you have started building operations on? Is it in the neighborhood of Maxwell Park? I hope you shall have better luck in disposing of your bungalows than I have had with mine. The burden of carrying that house of mine along from month to month is no light one, I can assure you, and if Mr. Chambers does get rid of it for me I'm through with this long distance real estate game. . . .

Poor Bill [his brother, engineering officer on the cruiser *Concord* at this time] seems to be disgusted with life and I don't blame him. The scouting-fleet schedule seemingly does not take into account the fact that its personnel are human beings and desire to see their families more frequently than once in six months. The same tendency to crowd too many activities in a short period of time is also apparent in this [the Pacific] fleet, not nearly however to the same extent as in the other [Atlantic] fleet. The effect is ruinous to morale.

There are to be numerous vacancies in the engineering departments of these battlewagons in June, and if Bill wants a job I feel sure he could get one. The most promising one is on the *New Mexico*. Write Bill and tell him to get busy. All my friends have gone from the detail office, so what little influence I might have had there is no more. If Bill thinks it would help, I'll write to other people in the department, and see if any aid will be forthcoming. It would be fine for all hands if he could be ordered out here.

At the time Bill was serving in the cruiser *Concord*, as assistant engineering officer, working out of New York. Gradu-

ated from the Academy in 1918, he had served in destroyers during and after World War I, then reported back to Annapolis for postgraduate work in electrical engineering, winding up with his Master's degree from Columbia University. Dan was quite proud of Bill's ability to handle the more studious side of a naval career; and felt quite keenly the fact that they seldom saw each other. They did manage to get together when the fleets combined activities off the Panama Coast. But their main link was the family at home in Oakland, and principally their father, "C.W.," who was in constant touch with Uncle James Raby, and a number of other prominent naval officers.

Dan's interest in naval aviation was growing apace. Uncle Jamie, down at Pensacola, got his wings in August, 1926, the second officer in the Navy to qualify as a naval aviator while holding the rank of captain. He suggested to Dan that it might be a good idea for him to think of qualifying. But Dan always felt himself a salt-water navy man. His main interest in aviation was to improve methods for "shooting 'em down."

Towards the end of 1926, the fleet steamed down to Panama for exercises with its Atlantic counterpart. Under command of Admiral Charles F. Hughes and fifteen lesser admirals, the United States naval forces put on the greatest show of armored seapower ever attempted. Morale was high, for in the Navy Department Assistant Secretary Theodore Douglas Robinson was being hailed as a "Roosevelt in everything but name." As the fleet completed its complicated series of maneuvers and simulated battle moves, it deployed in full panoply over to the Republic of Haiti, there to salute Louis Borno, President of the Negro Republic. The next week it watched and waited while five super-dreadnoughts guided by spotter planes, directed the firing of 14- and 16- inch shells at targets some 30,000 yards (fifteen miles) away, demonstrating the accuracy and finesse of long-range gunnery control. On the *Mississippi*, Dan Callaghan, along with almost every of-

ficer in the fleet, echoed the sentiments of Captain Cluverius of the *West Virginia*, to the effect that "this firing off the coast of Cuba assured the continued building of super-dreadnoughts; and could not but have a profound effect upon the naval development of the nations."

On the first of May, the fleet anchored in New York. There Admiral Hughes on his flagship *Seattle* paced the deck for forty-five minutes awaiting the arrival of the tardy but ever debonair mayor of New York, James J. Walker. Whereupon the 116 ships 2,227 officers, and 30,000 men were treated to a sixteen-day round of parades, speeches, photographing, and gay and gaudy entertainments. Despite the inconveniences of formal festivities and the press of sightseeing crowds, Dan welcomed the stay in New York. It gave him an opportunity to renew East Coast acquaintanceships; to catch up with his brother Bill and the latter's family; and to see the Rabys. But above all the great display of naval might seemed an earnest of easier days for appropriations and pay bills, as well as power developments, despite the threat of international limitations.

Leaving New York, the fleet proceeded up the New England coast, there to engage in a simulated attack, with the purpose of invasion. Despite the fact that for economy's sake no guns were fired nor dummyhead torpedoes launched, the exercises were given as realistic a twist as possible. Of the supposed 75,000 troops carried by the "Black" fleet, some 20,000 were landed after the coast defenses had been reduced. But the defending "Blue" army under General Preston Brown managed to prevent the landing of more troops and, despite great difficulties, to concentrate and eventually repulse those who had come ashore. To the satisfaction of both sides, the games were conceded a draw. And the fleet headed back for home waters.

Dan's final year on the *Mississippi* was spent in a continuation of his reputation as a hard-working, forceful and industrious officer. It was generally recognized that the great

gunnery improvements aboard were chiefly due to him; and he had no small part in the uplift in morale that could be noticed among officers and crew. Such was the observation of Captain C. M. Tozer, who relieved Tom Hart in June.

The interest in the fleet was centered on the Congressional naval-appropriations hearings during the latter part of 1927. Chairman Fred A. Britten found the Navy, in the person of Rear Admiral Charles B. McVay, thinking in terms of 1935 or of 1942. Hence the talk in the wardroom or on the bridge centered about the "basic naval facts concerning the United States fleet." Dan along with his colleagues felt that as the 1922 Washington Disarmament Conference had limited the United States to nineteen capital ships, immediate provision had to be made to assure the country of "absolute needs"—an adequate supply of auxiliaries from cruisers to mine-sweepers. In round numbers the United States possessed eighteen cruisers, one-hundred-three active destroyers, thirty-two subs and two aircraft carriers. But good naval doctrine called for a much larger complement.

As Dan explained to his father, the full fleet would be made up of a force somewhat as follows: 1) a fleet of submarines, scouting in a circle some 700 miles ahead of the fleet; 2) a line of scouting cruisers some 250 to 500 miles in advance; 3) a secondary line of cruisers with a complement of destroyers and aircraft carriers; 4) a circular screen of cruisers and destroyers ready to draw the enemy's fire, or (failing a fog) to draw a smoke screen across the activities of 5) the battle force. Finally would come the supply ships, transports and auxiliaries of every shape and size. This presupposed the combined activity of the fleet; but to carry out such an arrangement the United States needed twenty-five more cruisers, nine destroyers (plus the 173 held in inactive reserve), and thirty-two more submarines.

The battle fleet had returned to the Pacific, its eleven battleships, one cruiser, thirty-nine destroyers and two aircraft carriers, deploying in winter war games off the West Coast

of Panama; after which it was readied, during April, 1928, for maneuvers with the Asiatic squadron in May and June off the coast of Oahu and in the Lahaina Roads. On the *Mississippi*, Dan felt he had completed his tour of sea duty. He began to scout around for a spell of West coast landlubbering.

Dan left the *Mississippi* in July, 1928, reporting for duty once again with the Board of Inspection and Survey, Pacific Coast section. He had had time to get his land legs under him while spending a month down in the country with his family. His new deal had been worked in part by Captain Karns, his old skipper on the *Colorado*, who had been looking for an efficient staff officer to act as secretary of his board. When he saw Dan's number up as due for a tour on land, he had made haste to secure him.

Then began a swift round of duties which took Dan and the inspection board from Puget Sound, where merchant ships and auxiliaries of all types were checked over and put through their paces down to San Diego where recommendations were made about the upkeep of the four-stacker destroyers laid aside in grease under charge of Captain Morris, and reports on subs and sub-tenders, which brought contact with men like Chester Nimitz.

Dan found a host of old friends on the board—old "TNT" Rees, of the *Idaho* days, and J. W. Woodruff and B. T. Bulmer, who were looking after the construction and engineering end of things. The board was augmented to seventy persons, when it came to putting the newly launched *Lexington* through its paces. Dan was appointed recorder, charged with getting out sixteen copies of each report, besides keeping abreast of travel orders for the board and the one-hundred-twenty people taking data.

In the spring of 1928, there had been a considerable flurry in the papers over the defects in the *Saratoga*. Despite the fact that it had made 32.2 knots in its runs off San Diego in June, stepping its turbines up to 210,000 hp, the critics were waiting for the sister ship, ready to pounce upon any gossip

that reported defects in the internal mechanism; or hinting that in firing anti-aircraft batteries from different positions, its own smokestacks had been found to be too ready targets. Dan was happy to be able finally to report that the *Lex* was in first-class condition, that it had also made its 32.2 knots, hurtling its 32,500 tons of fighting steel, guns, seadogs, explosives and planes smoothly through the waters.

For two years Dan traveled between Bremerton and San Diego, day in and day out, examining hulls, guns, turrets, steam chests, shafts and propellers. He broadened his knowledge of naval construction, and got to appreciate the need of coordinating every phase of naval activity from planning ships to salvaging submarines. And as he approached his fortieth birthday, he could look back on eighteen years of naval service, in which he had made at least a modest place for himself in the annals of his country's service afloat.

Gunnery Officer

. . . hic confixum ferrea texit telorum seges et
iaculis increvit acutis. *Aeneid*, III.

ON THE TWENTIETH OF JUNE, 1930, Lieutenant Commander Daniel Judson Callaghan, USN, reported aboard the battleship *USS West Virginia*, at San Pedro, California. He clambered aboard ship in civilian clothes, a tall, handsome figure, with well-chiseled features and a solid shock of gray hair. He was met at the quarter-deck by the Junior officer of the watch, Lieutenant Fred Riddle, a serious, equally well-groomed Navy man, flag secretary to Dan's new boss, Rear Admiral Richard Henry Leigh. A good bit of speculation had preceded the arrival of the new gunnery man—of his fitness as an officer and gentlemen, of his prowess as an athlete. Dan met with young Riddle's expectations, surpassing the crew's hopes in the ease with which he fitted into his new billet, and in the thorough yet considerate manner in which he took over the job of inspecting and directing the gunnery work of the "Battleships, Battle Force."

Riding at anchor off of the San Pedro bight, at the moment, were three divisions of battleships, the pride and joy of the nation's Navy. Under Leigh, besides the *West Virginia*, his flagship, were the *Colorado* and *Tennessee*, comprising Battleship Division Force. Rear Admiral Luke McNamee had Division A, with the *California*, *Idaho* and *Maryland*, and Rear Admiral Joel R. Poinsett-Pringle commanded Division Three made up of the *Texas* and the *New York*.

Dan was surprised to find that he knew many of the senior and junior officers quite well. He felt very much at home with the *Idaho*, *Maryland* and *Colorado* steaming along in line once more.

"Reddy" Leigh was an exceptionally fine boss, as Dan had reason to know. He had the reputation of being an all-round Navy man, the type of officer that Mahan might have doted upon. His earliest service, after graduation from Annapolis, in 1893, had been aboard a collier, which was attached to Commodore Schley's squadron upon the outbreak of the Spanish war. He had served on all types of naval vessels, in every possible billet, and had done tours of duty both at the Naval War College, and as instructor at Annapolis. During World War I, he commanded the submarine chasers in European waters. He had known Dan in the Navy Department, in 1919 and in 1920, when he served as Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Navigation.

Aboard ship, Admiral Leigh was a strict but just disciplinarian, a man after Dan's own mold, who talked in a low, melodious drawl, and had the affection as well as the respect of most of the men under him. It was he who had helped to infect Dan, in the early days, with the virus of enthusiasm and in his first fitness report on the large, handsome Irishman, submitted before Dan was fully stowed aboard, he stated: "Dan Callaghan is an excellent officer, well equipped technically, courteous, loyal, thoroughgoing and most reliable. He takes the keenest interest in all his duties." This was supplemented three months later (October, 1930) with the following: "Dan Callaghan is an officer of exceptional professional attainments, with a high sense of duty. He is an expert in all matters pertaining to gunnery. He makes a most satisfactory Division Gunnery Officer. His plans for gunnery exercises have been especially well thought out and effective. His analysis and reports of the exercises have been thorough and complete. A pleasing personality, conscientious, loyal and efficient. He is well fitted for the duties of the next

highest rank, and I heartily recommend him for promotion."

In meriting such high tribute, Dan had been completely engrossed in what he himself referred to as a "working billet," investigating the efficiency of gunnery drills, aligning results with the general plans of the Chief of Naval Operations for the battleships of the United States fleet, reading up on previous reports, and in general, estimating which ships did and which did not make their mark in target hits, and why. It was not an easy assignment. But it was the type of work he had talent for; meticulous checking, the issuance of sharp, clear-cut instructions, and a personal follow-up that unruffled tempers, and smoothed over damaged pride.

Dan had taken over after the gunnery plans for the year 1930-1931 (they were aligned with the fiscal year) had been set. Hence, in preparation for the fleet concentration, scheduled for early spring, 1931, Dan found himself busy with exercises built around drills that would line up the fleet battlewagons in cruising under war conditions, in air search and attack, and in engaging the battle line of an inferior force at close range. Meanwhile, there were the short range firing battle practice reports to be mastered, coordinated and commented upon.

In November, battleship advance practice "B" was run off, in an attempt to answer two questions then current in the fleet: Was the five-inch 25-caliber gun entirely unsuited as a weapon to repel dive-bomb attacks; and would the losses suffered by dive-bombers due to adequate antiaircraft gunfire be excessive?

By way of settling the issue, Carrier Division II (*Langley, Aroostook, Gannet*) was informed that a battleship fleet would be within fifty miles of North Island, and was required to locate it by air search; then to make a coordinated dive bombing and a heavy bombing attack. Meanwhile, the fleet had put out to sea in rather squally weather. Instructions had been given, keeping it on a steady course, with the strong squadron (*Leigh's West Virginia, Maryland and Tennessee*)

pointed out as the principal target. The gunnery officers were to collect, mainly by means of gun cameras, all data referring to the ability of the five-inch guns to keep on a diving plane by pointer hand-manipulated fire, and to track and simulate fire on the heavy bombers. Dan's job, of course, was to issue orders as to how this material was to be collected and coordinated, while functioning as consultant for problems presented by individual gunnery officers.

November 19 dawned a bleak, unfriendly day, with the sky low-overcast. Dan had been worried about just such a situation, for although the low ceiling caused the search planes considerable difficulty in locating the battleships, it would be deadly on the accuracy of his guns. This it was. For the dive-bombers swooped down out of the over hang, straddled the ship, and were gone before the gunnery boys had so much as a chance to sight them. The slowness of hand manipulation made it appear that the 5-inch gun was simply unsuitable for defense against light bombers—a generalization with which Dan Callaghan did not agree.

A conference of the higher command was called on the issue. And in the wardroom, where such matters are thoroughly raked over, opinion was violently divided. Dan was convinced that "tracking exercises" constituted valuable training for antiaircraft personnel. He felt that agility of manipulation would come with drilling and practice. He strongly recommended that more opportunities be afforded for such exercises, and advocated an increase in personnel for manning all antiaircraft forces. In this, his boss, Admiral Leigh, heartily concurred, and made the proper recommendations in his gunnery reports.

In December that same year (1930), Dan's class was coming up for selection as commander. His uncle James Raby was of course most anxious about Dan's prospects before the selection board. Being close to the Washington scene—he was then commandant of the Charleston Naval District—he kept a watchful eye on its proceedings. He was able to wire

Dan's father congratulations on Dan's selection a day before the *Alnav* * of December 20th was issued. Unfortunately, Dan's and Uncle Jamie's paths seldom crossed although there was much mutual affection and admiration between the two men.

Dan had managed to get some leave over the Christmas holidays, which he spent with the folks at home. But he was soon back, enveloped in his gunnery work. He spent the weeks after the New Year working out formulas for coming long-range battle practices. The fifth to the tenth of January was set aside in the schedule for training runs, with the big ships in formation executing various types of patterns and maneuvers.

There was always a tremendous elation and sense of masterfulness for Dan, astride the bridge of a battlewagon, feeling it pulse with power and magnificence. He felt nowhere so much at home as he did with his face full into the breeze, salt spray flying past him, mingling with the smoke and powder of a ship's guns in action. But he had little time for exultation. He was kept in constant consultation with the gunnery boys from individual ships, discussing the urgent need for devices to compensate for trunnion tilt,* cold-gun correction, for unpredictable initial salvos, and other gunnery abnormalities. Extremely rough weather curtailed the extent of the training. It did not interfere with Dan's usual cheerfulness, despite the difficulty it caused in communication and getting back and forth between ships.

On the fourth of February he wrote to his mother from San Pedro:

On the eve of sailing for Panama we are blessed (?) with stormy weather which has prevented running of boats, procurement of stores, etc., and will probably delay our departure by a few hours.

* The book of current Navy regulations.

* Trunnion tilt: a ship firing its guns while in motion at sea is naturally being affected by the undulation of sea waves, the variations of sectors at the gun mount, etc.

It would be all right with me if the cruise were called off entirely. I do not relish the thought of two months of tropical heat . . . This last month between gunnery and tactical preparation for the cruise, has been a strenuous one for me. Scads of orders and paper pertaining to the battleship participation in the maneuvers and exercises during the cruise have fallen to my lot to prepare; and my unfamiliarity with that phase of staff work has made me the job doubly difficult . . . Bill was aboard for dinner last Thursday and we spent the Saturday afternoon and evening together ashore indulging in a few eats and "talkies." Bill's packet (the *Saratoga* on which he was engineering officer) sailed for San Diego and I shall not see him until we reach Panama about 21 or 22 of February. The old boy looks fine, I think, and seems in cheerful spirits.

Dan was particularly concerned about immediate future duty for himself. Mary had returned to Oakland and was living with her mother and young Judson. With the fleet in and out so much particularly with the Panama cruise in prospect, they did not think it practicable for her to take a home down in Long Beach or in Coronado. Dan continued:

Suppose Mary has told you of the possibility of a year's seance in China. That hinges on the contingency that Admiral Leigh will be ordered to command the Asiatic Fleet, and that I would be asked to go as Fleet Gunnery Officer. Apparently, from the rumors flitting around, his future billet is still uncertain and that may be all there is in the China possibility. I wouldn't mind one year of that duty, as I'll have to make a cruise there sometime, I suppose. The possible future separation from Mary and Jud irks me, but if I am asked I am not in a position to refuse.

For the fleet maneuvers off Panama, naval strategists had decided to test the full defensive power of aircraft against a hostile enemy battle force. Hence Dan Callaghan in the early days of February, 1931, found himself steaming eastward through the tropical waters of the Pacific, in a battleship fleet topheavy with sea-armament. Together with the carrier *Langley*, three divisions of battleships, three treaty cruisers, and swarms of miscellaneous craft transporting

50,000 (simulated) soldiers, the hostile "Black Fleet" under Rear Admiral Frank H. Schofield, were to attack the Central American coast, to land and set up airfields, then smash the Panama Canal.

At Balboa, on the defensive, was assembled the battleship *Arkansas*, seven light cruisers, twenty-two destroyers, the carriers *Lexington* and *Saratoga*, and a complement of over 225 planes. It was the duty of this "Blue Fleet" to protect the 1,000-mile coast of Central America, search out and destroy the approaching "enemy." Dan, of course, was functioning as an official spectator, assisting his boss, Admiral Leigh, who was one of the principal umpires.

From Washington word was flashed to the two fleets indicating a "state of war." Immediately battle formation was assumed. Men were summoned to general quarters. Lights were doused, complete radio silence proclaimed. The "Blue Fleet" moved across the Gulf of Panama in cautious search of the enemy. With the eagle-eyed destroyers in the lead, the dirigible *Los Angeles* overhead, and the *Arkansas* pivoting the rear, it spread itself out fanwise, protectively, up and down the coast. At sunrise, thirty-six hours later, scouting planes reported their first contact with the "Black Fleet" which had disposed itself in two sections. The *Arkansas* wheeled immediately, vainly trying to close with a cluster of three scout cruisers knifing the waves at thirty-two knots. That night there was a brief engagement between the principal "Black" column and the light craft of the "Blue." But at dawn, the protective squadrons of land-based bombers made shambles of the flight deck of the aircraft carrier *Langley*, while claiming innumerable hits on the battleships in line.

Impartial observers, including thirty-two-year-old Assistant Secretary of the Navy David S. Ingalls, who had come streaking down from Los Angeles for the affray, gave the better of the affair to the "Blue" protecting fleet, even though the

Arkansas had been torpedoed just before the close of the exercise.

Dan Callaghan's principal worries had to do with gunnery performance. Even though the battleships were considered to have been bested by air power, he was fairly well pleased with the performance of most of the gun crews. His elation was not to last for long however, for in the long-range target practice that followed the fleet maneuvers he was not very edified. The ships seemed to have planned the exercise with the idea of utilizing all the time allowable under the rules for firing. This meant that the gunnery officers would deliberately hold fire to make observations and corrections, although a principal objective of the practice was fast salvo delivery. The gunnery officers, of course, had their eyes on the prize money for high scores. It was not a commendable way of doing things, considering the fact that they were also being urged to eliminate delays in firing, with a view to battle efficiency.

On the whole, however, the maneuvers proved satisfactory, though to Dan they were not the most pleasant of his ship-side experiences. He wrote to his father upon returning to San Pedro (May 5, 1931):

I suppose Mary has, since her return from here, regaled you with what little news there is of me. The Panama cruise was a long drawn out affair, it seemed so much longer than any other I have taken there, though in reality in point of actual time, it was the shortest one of them all. As you know the tropical heat always wears me down to a nubbins—this time I believe I was even more distressed! One contributing factor was the location of my stateroom below decks, with an airport which cannot be safely opened except in dry dock. The ventilation lead in my room is so small that the air emerging from the louvre would hardly disturb the flame of a match. I do all my work in my room, consequently down in the tropics I was compelled both by lack of air and by the heat to spend most of my time on deck. I slept on deck in a cot too, with resultant procrastination in my work.

Both Bill and myself saw Uncle Jamie a number of times and

we were in agreement that he looked extremely well. I was most agreeably surprised for I had expected that he would have looked worn and worried as a result of his illness, but not a bit of it. He was the same Uncle Jamie that I remembered from my previous glimpse of him at Guantanamo in 1927.

Overindulgence in sports, particularly in handball and baseball were partly responsible for Dan's discomfiture during the cruise. He was still capable of taking on any of the junior officers aboard in handball, and trimming them. He was also admittedly one of the star catchers of the fleet. He saw much of Padre John Brady those days, and kept that effusive chaplain well in trim, walking him around the decks or talking naval politics with him, late into the night. Though extremely reticent about his religious sentiments, Dan made no bones about giving the padre a hand in rounding up occasional recalcitrants.

Dan's over-all discomfiture in regard to the Panama cruise was but a temporary affair. Back at San Pedro his wife Mary had come down to welcome him home. Though the visit was but fleeting, she restored his buoyant spirits. He was soon writing to his father:

My boss Admiral Leigh will fleet up in September to take command of the Battle Fleet (now known as the Battle Force) and thereby advances to the rank of full Admiral. He was, of course, well tickled, as many others were gunning for the job. He has done me the honor of requesting that I go along as Force (Fleet) Gunnery officer, and I accepted naturally. He was kind enough to say that I aided greatly by my work on the staff in "putting him over" which of course is a bit of exaggeration. At any rate, I'll transfer to the *California* with him about 15 September. From what I know of my prospective job, I think I shall have an easier time than I've had on this one, which is universally known as a "working billet."

Although I have made my "number" for Commander, I have not yet taken my examinations. I expect that the exams will be coming along any time within the next month and a half, and 'twill be another two months before I get my commission. Sort of

a "dutch" promotion for me: no additional pay, but plenty of "outgo" for changing uniforms, etc.

On the tenth of August, 1931, Dan received his commission as commander, dating back to June 4, 1931. His career as gunnery officer was secure by now. He had become, in fact, one of the men who helped to form fundamental policies on such matters in the Navy. Under its own peculiar system, this policy-making is usually not done directly, but through the exchange of ideas in wardroom conversation, leading up to tactful suggestions to the admiral. The system is peculiar to navies, and in its fullest development to the American Navy. It is one of the reasons why that service operates more as a unit than do most military organizations. The wardroom conversations wherein such matters are thrashed out is the reason why it is rarely possible to assign any long-scale development to an individual.

Fletcher Pratt paints a picture of Dan about this time, exerting considerable influence in the wardroom of the *California*, to which he had transferred with Admiral Leigh. He describes him as "chewing continuously on hard candies, and drinking coffee as he talked. He used to upset his stomach, and to straighten it out he chewed peppermint drops, which, of course, made matters worse to the amusement in particular of Padre John Brady, Dan's confidant and next-door roommate.

"When at the end of a day spent in exercises at sea, the young officers had hurried ashore to cocktails and dinner, Dan would go down to the wardroom with his box of candy, send for a cup of coffee, and talk. If the conversation turned away from gunnery or sport, he was a little apt to lose interest after a while, and go off to his cabin work. In the morning he would be up early, serious about his business."

When not in his home port Dan made it a practice to stand watch for any of the officers on staff, whose families were located in their port of call. He even allowed himself

occasionally to get involved in various types of extra duties. Thus, one evening, the Riddles had been invited to a formal supper, at Portland, Oregon, given by Admiral Leigh for the Secretary of War. Dan had somehow begged out of the affair; he would have had to have gone stag. Hence, when the Riddles in desperation at not being able to find a "sitter" for young Aroostine, aged two and one-half, turned to Dan, he took the youngster to his cabin for the evening, even attempting to feed her, to the amusement of all involved.

Dan had been up around San Francisco for the end of August, 1931, and was present for the big display staged by his native homestead on "Harbor Day," on the twenty-sixth of that month. It was held in the midst of the pacifist sweep then bothering the country. The Communists took advantage of the occasion to stage several demonstrations. Dan was particularly annoyed by a throwaway someone handed him, advocating among other things, "the abolition of court-martial procedure; the granting of the right to trial by jury for enlisted men; no segregation or Jim Crowism aboard ship; the defense of the Soviet Union; the turning of the capitalist war into a civil war; and the establishment of a farmers' and workers' government." On these matters, he had a naturally conservative viewpoint. But he pounced upon the patent insincerity of such demonstrations, eagerly analyzing the jumble of divergent propositions, and the full lack of attention to American interests. Hence, though a bit alarmed by the revelation, he welcomed the reports of the Congressional Committee on subversive activities in government services that came out that same month. As a Catholic trained in the past by the Jesuits, Dan had, of course, rather sharp and decisive concepts of the rights and obligations of a "just war." Hence he had little sympathy with pacifist movements, although he frequently contended that the primary function of a Navy was to "help keep the peace."

Dan's main concerns, those days, were naval. On his mind, during the summer of 1931, were several matters of im-

portance having to do with battle illumination plans, and firing plans for night battle practice. The searchlight-run performances contained some very unsatisfactory features, due principally to the unwieldiness of the equipment, and to the lack of training on the part of the illumination crews. Considerable experiment had been devoted to starshell firings, particularly by the gunnery school conducted during July aboard the *USS Nevada*. A special committee was set up by Admiral Leigh to pursue the subject, which eventually turned out a "doctrine" for battleship guidance. Its basic principles were that ships should guard sectors of the battle line, turning on but the minimum number of lights necessary to disclose the presence and movements of the enemy. Following this doctrine improved the efficiency of the fleet, but it also accentuated the weakness of the searchlight-control gear.

Dan had also given considerable attention to improving teaching methods for indoctrinating "spotters"—men who were supposed to determine the errors of a salvo in range and deflection. Dan was a great believer in practice for all sorts of crews. He continually harped on the subject. It was a throwback to his days as a young gunnery officer on the *Idaho* and *Mississippi*. And Dan knew in what direction to look for results.

Dan's hard work was now beginning to be felt. In the 1931-1932 firings, the merits obtained by the battleships on short-range practice were the highest ever achieved. New records were established in many cases. The director of fleet training was greatly edified to receive a "very thorough and complete analysis of the practices from the Commander, Battleships, which together with the ships' analyses presents a most valuable study for the battleships to use." Both sets of reports were due to the high standards Dan had set up. The new director of fleet training was Rear Admiral Cyrus W. Cole, doubly pleased at having been Dan's skipper on the *West Virginia*, and having that ship recipient of the Battle

Efficiency and Gunnery pennant for the year (popularly known as the "meatball"). Night practice was also the subject of a thorough going-over, which brought a favorable comment from the office of the Chief of Naval Operations.

The year 1932 opened as a favorable Navy year, despite the depression, the wave of pacifism sweeping the country, and the bogging down of the armament conferences. On the books was the Fleet Problem XIV. As the fleet admiral and commander of the battle force, Richard Leigh was the highest ranking naval officer afloat. He had been able to persuade the General Board to reverse the problem faced by the Navy the preceding year. Hence he had the main United States battle fleet—consisting of the principal units from both the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans—defending United States shores and possessions.

In the early dawn, one late January morning in 1932, the lepers on Molokai awoke to find a United States scouting fleet sailing by their verdant shores. It consisted of some of the Navy's newest and nattiest cruisers: the *Salt Lake City*, *Chicago*, *Chester*, *Louisville*, *Northampton*, *Pensacola*, escorted by a van of thirteen destroyers, and in turn convoying the carriers *Lexington* and *Saratoga*. To Vice Admiral Frank H. Clark had been assigned the task of pretending to lead his force as an "enemy fleet" to capture Oahu in the Hawaiian chain, and from there to make a thrust at the United States mainland. This he did on February 8 and 9, when it was conceded that Oahu had fallen, and with it the naval base at Pearl Harbor. Air attack had supposedly left Honolulu a smoking shambles, with the four-billion-gallon "Doheny" gasoline tanks a raging holocaust. Thence the admiral streaked for the United States coast.

To oppose him, the home "Blue Fleet" was assembled in its full majesty. Vice Admiral Luke McNamee on his flagship *California* headed a battle line consisting of the *New York*, *Oklahoma*, *Texas*, *Arizona*, *Arkansas*, *Tennessee*, *Colorado* and *West Virginia*, supplemented by nine 7500-ton cruisers,

forty destroyers, a fleet of fifteen submarines, the carrier *Langley*, and a host of miscellaneous supply ships. Altogether engaged in the action were 39,000 officers and men, some 212 ships and 319 planes. Dan Callaghan and Admiral Leigh, plus his staff, were on the *Pennsylvania*, acting as observers and umpires.

Talk was, of course, running high in the fleet to the effect that the "Black" battle force represented none other than Japan. Most of the seadogs frankly expected a Japanese war, and Dan was no exception. At the moment, the Japanese themselves were busy rattling swords in Manchuria. They had taken over Manchukuo. In Tokyo itself there was little doubt that the massing of United States naval might in the Pacific was a warning gesture, though the diplomats appeared to be satisfied with the explanation that economy dictated the bunching of maneuvers.

Hence in going over the results of the fleet exercises and gunnery practices that followed, Dan had in mind an immediate future reference, a fact that could be somewhat easily read between the lines by those in the know. In the gunnery exercises themselves there was a considerable amount of criticism with regard to inefficient spotting and ranging of salvos. As Admiral Leigh quite frankly pointed out: "The remedy is apparent—the seizing of every opportunity for combined range finding, range keeping and tracking exercises."

To Dan's lot, immediately following the practice, was assigned the results of the 1932 range and night-battle exercises. In the two latter instances, illumination both by searchlight and starshell gave rise to considerable discussion and agitation for better equipment, and the training of personnel. This had been a contention of Dan's during the previous year. Both he and Admiral Leigh now pounced on the opportunity for driving home the necessity for better searchlight apparatus, for paying considerably more attention to the training of crews, and of keeping them at that type of work, and finally to

achieving uniform doctrines for the firing of short- or long-fused shells, and illuminating explosives.

Dan enjoyed Admiral Leigh's highest confidence during these days, both as an officer and as an ever calm, sensible and solid personality. In his fitness report for the period covering the maneuvers detailed above, the admiral wrote: "Dan Callaghan is the highest type of character, both personally and as a military man. He is an outstanding officer, most efficient, thorough and loyal. As force gunnery officer, his analysis of reports deserves special commendation. His work has been most satisfactory, and his assistance in Fleet work outside gunnery has been most commendable."

As a result of his fine record Dan was moved up to fleet gunnery training officer in April, 1932, to take effect in August, which would put him in charge of gunnery for the force afloat during the fiscal year 1932-1933. Admiral Leigh followed up the fine reports on Dan in August from the *USS Omaha*, where they were on temporary duty, and in October from the *Pennsylvania*. They were moving around a good deal, and though Dan was in robust health his stomach was constantly giving him digestive troubles. For a while, too, a painful ear condition made him considerably uncomfortable. But he was still his usual, good-natured self, running the admiral a bit about his "milk leg," warning the whole mess not to eat a concoction the admiral had prepared called "avocado ice cream," with the guffawing admonition: "Don't eat it, boys, it's pizen."

Dan gave to all and sundry the definite impression that he knew his gunnery from A to Z. His own work was far beyond the call of mere duty, and while he urged super-effort on all, he did it in such a way that all were with him, and happy to be so. During the summer of 1932, considerable attention was given to practice with the *USS Utah* as target for long-range guns. The results were not satisfactory. But the round of exercise continued. In the late fall, advanced practices, in conjunction with the Navy air forces, were run off. Dan's boss, Admiral Leigh, commented thus on the practice:

The increasing frequency with which heavy bombing attacks, both in advanced practices and in tactical exercises, are being delivered from directly ahead or astern of the battleships, has served to focus fleet attention on deficiencies in effective antiaircraft gun counters for such attacks. Present locations of antiaircraft batteries on battleships do not permit sufficient guns to bear on bombers attacking from ahead or astern to afford even a small measure of effective fire. Because of other employment or insufficiency in numbers, our own aircraft cannot be depended upon always to drive off impending heavy bombing attacks on our battleships; it is essential that they be able to defend themselves by means of their antiaircraft batteries, with some measurable hope of success. They should be provided with antiaircraft batteries capable of an increased "end-on" fire over that which they possess at present. This is considered a matter of urgent military necessity.

Meanwhile the Navy Department decided that Admiral Leigh had better make a quick inspection of the 14th Naval District, at Pearl Harbor. He took several members of his staff along, including Dan and Fred Riddle, in his relief flagship, the *USS Omaha*. They arrived in Hawaii about the middle of October, 1932, and spent a week inspecting the new ammunition dump just installed at Lualua Lei. Dan had looked forward to the trip with considerable zest. He had the enormous amount of work connected with organizing and analyzing reports and exercise procedures well in hand by then, and anticipated at least some recreation. He achieved his dream of several swims at Waikiki and spent some time with his close friends, the Charles Rends. Writing to his father, just before sailing, he said he had met his brother Bill, right after the latter's examination for lieutenant commander. "Bill is experiencing the great relief that follows completion of a tough set of exams. I am certain that he got through all right, but of course he won't know that definitely for some ten days or two weeks yet . . ." He also expressed his great pleasure at hearing of the birth of his sister Rosarie Cronan's latest boy. The in-

spection party arrived home in late November. January of 1933 found Dan still enmeshed in his analyses and plans.

On March 10, 1933, Dan was having supper with his brother Bill and his family in their home in Long Beach. Of a sudden, the ground beneath them violently lurched, the windows shattered, the walls cracked and a tremendous rumble broke the calm evening air. Neither Dan nor Bill had to be told what was up. They were on their feet immediately, calmly ordering the family out into the street, then soothing the neighbors about to break into panic as the word "earthquake" crept through the vicinity. Dan scoffed at the danger of a tidal wave, as had his father thirty years before. Leaving Bill in charge of the immediate proceedings, he hurried back to the *Pennsylvania*, breaking out the emergency squad, and rendering invaluable aid to the city in damage and panic control. Under direction of Rear Admiral Beauregard, billeted on the *Saratoga*, naval patrols were sent into the city, helping the injured, guarding property, and fighting fires. Dan seemed to be everywhere in a few short hours, finally winding up with Bill's young ones aboard the *Saratoga*, where Billy managed to break out with measles, almost quarantining the whole ship. The city fathers took note of Dan's work, the Chamber of Commerce sending a letter of commendation, which was filed in his record.

Spring practice was worked out off the coast of San Pedro, in April and May of 1933, and consisted of force tactical exercises. But Dan was looking forward to a new assignment, and was delighted when he found that Admiral Leigh had written in a recent report:

Dan Callaghan is exceptionally good in his present assignment. He would make an excellent Executive Officer of a battleship and I strongly recommend him for that duty upon expiration of his present assignment. For shore duty he is especially equipped for assignment to a Naval R. O. T. C. unit such as the one at the University of California.

Professor of Naval Science

Ausus et ipse manu iuvenum temptare laborem . . .
Aeneid, V.

"OURS IS PRIMARILY A GUNNERY NAVY," Dan was telling his class in naval science at the University of California, in the fall of 1933, "a fleet that depends in the last analysis on heavy artillery and good shooting. The tactics and strategic ideas ruling our naval thinking reject the older sources, and look to Mahan.

"Now Mahan may be boiled down to a single principle, namely, that naval influence on the general course of a war should be exercised mainly by the battle fleet and its victory. This must be directly by large fleet action, or at least indirectly by full blockade. The older tradition thought of cruisers roaming the seas against the enemy's commerce, powerful enough to fight down any enemy protection of the commerce, unless it were of considerable size and number. This commerce-raiding idea was a hangover from one war with Great Britain and the constant possibility of another. But it had never alone won a war. Now Mahan changed all that.

"The United States Navy is given to a doctrine of a big ship concentration, with a direct-action tradition. Our idea is to deal heavy blows, not necessarily fast but with accuracy. 'Get the big ones!' is the motto of every United States flag officer. In this we differ from the English, who believe in getting close to the enemy and swapping punches until somebody drops."

Dan went on to illustrate with examples of the fleet actions of the Spanish War, and the battle of Jutland, not failing to call the boys' attention to the Japanese imitation of the American idea in annihilating the Russians at Tsushima, in 1906.

Commander Daniel J. Callaghan was now associate professor of naval science at the University of California, at Berkeley, and thoroughly immersed in his job. His duties as gunnery officer for the battle fleet had come to a scheduled close when Admiral R. H. Leigh was relieved on June 10, 1933. Dan had been mentioned for the position at the university for some time, as the following letter to Captain Felix Gyga, of the 29th of April, reveals:

Many thanks for your reassuring letter of the 24th. I had gone so long without word that I had begun to believe that I was to be "shanghied" to Guam or some other way stations.

Admiral Leigh is to be detached on the 10th of June, and I suppose my orders, when they come, will detach me on the same date. I do not know yet, of course, when I am to report to you for duty; but unless you have urgent need for my services, I should like to take some leave, say until the 1st of July. That presupposes, of course, that my orders grant me leave, and further that you can spare me until that time.

Captain Gyga replied, assuring Dan that he could be spared until the beginning of the fall term, but suggested that he report in, then take his time about getting settled, since his actual office duties during the summer would be light. "Two or three weeks," he wrote, "before the beginning of the fall term will be sufficient for you to get your work lined up. This depends somewhat on how rusty you are in spherical trigonometry and navigation, as this will probably be the hardest course you will have to teach."

At the university, Dan found himself in a very congenial circle, somewhat different from his wardroom experience. Being a big, handsome man, of an essentially modest disposition, in a situation entirely new to him, Dan made a good impression upon the university people with whom he came

in contact. He felt, at first, a trifle uncomfortable among so many experts, but soon came to see that he was as much the master of his own profession as they were of theirs. The title "associate professor" bothered him a bit, for he felt himself the most amateurish of instructors. But after a little ribbing from the folks at home, he forgot its learned implications. He was agreeably surprised to find a definite interest in things naval among his new associates, coupled with a great curiosity about the general strategy of a war at sea, as well as techniques in gunnery, navigation, and naval engineering.

In sizing up his two worlds, Dan felt that although the professors' knowledge of international affairs was on a wider and more academic scale than was that of his naval associates—they seemed to be aware of so many more people, so many different movements—still the flag and wardroom conferences he had attended as gunnery officer for the Pacific fleet had manifested a keen and practical sizing up of the international situation on a level that easily equaled in realism the objectivity of the university world.

Dan found himself welcomed into the more intimate circles of the professorial groups about him. He was a bit pained, occasionally, to hear unfavorable comment passed on some of his naval associates. Several of his predecessors at the university were put down without much ceremony as overbearing, arrogant nobodies, with a penchant for unlimbering the deficiencies in their Annapolis background. But he was more than delighted to find that the Navy had had at least one outstanding representative at the university. He was continually being asked the whereabouts of Chester W. Nimitz, who, Dan came to realize, had been one of the most popular men ever to have trod the university campus. Dan was properly flattered when he found himself being compared to his illustrious predecessor.

Dan had arrived at the university in the summer of 1933. It was in the midst of the depression's worst days. And the Naval R. O. T. C. unit found itself besieged by four or five times as

many boys as it could possibly admit. In the course of several conferences with the university authorities, Dan plumped for the more athletic type of boys (though he was later to admit to his chief opponent in the matter, Professor Edwin E. Voorhies, that he might have been wrong.) But his modest approach, and his severe impartiality stood out immediately as a trait that won him ready acceptance into the administration's confidence.

In the classroom Dan was serious, dignified, but extremely easy of approach. Being a big man, he felt uneasy sitting behind a desk, thus preferring a standing position at the side, usually with his glasses in hand, and in easy reach of the blackboard. He was always well prepared for class, and though at first he experienced difficulty in explaining the intricacies of certain "math" and "trig" problems, he managed to develop a calm professional knack for handling such situations. Navigational astronomy being one of the first subjects he had to teach, he was soon on close academic terms with Professor Sturla Einarsson, the university's astronomy man, and was always most appreciative of the assistance the professor gave him in matters academic.

It became immediately apparent that Dan had a keen interest in his students. He was besieged by them for personal advice, and in short order he knew the boys by name and ability. He consulted Dean Hutchinson about matters of university procedure and the academic proficiency of his charges, and the two became quite intimate. Dan eventually came to feel himself as part of the university, showing a keen interest in its sport and extracurricular activities. He was the only naval officer since Nimitz whom the racing crews had welcomed down at the crew sheds. He was voted into the Scabbard and Blade Society on the nomination of Emmet Cameron, and took an interest in the work of the Paulist Fathers with the Newman Club.

In the early summer of 1934, Dan embarked his young hopefuls in the Naval R. O. T. C. unit, along with a group

from the University of Washington, on the *USS Oklahoma* for a six weeks' summer cruise. He invited along, as was customary, a number of professors from each university, together with several newspaper editors, including Dean Hutchinson, Professors Voorheis and E. O. Eastwood, and R. M. Rowley, Russell McGrath and R. M. Underhill. The *Oklahoma* had just undergone a thorough overhaul, and it did the heart of Captain Van Auken, skipper of the vessel, good to hear the comments of these civilians on the shipshape conditions aboard. Dan of course, was a perfect host, both for his boys, whom he proceeded to indoctrinate in the varieties of life aboard a battlewagon, and for his guests.

The cruise turned out to be a well-planned and finely executed affair. The Washington class was embarked on June 19, and the California unit on June 23. A certain amount of rivalry was encouraged between the two groups, averaging about forty-six students each. On the twenty-ninth of June, they were subjected to a "captain's inspection" in which "lack of uniformity in undershirts, and, in cases, lack of undershirts entirely," caused comment from the commanding officer. On the way out to Hawaii, they were put through a short-range battle practice, and runs were made on point-of-aim targets rigged behind motor launches. Dan, of course, stressed these gunnery exercises, and was highly pleased when, as a result of competition shooting, Gun Mount 10, manned by the California unit, came out victorious, making four hits in twenty-one seconds. The captain invited the team to his cabin for dinner, pointing out that their score was well above the "E" (for excellence) expected of a first-class battlewagon.

They arrived in the harbor at Hilo on Saturday, June 30, and were wined and dined by the populace. But most of the boys, despite an exceptional grant of liberty, were back on board ship for dinner on the Fourth of July. Boat races were run that afternoon, and the next day the whole outfit was taken to Pearl Harbor and treated to a short dive in a submarine, in the open sea. Everyone seemed contented with the

fine impression the boys made, all around, and the special ship's log, kept for the occasion, most carefully observed the good attendance at both Catholic and general services conducted aboard ship, each Sunday. They returned to the States, disembarking both groups by mid-July. Dan very thoughtfully turned in a good fitness report for his subordinate officers, including Lieutenant Commander Russel Ihrig, Lieutenant R. C. Moureau and J. G. Gardner, and for the Catholic chaplain, Father Edward O'Neill.

On board ship, Dan had cemented his friendship with Professor Edwin Voorhies, and came to count on the latter for assistance in handling academic procedures and problems. There was quite a Communistic stirring among the students at the university, during Dan's years there, and it annoyed him very much. But after a little investigation, and a talk with Doctor Perry Beeson and a few others, Dan decided to keep clear of the whole affair. But his intense personal integrity and patriotic loyalty could not help influencing the boys with whom he came in contact. When war finally came in 1941, the Navy had a large group of "Dan's boys" who performed exceptionally fine services. Among them were the sons of many of his San Franciscan friends, Carrol Brigham, Kent Rocca, Roland Inger, and the Wintle boy, who was killed along with Dan on the bridge of the *San Francisco*.

Dan's principal worry—and joy—those days was his own son Jud. A strapping, powerful chip off the old block, Jud had inherited more of his mother's vivacity than his father's stolidity. All through school he had worried Dan because of his lack of application to classroom chores. Nor was Dan pleased with the fact that Jud showed absolutely no inclination whatever to head for the Naval Academy once he finished high school at Santa Clara. Together with Sam Chapman and a group of his own gang, Jud had registered in the University of California—Dan would have preferred his going to Santa Clara or St. Mary's—and soon garnered a first-class end's position on the football squad. Dan was secretly delighted. But he

continued to worry over the boy's lack of interest in scholastic endeavors. Jud gave him a worried week when he came down with a nearly ruptured appendix; and he kept Dan minded of his own athletic years at Annapolis with a trick shoulder that finally kept him out of the bowl game in his last year. Meanwhile, Dan found himself immersed in the athletic circles around the university, his own physical fitness requirements luring him into squash and tennis matches with Stub Ellison and members of the coaching faculties.

At home, life proved a pleasant round of social and family gatherings. Dan took great delight in being able to pal around with his father and his brother Chad. There were huge dinner parties held for the whole football squad, in which Dan participated as a reserved but knowing master of ceremonies. And there were quiet bridge games, with a few local friends such as the Chambers, and the local pastor of St. Columba's Church, Father Barnabas Cantillon, whom Dan loved to rib in his own quiet way, because of his catching brogue and definitely Irish mannerisms. Dan also did a great deal of reading, encased in a large living-room chair, boning "math" and navigational texts, trying to acquaint himself with naval and military history and traditions. He read back through Jomini and Clausewitz, and tried to get a first-hand acquaintance with Mahan, Corbett and Castex. It was not out of any particular naval ambition that he thus employed himself, though he did feel the necessity of brushing up on the academic background of his profession. The time thus spent, however, paid large dividends when he took over as Naval Aide to Franklin D. Roosevelt, several years later. He was to be no match for the President's naval knowledge; but he at least could recognize the people and the events to which his boss frequently referred.

January of 1934 had brought to Dan and the Callaghan family a severe loss in the death of Admiral James J. Raby. Uncle Jamie, as the whole family called him, was killed in an automobile crash on his way from Florida to the navy yard at

Charleston, S. C., where he was serving as commandant. A factor that made the tragedy all the keener was the circumstance that Admiral Raby's duty at Charleston was just coming to an end, and he had been cited for what had come to be his home, the Twelfth Naval District, with command of the Naval Operating Base at San Francisco. However, the family took great comfort from the fact that the admiral had spent the previous night with the Redemptorist Fathers in their monastery at New Smyrna, Florida, and had served Mass that very morning, receiving Holy Communion before setting out on his journey.

In August, 1935, Dan was asked on a very confidential basis by Captain Kinkaid if he would volunteer for Asiatic duty, as they needed fifteen commanders to send to China in 1936. Dan was not pleased with the prospect and wrote to Louis Denfeld, asking whether the latter thought he might signify his disinclination. He mentioned the fact that he was thinking of appealing to Admiral Joe Taussig, but was afraid he might anger the powers-that-be by going to an admiral stationed in Washington. Denfeld assured Dan such action would not be necessary, and promised him that Kinkaid would get him an "exec's" billet on a cruiser, once his tour of duty at the university came to an end.

Dan got orders to go to sea on January 15, 1936. Though he was sorry to part with his university friends and acquaintances, he was delighted to find himself slated for the executive officer's job on the cruiser *Portland*, the more so since the skipper was an old friend of his from the *Truxtun* days, Captain W. W. Bradley. Dan sent on a letter to the first lieutenant, Commander A. D. Struble, expressing his pleasure at their forthcoming association, and announcing that he would come aboard at San Pedro. He felt the need of a little coaching in the handling of enlisted men, he said, with whom he had had no dealings for a long time.

It was decided that Mary was to remain at home in Oakland, at least for the time being. The *Portland* was scheduled

to be absent from San Pedro on fleet problems during the rest of the winter, and was then due for a three months' overhaul at Pearl Harbor, "which," Dan wrote to his father, "will take me away from the States for a right considerable period." He felt that Mary would be essential to Jud's career at the university.

Dan needed little coaching to feel himself thoroughly at home on board the *Portland*. He was soon back in the whirl of daily arrangements of time schedules, complaint answering, and the thousand-and-one jobs that fall to the skipper's "buffer," the executive officer, on a trim, heavy cruiser with some six-hundred men to be kept in harmony and happy. He was hardly aboard when the *Portland*, working in cruiser Division 5, under an old friend of Dan's, Rear Admiral Joe Taussig, began its tactical and gun-shooting exercises off the coast of San Diego. In May, the fleet headed down for Panama, where it was joined by part of the "banana fleet" from the Atlantic, and put through some of the paces of Fleet Problem XVII. The cruiser division formed part of the "White Fleet" whose function it was to ferret out the whereabouts of the attacking "Black Fleet" and following good cruiser doctrine, send in its accompanying destroyers for a torpedo attack, while attracting the heavy fire to itself.

These exercises were completed, and the *Portland* headed for Pearl Harbor where it went into dry dock for a few months, returning to the States in time for the fall firing practices. Throughout the time that Dan was on the *Portland* she continued to rank first or second in every class of competition.

Life aboard was pretty much routine, interrupted by the minor accidents and distractions incidental to human vagaries. There was the day, for instance, when they were up-anchoring off Panama, with a rather nervous pilot aboard and a quartermaster with a case of liberty-induced jitters. The chief in charge of the Franklin life buoys had decided to run his routine check, tying pieces of manila, "Irish pennants," around the buoys while testing the automatic release from the

forecastle. Before he got a chance to pull his stunt, however, the first lieutenant had decided to tidy ship. Hence he had some boys remove the rope from the life buoys. As the *Portland* headed into the open sea, the pilot, wishing to dismiss the accompanying tug, directed "Let go!" instead of the usual "Cast off!" With that, the boatswain let go the bow anchor, the chief in his excitement pressed the automatic release, and his buoys went spilling into the sea. For a moment consternation reigned, but Dan took these things in stride. A trifle excitedly, but efficiently, he restored order, then did his best to minimize recriminations and the usual mutual accusations that accompany such mixups.

Dan spent a full year on board the *Portland*, winning the finest tributes from his commanding officers. Thus Captain Bradley described him in his October report: "Commander Callaghan is one of the best officers in his grade. He is a careful executive who has the wholehearted respect and cooperation of his juniors; and one who gets results. During recent practices and maneuvers, he acted as Commanding Officer of this ship, while I have carried out the duties of divisions officer."

In June, 1937, Joseph Taussig was upped to commander of the cruiser scouting force. He offered the job of divisions officer to Louis Denfeld. But Denfeld felt he had had enough of staff duty and suggested Dan for the job. Admiral Taussig was delighted with the idea. So was Dan Callaghan. Hence he reported on board the *Chicago* on June 7, 1937, joining Captain H. K. Hewitt, who came on as chief of staff.

After a spell of leave, Dan settled into mastering the various problems thrown into the lap of the operations officer for the cruiser scouting force. It was a congenial cooperative gang he found himself working with. Joe Taussig was, of course, a splendid boss, thoughtful, exact, smart. It was common knowledge that he had had quite a run-in with Franklin Roosevelt, when the latter was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, immediately after World War I. But the fact that Joe's chances of be-

coming "Cincus * were, on that account, beyond the vanishing point did not seem to bother him, or the men who worked along with him.

Dan knew Captain Hewitt from the early Thirties and his associations with Admiral Leigh. He felt at home with the engineering officer, Webster M. Thompson, and with Wallace Dillon, the airman. He expressed great joy on seeing Fred Riddle once more part of the staff. He was soon demonstrating his athletic prowess among the younger element, keeping up with the most recent of academy graduates in agility and skill. He fell into his old routine of taking staff watches whenever they were in port, and Mary was not there to be with him. The only exception he would make was on Sunday mornings when he insisted on getting to Mass, no matter what the occasion.

Dan ran into Padre Maguire who was serving aboard the *Indianapolis*, one morning, after going over for Mass in the admiral's barge. He usually assembled a group of Catholic officers for early Mass; arranging for a motor launch filled with sailors to follow. Dan, of course, made a fine impression coming aboard of a Sunday morning at 6:30, quietly going to a chair in the front row, kneeling for a while in prayer while the altar was being rigged and the priest was donning his vestments. He always took an unobtrusive, but positive interest in things Catholic, never exhibiting the least embarrassment about his faith or practice. On the day before a Holy Day of Obligation, Dan would invariably send over a dispatch to Padre Maguire from the *Chicago*: "At what hour will you say Mass, Padre, tomorrow?", even though they might have been out to dinner together the previous evening. He seemed to feel the reminder would be good for the various men through whose hands the dispatch would pass. For he always felt that Catholics in the Navy needed a little extra attention

* Cincus: Commander in Chief of the United States fleet.

and reminding since they were so often without the immediate ministrations of a priest.

The fall of 1937 was spent in working out general tactical maneuvers, mostly in preparation for the spring war games. It was likewise devoted in part to watching the antics of the Japanese in the Far East. Beginning with a simple incident on the Peiping-Hankow railroad at Lukouchio in early July, the Japanese military gave evidence of their determination to bring China to its knees. On July 27, the Japanese troops had taken Peiping. By August 9, they were on the outskirts of Shanghai. In the middle of December, they had overrun Nanking, inflicting terrible indignities on the inhabitants.

It was during these operations around Nanking that Japanese airmen boldly attacked the American gunboat *Panay*, together with four British gunboats on the Yangtze River, bringing a roar of indignation from every Navy man ashore and afloat. In the staff discussions of the cruiser division, as well as in those of the fleet, a conviction was growing that the only settlement of the international situation, at least in the Far East, would be through the blasting of the Japanese Navy out of existence. There was little doubt but that the American Navy could do it. Dan Callaghan gave the "little yellow men" small credit. He thoroughly disliked the Japanese, both for their looks and for what he took to be a crafty arrogance. His attitude was characteristic of his own racial type and background. He felt it was high time that the United States manifested a little backbone, and put them in their place. He was sick and tired of seeing them showing up in "fishing craft" every time the United States fleet held maneuvers. He didn't feel that our espionage system should stoop to similar tactics, for although he was well aware of the Japanese advance in shipbuilding, and in the fortification of Pacific islands, he was convinced that the American battle fleet could easily dispose of this potential enemy.

In January, 1938, tentative orders were issued by the Chief of Naval Operations for the holding of spring maneuvers. The

general problem envisioned a war between East and West, with the western fleet endeavoring to force its way through the Hawaiian island chain, its immediate object being the destruction of the enemy fleet base. The date for fleet Problem XIX and its exercises was set for March 15 to April 30, with both the "Black" and "White" fleets ordered to be organized by March 9. The cruiser scouting force under Joe Taussig formed part of the "White" fleet and consisted of one battleship division (*Tennessee, Idaho, Mississippi* and *New Mexico*) and three cruiser divisions, including the *Chicago* (FF) *Chester, Louisville, Portland, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Indiana, San Francisco, Tuscaloosa, Quincy* and *Vincennes*.

The "White" fleet's first mission was to protect the coast of lower California, operating between San Diego and San Pedro, against the massed attack of two separate units of the enemy. These maneuvers were started on March 16. Then both fleets proceeded across the Pacific to Lahaina Roads and French Frigate Shoals, where their roles were somewhat reversed. On the way over, various target practices, night tactics, and maneuvers were run through. Dan was in his element once more, at sea, under pressure, and working like a Trojan.

The war games off the Hawaiian Islands were built around the postulate that the enemy fleet was attempting to attack Oahu, while the United States battle force was still on the California coast, some eight days distant. The object of the attacking fleet was to surprise and overcome the coast defenses so rapidly that it would be in full possession before United States reinforcements could arrive. Admiral Hepburn, in full command of the games, had 111 warships plus 400 planes with which to accomplish his mission. He was opposed mainly by the mine-sweeping force, plus Army planes and coastal defenses. Thereafter, a series of fleet engagements were run through, the opposition of the "White," "Green," "Black" and "Southern" task groups and forces being changed to suit various strategic concepts. All and all it proved a strenuous

month and a half, and when it was over all hands were anxious to get back to bases in the States.

The main part of the Pacific battle force returned to San Francisco Bay in time for the dedication of the Golden Gate Bridge on May 28, 1938. It was a proud moment for Dan, steaming up the bay in the *Chicago*, accompanied by ten battleships, four aircraft carriers, fourteen heavy cruisers, and seven light cruisers, plus a tremendous van of destroyers. He was coming into his own back yard, and he could not help reflecting upon the tremendous joy such a sight would have afforded his uncle James Raby, had he lived to see it. But the family were all out to welcome their own Commander Dan home.

Dan had some very good news for Mary and Jud. He had been promised the billet as first skipper of the new Naval R.O.T.C. unit that was to be set up at the University of California, at Los Angeles. Hence, once the cruiser scouting force was settled at San Pedro, Dan took to the highways and byways, house-hunting. Occasionally, he tried to collar Padre Maguire for a companion, gently joshing the chaplain with the fact that he needed at least an air of respectability in his approach, which only the padre could afford him. Then Mary came down to Los Angeles, and together they "did" the town and its environs.

Naval Aide to President Roosevelt: I

Cui fides Achates et paribus curis vestigia figit.
Aeneid, VI.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF JUNE, 1938 Franklin Delano Roosevelt was in search of a Naval aide. The President was in fine spirits. He was in the midst of his second term in office, and about to embark on a political junket to reward friends and punish out-of-liners. Discarding a group of pictures attached to the fitness reports of likely naval-officer candidates, the President informed "Pa" Watson, his military aide, and Ross McIntire, his physician, that he was in search of a "salt-water sailor."

"I have it," said Ross, after a bit of name tossing. "I know just the man. But he probably won't take the job."

"Must be an extremely interesting character," parried FDR. "Who is he?"

"A fine, handsome Irishman, named Daniel J. Callaghan," said Ross, "and right now he's somewhere on the Pacific Coast with Admiral Joe Taussig's cruisers."

The President squinted. "Callaghan . . . Dan Callaghan? Do I know him?"

"I believe you should, Mr. President," said Ross. "He was here in the department in 1919, when you were in the Secretary's office."

"Seems to me I do, now. Dan Callaghan, eh? But what makes you think he won't take the job?"

"Well, for one thing, his wife doesn't like the Washington atmosphere. And for another Dan is essentially a retiring, non-political character. But for appearance, and for competence, if you want a salt-water sailor, Dan's your man."

"All right," said the President. "Call him tonight. But don't go through the department. Call him privately. If he wants the job, it's his. If not, the fact that he's been asked will not be in his record."

Ross McIntire had considerable difficulty locating Dan that evening. But he finally had him traced to the Biltmore Hotel, in Los Angeles. There Dan was just arriving to meet Mary—he had been driven in from San Pedro by Padre Maguire—when a page in the lobby began to announce: "Call for Captain Callaghan! Call for Captain Callaghan!" Dan looked around for Mary. She hurried over to him, telling him it was a call from Washington. Dan said it was impossible that Washington should be calling him. And anyway he was only a commander. Somewhat apprehensively—in fear more of a practical joke than of trouble—Dan picked up the phone.

"Is this Dan Callaghan?" said the voice on the other end.

"Yes," said Dan.

"Well, this is the White House in Washington calling."

"Quit the kidding," said Dan.

"I'm not kidding," said the voice. "This is Ross—Ross McIntire, Dan. The President would like you to become his aide."

"Now I know you're pulling my leg," said Dan.

"No, Dan," said Ross, "there's no kidding about this. The President would esteem it a great favor if you would take the job as his personal aide."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Dan, really worried now. "I'm not the man for a job like that."

Ross McIntire assured Dan it was for that very reason they considered him a good prospect; but went on to tell him of the President's consideration.

"Well . . . well . . ." said Dan, considerably concerned now, "I don't know. I'll really have to find out . . ."

"Find out what?"

"I'll have to ask the admiral," said Dan.

Ross McIntire chuckled. He could almost see Dan's uncomfortable perturbation.

"All right, do that," he said. "Take your time, but call me back sometime in the morning."

Dan came back to Mary in a daze. His main preoccupation seemed to be, "What will Joe Taussig say?" He spent the rest of the evening trying to contact the Admiral, and finally got him about 2:00 A.M. Joe Taussig had only one thing to say.

"Good Lord, man," he shouted. "Don't you know the President's wish is a command? Take it, man, take it!"

Dan spent the next few weeks reoutfitting himself. Always an immaculate dresser, he now had to become even more meticulous. He was bothered by the expense of white and blue uniforms, and, above all, the dress uniforms with tails, topcoat and enough gold braid to float a government loan, capped by a Continental Congress-styled cocked hat. It was arranged that Dan was to meet the Presidential party when it arrived on the West Coast in the middle of July, then board the *USS Houston* for the Presidential cruise.

In spotless whites, magnificent looking, Commander Daniel J. Callaghan boarded the Presidential Special at Sacramento, California, on July 14. It was just after breakfast, and the President was waiting in state, in the observation car. Dan was about to report in as Naval aide, meeting the President for the first time. Braced to his full height, nervous, stiff, Dan made a formal entrance, preceded by Ross McIntire. But before he had time to utter a word, the President reached over, grabbed him by the hand, and, with a hearty clasp of welcome, said, "Dan, we're glad to see you aboard!" and took him full-swing into the White House circle. From that moment on, Dan was part and parcel of the Presidential en-

tourage, looking as though he had been created especially for the job.

Dan found that his new job was no sinecure. In most administrations the job was considered good duty, requiring the services of a man whose chief concern was to look ornamental in full dress at public functions. Occasionally, the aide might have to remind the Chief Executive that cruisers do not carry sixteen-inch guns, or that a bulkhead is a wall, and a stairway a ladder, in naval parlance. But Franklin Delano Roosevelt had no need of such promptings. He had need of a man who would keep him posted on the intimacies of naval matters, domestic as well as foreign; who would listen with intelligence while the President expatiated on the whys and wherefores of Hipper's cruiser tactics at Jutland, or the follies of the Russians at Tsushima. He also wanted someone who had the feel of the sea in him, and was more than delighted when he found that Dan was a gunnery man, and could talk about fleet maneuvers, so that the listener got the thrill of his life from a description of a battle line in action with its great guns roaring and the sea spume flying, each battlewagon steaming through the mighty swell with the precision of a Swiss watch.

The next six months were a sort of whirling nightmare for Dan. The President, upon arriving in San Francisco for the first time since 1932, had been genuinely amazed at the sight of its skyline flanked by the new bay bridges. Boarding the *Houston* at Mare Island, under the guidance of Cincus Admiral Claude C. Bloch, he reviewed the sixty-seven warships arrayed in the harbor, then entrained at Oakland for Yosemite National Park, where he spent a day motoring through its vast expanses. He found Dan's knowledge of the terrain most helpful; and listened with interest while Dan told him of his explorations as a youngster, with "C.W." his father, and his brothers.

The President was greatly pleased upon being handed a copy of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, usually so violently anti-New Deal, to find his trip described: "Starting as a statesman-

like sortie into certain critical primary elections, it ended as a march of personal triumph. The President is definitely the outstanding personality of a generation." But his cordiality did not keep him from brushing off several non-New Deal Democrats with a cold word of political favor, as he boarded the *Houston* at San Diego once more, for his trip south, and the happy fishing grounds.

The President had brought along for the trip his usual circle of aides, including Ross McIntire, "Pa" Watson and Steve Early; he had also invited Basil O'Connor, Fred Adams and Doctor Schmitt, the latter having been appointed chief ichthyologist. The *Houston* up-anchored Saturday afternoon, July 16, and headed for Cedros Island off the northern coast of Mexico. There, on Sunday, it was met by a Mexican gunboat, and greetings of the Government were extended to the presidential party by the *commandante* of Puerto Guaymas. Fishing was scheduled for the afternoon, Divine Services having been held at 10:00 A. M. When the President landed the first fish, a thirty-pound yellow-tail, after a fifteen-minute battle, all hands knew they were in for an auspicious cruise.

News was radioed to the President on July 19 of the birth of Franklin Delano III, and that both the infant and Jimmy's wife were doing exceptionally well. The party spent the rest of the week battling yellow-tails, striped pargo, bluejacks, broomtailed gropers and losing several mammoth-sized sharks. Dan had been warned of the President's tremendous knowledge of the sea, and of things under and in the sea. Scuttlebutt had it that there was not a report of the hydrographic department or the bureau of "far horizons" that he didn't know by heart. To Dan's amazement he found Franklin Delano Roosevelt not only the match of Doctor Schmitt in his knowledge of aquatic vertebrates, but unbeatable in geographic and historic recollections. As they steamed down past Magdalena Bay, Cape San Lucas, and the Socorro and Clipperton islands heading for the Galapagos, the President in full leisure

and completely at ease regaled the company, telling off nautical distances, hydrographic depths and the half-legendary histories of these waters once haunted by Spanish and French pirates.

On Monday, July 25, they reached the equator, officially "crossing the line" at 8:30 A.M. The "royal works" were duly administered to all pollywogs aboard, under the direct supervision of the royalist of the royal, King Neptune. Steve Early was naturally singled out as Pollywog Number One, and came through with flying colors to join the Royal Order of Shellbacks. On Wednesday they reached Post Office Bay, and the President sent his greetings, along with supplies, to Mr. Wittmer and his family, living a lonely existence at this far outpost. On Saturday, July 30, the President decided to spend the forenoon on San Salvador Island in search of the body of Lieutenant John S. Cowan, USN, who had been buried there in 1813 after he was killed in a duel with an officer of the *US Frigate Essex*. Fortunately for Dan, he had discovered the President poring over Commodore Porter's *Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific Ocean* (1813) and was able to prime himself in anticipation of the Chief Executive's questionings. But he was not always so well favored. The President had a habit of putting those about him on the spot, when in search of information he thought they should have in relation to their particular profession. Dan was immediately made a victim. Many a time he thanked his lucky stars for the three years he had spent at the University of California, and for the multifarious reading he had then subjected himself to. But between Ross and Steve Early, both onto the President's habits, Dan was soon sufficiently briefed to get by the ordinary skirmishes. He spent all his off hours boning up on the topography and maritime history of the sea about them.

On Tuesday, August 2, an official mailpouch arrived for the President via the *USS Dallas*, which also brought Rear Admiral Walter N. Vernou aboard. Dan was delighted to see Wally, who had formerly been aide to the President, and Dan

pumped him for procedures and techniques in handling various situations. The President spent the morning studying papers and documents, then put them all aside to go out on a picnic lunch in Wafer Bay. After that, the party set out sail-fish hunting, and organized the "Franklin D. Roosevelt Sail-fish Club" when Ross McIntire, Doc O'Connor and Dan each succeeded in landing sails. But that evening the President was back at his world and national affairs. When Dan came in with the evening radio bulletins they had quite a discussion over the war prospects in Europe and the Far East. They finally settled into a technical preparation for the inspection of the Canal Zone, the President again manifesting an uncanny familiarity with the terrain, and the strategy of Caribbean defense.

On August 3 the President hooked and then landed, after an hour-and-thirty-five-minutes struggle, a tiger shark. The next day, the *Houston* docked in the Canal Zone, and, after receiving the press, a delegation of Canal Zone old-timers, the Archbishop of Panama, the Most Reverend John J. Maiztequi, and President Arosemana, the presidential party went ashore for dinner and some entertainment. Next day began a formal inspection of the Canal Zone defenses, and Dan was kept on his toes checking coastal artillery, estimating gunnery distances, etc., for a most meticulous boss. The President seemed pleased with the strides of progress he witnessed. The party entrained for Colon, where they again boarded the *Houston*, setting sail for Catalina Harbor. Here the President, Dan and McIntire did some exploration of an old Spanish fort, and that evening Franklin Delano Roosevelt was at his best mulling over the piratical lore connected with Sir Henry Morgan and Providence Island.

The party disembarked at Pensacola and drove on to Warm Springs, Georgia. Dan was now treated to a view of his boss at his political best, recognizing or deflating party yeoman with the stout imperturbability of a manor lord. They stopped at the University of Georgia long enough for Franklin to re-

ceive a degree; then motored up to Greenville, South Carolina, where the President did some more stumping. Passing the Charleston Navy Yard, Dan told the President of Rear Admiral Jamie Raby's last days there, and of the manner of his death. They reached Washington at noon, August 12. Dan had time only to take a quick glance at the *Potomac*, the President's yacht, which was to be his new home, make arrangements for the stowing of his clothes and gear, and hurry on with the President to Canada for the opening of the International Bridge across the St. Lawrence on the Thousand Islands. They doubled back home, then spent a week end on the *Potomac*, where Postmaster Farley joined them with a few local Maryland politicians. Dan watched the great game of politics with detached amazement, realizing full well how far beyond his competence or liking were such intricate strategies and maneuverings. He felt he knew nothing at all about the rules of the game, and decided he never would.

In the Navy Department there was a ripple of satisfaction over the choice of Dan as naval aide. His service record proved him a square shooter, universally liked. He was well known to Admiral William D. Leahy, the Chief of Naval Operations, and to the boss's aide, Commander Louis Denfeld; and Dan's careful, closemouthed approach to the million-and-one problems requiring a close liaison between the White House, the State Department and the Navy, was soon a most important factor in the smooth handling of top-secret affairs. After one or two minor scrutinies, the President convinced himself of Dan's absolute trustworthiness. He also saw, almost at once, that the big, handsome Irishman was not only extremely careful in his reports and opinions, but that he possessed a core of hardness and could not be budged or maneuvered by schemer or lobbyist in or outside the Department. For his part, Dan early recognized Roosevelt's passion for cold, clear-cut facts. When he went after data from the Budget Bureau, or the transportation detail, in his dealings with the Bureau of Ordnance, or the Office of Personnel, he was simply a per-

sistent taskmaster. He was in search of thorough reports, carefully analyzed and systematically presented. Usually he wanted them in a hurry.

By September 15, 1938, the lid was ready to blow off the international scene. Adolf Hitler was definitely on the march; hourly bulletins received in the Navy Department confirmed the impression that the Japanese situation was growing more and more intolerable. Dan was now subjected to an intense period of international byplay, the like of which he had never imagined possible. Being a newcomer to the White House scene, he kept in the background, mum, supporting the President in his interminable meetings with the great and small; statesman and politicians, financiers and visiting firemen, as well as hosts of Rooseveltians of every stripe and color. Occasionally he played messenger boy, when some specific, secret bit of information was required at an odd moment, or a special order needed expediting.

The news from Europe grew steadily worse. Chamberlain, returning from his first trip to Munich, frantically appealed to President Roosevelt, and the latter sent a personal message to Hitler, asking him to avert war at any cost. But inevitably Hitler pursued his design of taking over Czechoslovakia. There was no doubt in the President's mind, particularly with the reports of American intelligence before him, that the Nazis were going into the Sudetenland, and from there down to the Black Sea. As the tempo of international affairs reached a crescendo, the whole night of September 27-28 was spent comparing reports and drafting Mr. Roosevelt's final note to Hitler, with his appeal to Mussolini to use his influence with the Fuhrer. But the Munich Agreement was signed, and with it the fate of Europe sealed.

Meanwhile, in the Far East, Japan was taking full advantage of the perilous situation in Europe to press her demands upon British and French. The English were hemmed in at Hong Kong, and studiously maltreated. Hainan was seized and a definite attempt made to restrain the French from sup-

plying the Chinese through Indochina. Thereupon the full burden of defense against Japanese aggression was thrust upon American diplomacy.

Dan found that his best bet, when not on duty as the President's crutch or right bower, was to lose himself in the Navy Department. Claude Swanson, the secretary, was not in the best of health those days, hence the nub of naval policy rested with Bill Leahy in the Operations Office. Dan could be found there, most frequently, getting a line on the Yangtze situation; keeping close contact with news from Admiral Harry Yarnell and his Asiatic fleet, which was watching the doings of Japanese Vice Admiral Koshio Oikawa with the intensity of a Navy coach scouting a Notre Dame football squad.

In the evenings at the White House, Dan, Ross McIntire and "Pa" Watson usually wound up in the doctor's office, going over the military and international events of the day. There they were joined by the Commander in Chief, anxious for a spate of quiet joshing on a strictly non-political level. Dan discovered this to be the best opportunity for submitting reports and for gathering the President's views on things naval. He fell into a routine of quietly, almost off-handedly, briefing his boss on the Navy's doings. It was here, with the aid of Bill Leahy, that it was decided to create an Atlantic squadron, adding seven new cruisers to the four all but antiquated battleships, and sixteen aged destroyers that since 1932 had represented United States seapower in the Atlantic. From here, Dan got the hint that he passed on to the Chief of Naval Operations, sending the cruisers *Nashville* and *Houston* to Gravesend, England, to pick up a load of "war-scared" gold. Here he was able to remind the President that the light cruiser *Omaha*, escorted by the destroyers *Claxton* and *Manley*, were in the Mediterranean, and got permission to have orders transmitted that they were to stand by for a quick escape, should war break out in Europe. It was a busy, at times almost frantic, life. But Dan remained unruffled under the burden, renewing old acquaintances as he wandered through

the Navy Department; carefully distinguishing between pests and well-wishers in the Presidential entourage; slowly acclimatizing himself to the Washington atmosphere.

Dan had taken up living quarters on the *Potomac*, tied up in the Anacostia Basin, driving back and forth to the White House in his Pontiac. The President had a specially designed Ford, and used to kid Dan occasionally about the relative values of the cars. Dan's week ends were spent either on the yacht, the President bringing along some politicians; or with his brother Bill's family out on Runnymede Place, where Dan loved to lose himself, playing ping-pong with young Jane and Billy, or dodging Helen's questions about the internal goings-on in the White House. He proved a disappointment to the entire neighborhood, which had thought he would be a constant source of petty information about Mrs. Roosevelt's doings or the latest minor gossip of Pennsylvania Avenue. On the other hand, he was constantly coming up with "inside dope" on the sports world, following assiduously the World Series and the football tangles.

Dan came up for promotion to captain in September, and signified his willingness to take the written examinations required for that office. But as the date approached, he found the volume of work precluded his making any preparation whatsoever. Mr. Hull, of the State Department, was preparing his note of protest to Japan (October 6) which was to be a comprehensive and forceful review of the fundamental principles upon which American policy was based, reviewing in detail the nature and extent of Japanese breaches of the open-door policy in Manchuria, and outlining a number of "unwarranted restrictions," violations and interferences with American rights in China. Dan asked for and obtained a suspension of the examinations, and was promoted to captain on October 1. He had hardly time to fasten the extra stripes on his shoulder boards and replace the silver leaf with eagles on his collar, when he was plunged into preparations for the

celebration of Navy Day, and the travel details of the President's pre-election itinerary.

On Navy Day, October 27, 1938, the President held a review of the Atlantic fleet, and sent a letter to Claude Swanson in which he emphasized his desire that the "fleet must be ready for any emergency." Two days later he motored over to Bolling Field and Anacostia, inspecting all types of planes and aircraft equipment. The day after election he turned in earnest to the problem of rearmament. Among the problems that came up for discussion was the fate of the dirigible, the idea of which had been kept alive by Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, despite the mishaps to which the air arm had been subjected. Considerable Congressional and business pressure was brought to bear on the issue, and Congress was finally coaxed into letting the President have \$3,000,000 for further lighter-than-air construction.

Before setting out for Warm Springs, Georgia, late in November, the question of antiaircraft defense had come up, as a result of the revelations of Leslie Hore-Belisha in Parliament to the effect that, during the war scare at the end of September, the British land defenses were completely inept. Dan was of course fairly well familiar with the Navy's problem and its solution. When asked, he tried to stall off the discussion of the 1.1-inch guns, but upon being pressed admitted to the President that he was not at all satisfied with the guns thus far in use. The 50-caliber machine gun, despite its rapidity of fire, was too light for effect against even low bombing; and the 1.1-inch, introduced as a secondary defense after the 5-inch double-purpose guns had too many "bugs" and was too heavy for a last-ditch, free-moving stand. Dan described for the Chief Executive how often he had felt "miffed" at the low scores in target sleeves, particularly if the air attack was made from overhanging cloud formations. The gunners hardly got a look as the planes streaked by. Someone made a mention of a Swedish type of gun that had proved of considerable value in the Spanish civil war, and seemed better

than the English pom-poms. The next time Dan had occasion to go over to the Ordnance Bureau he made inquiries about the Bofors. He was told that the Army had its eyes on them, and that there was some possibility of getting a line on them through the Dutch. But the matter was not pursued.

The Presidential party spent Thanksgiving Day at Warm Springs, returning to Washington by way of Chattanooga and Chapel Hill. In Washington, a coterie of United States Ambassadors was awaiting the President, Hugh Wilson in from Berlin, Phillips from Rome, and Joe Kennedy from the Court of St. James. Their general tone was pessimistic. It struck Dan that the President's forebodings had great weight to them. Meanwhile, Dan found the people in the Navy Department quite disturbed over the fact that Harry Hopkins, Aubrey Williams and Thomas Corcoran, the Presidential aides, seemed to have taken complete charge of the national defense program, shifting the professional soldiers and sailors into back seats. He was asked to keep his eye on the Navy's appropriations, making sure the President was fully aware of his friends' doings.

As the year 1938 approached its close, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as Commander in Chief of the United States Armed Forces, decided to mass his fleet in the Atlantic Ocean for the winter war games. His decision was reached through a series of considerations, uppermost of which was the perilous European situation. In the deliberations, and in the preparations, Dan Callaghan had an important, if secondary voice. It would be the first time since 1934 that the entire fleet assembled in Atlantic waters. Significantly enough, Fleet Problem XX had to do with the defense of the Eastern shores of the United States and of the republics of South America. It was at once a follow-up of the good-neighbor policy of the Administration, and a warning to possible Western European aggressors of the size of United States war potential.

Dan spent a pleasant Christmas in the White House, going over to the pro-Cathedral for midnight Mass; then had Christ-

mas dinner with his brother Bill's family. His Christmas present for the "young 'uns," Billy and Jane, was a ping-pong table, of which he made assiduous use himself. He was still very much conscious of his physical fitness and appearance, kept a set of Indian clubs with which he worked out regularly, and managed to squeeze in a game of handball or squash in the midst of all his activities.

With the opening of the new year, the President began to plump once more for a new strengthening of the nation's naval arm. His maneuverings were met with strenuous opposition from the isolationists groups, some of whom denounced the construction program as provocative of Japan, while others tried to circumscribe by legislation the theater in which the enlarged Navy might act. Franklin Roosevelt discussed these matters with his military advisers at length, bringing into the picture the recommendations of Rear Admiral A. J. Hepburn, for the acquisition and development of fifteen new bases in the Caribbean and Pacific seas, together with the strengthening of Guam as an air and submarine base, and the fortification of Wake and Midway. Dan was quite upset when Congress failed to approve these latter measures. He was incensed when he heard some Congressman refer to Guam as "a 210-mile-square wart, lost somewhere in the Pacific;" particularly when Naval intelligence presented the President with very substantial-looking proof of the fact that Japan was fortifying the Carolines.

Despite the uncertainties of the European situation, plans were made for the reception of the King and Queen of England in June of 1939, as the climax of their good-will tour through Canada. At the same time, FDR kept pushing Dan for information on the details of the coming fleet maneuvers in February. Dan then accompanied his Chief down to Key West, Florida, by train, where they boarded the *Houston*, joining the fleet in time to see the beginnings of the greatest war games ever staged. There were 134 United States men-of-war engaged, including nineteen ships of the line. Admiral

Edward Kalbfus was in command of the "White" fleet whose objective it was to attack the canal; Adolphus Andrews had the "Black" fleet defending the approaches to hemispheric defense. The umpire for the fray was Admiral Claude C. Bloch, Commander in Chief of the United States fleet. He was ably assisted by the one-time Undersecretary of the Navy, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Complete secrecy had been thrown round the maneuvers. But upon the return of the President to Pensacola, he treated the press to a lecture on the nature of simulated war, which won him a good-humored bit of disrespect in the title: "Greatest admiral since Nelson." He maintained that the games had failed to demonstrate conclusively whether or not a foreign fleet could penetrate the United States first line of defense, and thus gain a military foothold in the Western Hemisphere. But they had proved the necessity of naval bases in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. He went on to reveal the piquant detail that defense patrol planes had been able, undetected, to spy upon the approaching hostile fleet for thirty hours, flying at altitudes of 15,000 feet. Both Dan and the President returned from the cruise considerably refreshed, FDR immediately taking up the task of preparing to address Congress on its hundred and fiftieth birthday, March 6.

Meanwhile, still at sea, news had been forwarded to the President of the death of Hiroshi Saito, the Japanese ex-ambassador to the United States. The President despatched a cruiser to take the body home to Tokyo, remarking that Hiroshi had been essentially a man of peace who had once, when faced with some particularly audacious move of his militaristic government, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Navies will be navies."

The President was likewise more than well pleased with the result of the Papal election of February, bringing Eugenio Pacelli to the throne as Pius XII. He treated Dan to the story of the Papal Secretary of State's flying visit to the United States in 1936, and how impressed the President had been

with his forthright manner and inestimable grasp of international affairs. When Dan brought the news that Pius XII had selected Cardinal Maglione as his new Secretary of State, the President showed supreme delight, as it was a well known fact that Maglione was distasteful to the Fascist dictators.

But the subject most often discussed in the presidential circle, particularly in Doc McIntire's office, in the evening, was the strength of the Japanese fleet and its war potential. Dan, like most naval officers of his time, had no love whatever for the little yellow men. Their very size and shape made him a bit contemptuous. Their obsequious ways were so foreign to his own big, bluff, Celtic honesty that he just couldn't imagine them in any way equal to American naval might. Despite the reports of Naval Intelligence, and the fact that the Japanese definitely outnumbered the United States in several ship categories and in submarines, the Navy, and Dan along with it, felt that in one good show of strength the United States could clean up the Pacific seas. By United States standards the Japs had yet to learn to build efficient surface ships. In United States opinion the Jap tendency to overload their ships with top-heavy armor and guns, was an evident sign that they were not efficient sailors. Nevertheless, a considerable feeling of uneasiness swept through the fleet when, in answer to the United States display of naval might, Admiral Mitsumosa Yonai announced that in six years' time the Japanese would have a fleet equal to the strongest. Calling attention to British plans for the *Lion* and *Temeraire*, each of which was to tip the scales above 40,000 tons, he warned that his Empire's future took both English and American possibilities into account.

The crescendo of Dan's activities heightened. In March he accompanied the President to Warm Springs, stopping off at Tuskegee Institute; in April he went to Hyde Park. In May, the Capital witnessed a dress rehearsal for the coming of royalty, in the official welcome given to General Anastasia Somaza, President of Nicaragua. Meanwhile, the war of nerves in

Europe mounted in its menacing terrors. The *Drang nach Osten* pressed heavily upon Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Moravia, while the British and French groped hopelessly for a peace front. By the early spring, the President and most of the military men in his entourage were convinced that war was inevitable. This presentiment was strengthened by Chamberlain's speech of March 17, in which he denounced Hitler for his broken promises. In mid-April, the President addressed the American people, then sent a message to Hitler inviting him to declare a ten-year peace.

But reports that Dan had been collating for him from the State Department, Army, and Naval Intelligence indicated that such a move was all but futile. The Italian-German military alliance was finally signed on May 22; and though Japan refrained from entering a formal pact, her every move, accompanying aggression with aggression, pointed to the fact that written understandings hardly seemed necessary. On March 31, for example, the Japanese occupied the Spratley Islands, formerly claimed by France, and placed themselves in a strategic position to strike at the French in Indochina and the British in Singapore. In May, Japanese marines landed at Kalangsu; a little later a blockade was thrown around British and French concessions at Tientsin. Each move was geared to the war of nerves in Europe. And all the while reports were being forwarded to Washington of further naval armaments, further preparation and fortification of the mandated islands, that could easily lead to control of the Pacific.

There was a slight respite in June, with the arrival of the King and Queen of England. The President, accompanied by his full military staff, met them at the Union Station in Washington, and played the gracious host for three days, proceeding up to Hyde Park and West Point with his royal guests. For Dan and the aides, it proved a strenuous diversion, but it was at least a rest from the mounting tension of war preparations. In June, Captain Puleston's *Life and Works of Captain A. T. Mahan, USN.*, had appeared. It led to a num-

ber of discussions about the views of America's greatest naval theorist and historian. Mahan had maintained that all great conflicts could be analyzed as a struggle between land power and sea power. He taught that by its fluidity, sea power always won. This, of course, brought on a prolonged consideration of the Napoleonic wars, in which the President was inclined to agree that eventually they amounted to a struggle between the peerless British fleet and the peerless Grand Armies of France. Though Napoleon managed to run rampant over the European continent for six years, eventually the British, by strangling his commerce, were able to destroy him. Later, the talk led into World War I, and again it was contended that British sea power, ably assisted by that of the United States, had eventually choked and starved the continental combination of military might. Mahan had not lived to assess this latter struggle. Nor had he known of the modern factor of air power. Hence General Giulio Douhet was introduced into the conversation. This Italian artilleryman had contended that, in a modern war, air power would be the decisive factor. In his opinion, a major war should be won quickly and decisively by unrestricted, mass destruction, poured on civilian populations from the air, rained down on means of communication, land and sea units, with inevitable precision. But here the discussion ended with the naval arm far from convinced of the correctness of Douhet. In Dan Callaghan's mind, however, one thing was certain. Antiaircraft defense was an absolute fleet necessity.

Hitler had replied to the President's April request for peace, which had asked for a guarantee that Germany would not attack some twenty small countries, with a masterpiece of evasion, defiance and chicanery, which revealed his contempt for American concepts of international morality. Hence, in July, the President had invited a group of senators to the White House to explain to them how rapidly the sands in Europe were running out. Despite the mass of evidence, and a special appeal from Secretary Hull based on State De-

partment documents, Senators McNary and Borah refused to be convinced; hence would not hear of acting to lift embargo restrictions for aid to victims of aggression. To recoup his strength and gird for the struggle he felt certain was coming in the fall, the President, early in August, sent Dan down to Norfolk to prepare the cruiser *Tuscaloosa* for a short holiday cruise. They had hardly returned, to pick up the reins of daily Washington life, when war was upon the world.

On September 1 Hitler marched into Poland. Two days later Britain and France were at war with Germany. In his address to the nation, President Roosevelt stated: "When peace has been broken anywhere, the peace of all countries everywhere is in danger." In sharp contrast to Wilson, a quarter of a century earlier, he added, "I cannot ask that every American remain neutral in thought. Even a neutral cannot be asked to close his mind or his conscience." He was thus reflecting the attitude of the American people. But not that of all. It took a spirited battle in the House and Senate to wring from those bodies a modification of neutrality legislation which would permit belligerents to obtain war materials from this country on a "cash and carry" basis. At the same time, as a result of continued sessions with his military and production-for-defense advisers, the President pressed for the development of war industries, which would facilitate our own national-defense preparations.

War in Europe immediately put the Navy on its guard. In August the United States had abrogated its 1911 trade treaty with Japan; and when Admiral Harry E. Yarnell came home to retire, relieved of his command of the China fleet, he made the statement: "If the Japs succeed with their plans, I doubt very much whether there will be any business for Americans in China." Nor was tension lessened when the Chinese Premier, Dr. H. H. Kung, pointedly asked: "Why should Japan build a great navy if her territorial ambitions be confined to China? Why has she established in the United States, Panama and elsewhere in the Americas a great coast-to-coast espionage

system? Why also should Japanese fishing fleets congregate in such numbers off the Pacific coast of the United States and ply through every bay and inlet of the Hawaiian Island?" Needless to say, these considerations formed the daily pap of Navy Department discussions and activities, and were reflected in the White House evening powwows.

Rear Admiral Harold Ransford Stark had replaced Admiral William Leahy in the early summer as Chief of Naval Operations. He had been an all but personal choice of the President, and his appointment caused some stir in the department, for although he was fifty-eight years' old, he was still considered young for the job. However, his record was excellent; he had served with distinction in World War I; he had been Chief of Naval Ordnance, and for a time aide both to Secretary Adams and Swanson. Hence he easily fitted into the presidential scheme of control. He found Dan a ready and most helpful guide.

The land war in Europe proved a stalemate after the speedy conquest of Poland. Under the conditions imposed by blockade and counter-blockade, immediately declared by both belligerents, activity was looked for on the high seas. There were sporadic encounters of isolated naval units, but no great naval battles of the traditional sort. The speedy German pocket battleship *Deutschland* dispatched several victims of inferior strength in the North Sea; a German submarine sank the recently converted aircraft carrier *Courageous* and another penetrated the naval base at Scapa Flow to sink the *Royal Oak*, a capital ship.

The evening Dan came in with the news of the sinking of the *Royal Oak*, the President treated his audience to a review of similar epoch-making instances in naval warfare. He recalled the burning of the frigate *Philadelphia*, by Stephen Decatur, off the coast of Tripoli, in 1804; and William Barker Cushing's torpedoing of the *Albatross*, in Plymouth Harbor, North Carolina, during the Civil War. He referred to the exploits of Commander M. N. Nasmith, R. N., who pene-

trated the Dardanelles with his submarine E-11 in 1916; and the sneak shot from Luigi Rizzo's motor torpedo boat that sank the Austrian battleship *Szent-Istvan* at Trieste, in 1918. On the practical side of things, he decided to deny belligerent rights to undersea boats to enter United States ports, save in dire emergency. This was drawing a distinction between British and French surface vessels, and the Nazi undersea fighters. But it was based upon World War remembrances, when German subs used to refuel in New England ports, then boldly steam out to sink Allied merchantmen.

In early October, Dan had received another slight respite from the press of Presidential business, going out to represent the Chief Executive at the funeral of George Cardinal Mundelein. The President had been considerably shocked at the news of the midwestern prelate's death. Only the previous week, Bishop Shiel, the Cardinal's aide, had lunch in the White House, bringing the President greetings from Rome, whence he had just returned, and discussing with Mr. Roosevelt a speech he was to give on the Catholic Youth Organization, upholding the Administration's social principles. Dan attended the funeral Mass in full regalia, marching beside the apostolic delegate, Archbishop A. Giovanni Cicognani in the cortege; and renewing his acquaintance with a large number of the twenty archbishops and innumerable bishops present for the occasion. Returning to Washington, he spent the week end on board the *Potomac*, the President having invited as his guests several of the Supreme Court justices, including Felix Frankfurter and Harlan Stone. Next day, Dan swung back into the regular run of naval affairs, reporting to the President on the Pacific fleet maneuvers held off the coast of San Pedro, for the purpose of integrating into the fleet the twenty-nine scouting vessels that had been recently based on Pearl Harbor.

On Navy Day, October 27, 1939, the President took the occasion to remind the country and the world that the phrase "a two-ocean navy" was but a beautiful slogan, meaningless

in practice. What the United States needed, and was determined upon getting, was a navy big enough to take care of its maximum needs all over the world. Those needs were increasing daily. Seizure of the American freighter *City of Flint* by the *Deutschland* had created a flurry in mid-October, but was not taken too seriously by the public. It had, however, pointed up the agreement reached at the conclusion of the Pan-American Conference, a week earlier, in which the participants had agreed to exclude belligerent submarines from American ports, and to reduce unneutral and subversive activities, as well as arrange to establish a neutral zone in which belligerent activities were to be curbed. This was to extend from 300 to 1000 miles beyond the territorial waters of the Latin American countries and the United States. The latter part of the pact naturally fell upon the shoulders of the United States Navy, but was a task that appeared impossible of enforcement.

Meanwhile, news came in of a British naval squadron, steaming southwest of Norway, that had been attacked by fifty German planes, coming in, echelon after echelon. The British claimed to have completely repulsed the attack; the Germans on the other hand claimed ten direct hits. But in American naval circles, it pointed up, once again, the problem of anti-aircraft defense. The British claimed to have the problem licked by way of their *Mohawk*, a "tribal" class destroyer, especially outfitted for anti-aircraft work. It carried a series of "pom-poms" or "Chicago pianos"—eight-barreled, 37-millimeter (1.5-inch) guns—each barrel of which could put a shell into the air every two seconds. In firing at a dive bomber it was supposed to give an advantage comparable to that of a shotgun over a rifle, shooting its "archies" or "ack-ack" 24,000 feet into the air. It was also equipped with 4.7-inch dual-purpose guns, eight to a destroyer, engaged in series by a central fire-control system. But United States Navy men were not particularly impressed. These guns appeared to function no better than the 1.1-inch quadruple-mounted guns of

American make that had been brought in to supplement the 50 caliber machine guns against dive and horizontal bombers. Nor did the British 4.7-inch guns appear to have any advantage over our own 5-inch/38, which the Bureau of Ordnance had been perfecting since the early 1930s.

Dan seems to have first picked up definite word about the Swedish-built Bofors guns in Admiral Furlong's office in the Bureau of Ordnance. There had been talk of their successful use during the Spanish civil war; and since 1937 the Army had shown considerable interest in them. But it was Henry Howard, returning from the International Chamber of Commerce Convention, in Sweden, who first wrote to Admiral Furlong about the possibility of securing the guns for a tryout. Early in November, 1939, J. A. Cunningham, of the York Safe and Lock Company, approached the department for permission to have his company attempt to obtain rights to the American production of the guns. Reporting to the President about the matter, Dan gave him a short history of their manufacture. They had been produced originally by the Krupp gun factory in Germany, just before the end of the last war. After the Versailles Treaty, the whole company had been moved over to Sweden, but he had been forced out of the business in 1930 by the Axel Wenner gun interests. The Germans had used these guns during the Franco war in 1937-1938; and it appeared that the Dutch also had a number of working models.

It was decided, therefore, to look into the matter, with the direct intention of securing several copies of the gun for American tryouts. Meanwhile, the President decided to expedite the manufacture of the 1.1 inchers. He was likewise most anxious to have the Navy develop a rifle that could combat the German-type gun on the *Deutschland*. The Ordnance Bureau had experimented with 10-11- and 12-inch guns, coming up with a 12-inch away back in 1912. This gun was now mounted in two and three gun turrets, and prescribed for the new battle cruisers of the *Alaska* type, then being planned, as

well as for the *Baltimore*-class heavy cruisers. In 1937, the Navy had perfected its 16-inch caliber gun, abandoning the 14-inch. Big guns were Dan's specialty, the one subject on which he felt at complete ease in discussions with the President, hence he hastened on to give FDR what amounted to a lecture on the various developments in naval gunnery during the past few years. Using the *North Carolina*-class battleship as a type, Dan stressed the advantage to be gained from turrets of welded structure, with heavier armor, a lower silhouette, and guns capable of firing heavier projectiles at higher rates of fire, operated and controlled automatically. That night he found himself dreaming of "TNT" Rees on the *Idaho* and of the headaches he had first encountered aboard the *Mississippi*.

In the early part of November, Mary came on for a brief stay, followed by her mother. Dan treated her to a round of functions and managed to secure a few days' leave. Towards the end of November the Presidential party entrained for Warm Springs, Georgia, to spend a peaceful Thanksgiving Day. The following week end they motored up to Hyde Park. By mid-December Dan was thinking of home and the jolly Christmas festivities in preparation there. But he didn't have the nerve to ask for leave. Hence he wrote to his mother and dad:

20 Dec. '39

Despite the proximity of Christmas 'tis hard for me to revel in the Christmas spirit. There seems to be no let up in the hustle and bustle of my job, though I hope naval affairs and international situations will declare an armistice over the two week end days, at least. That will give me a chance to draw a deep breath and remember that Christmas is at hand.

Since General Watson has taken over the duties of Secretary, many of his jobs as military aide have fallen to my lot. The President uses me frequently for liaison work between himself and the State, War and Treasury Departments, in addition to the Navy Department. Also, I consult frequently with such agencies as the Maritime Commission, F. B. I. (Edgar Hoover's G man outfit) all

of which keeps me on the hop, but is most interesting and varied.

I am very happy, of course, to know that the President reposes such confidence in me, to trust me with (frequently) matters of utmost secrecy—but it does increase one's work. Mary has probably told you of the hours I sometimes have to spend at night at the White House, when the President has time to see me, free from the political and governmental chiefs, and can then give me his ideas concerning things naval, in which he is intensely interested. The fund of information that man has about the Navy is astounding—he floors me frequently with questions which I cannot answer. So I am constantly bumping myself to keep ahead of him on what is going on in our own and other navies of the world.

One great help is the fact that the White House so-called "social season" has been greatly curtailed this year. No state dinners scheduled, and the guest lists at official receptions have been reduced. This latter eases the standing strain on the President *and* his aides.

I see Bill, Helen and the kids quite frequently, and dine with them whenever I can. Tonight, Bill and Helen are dining with me on the ship—I am having a small party in honor of a Mr. and Mrs. Peters who are attached to the Netherlands Legation, and who have been most kind to me. George Murray, who is stationed here, is also coming with his wife. I had dinner with Glad and Ed (O'Hara) last Friday and expect to visit them again on Saturday. Cousin Min doesn't appear to be too well, but she picks up in lively fashion whenever I appear.

I am having Christmas dinner with Mrs. Burnett, Bill, Helen and the two young 'uns. But all of us will miss the festive gathering at 252 Acton, and will wish ourselves there to partake of the festive bird and chime in on the good old chaffing which always goes on. Am concerned about Dad's eyes—hope he is much better now. Glad to hear Jane is almost herself again.

My fondest love and Christmas greetings to you all.

Affectionately,
Dan.

Naval Aide to President Roosevelt: II

Imaque vale, et nati serva communis amorem.
Aeneid, II.

CONVERSING WITH ROSS MCINTIRE, in the doctor's office, a short while after New Year's, 1940, Captain Dan Callaghan unburdened himself of something that had been on his mind a long time. "You know, Ross," he began in his forthright manner, "I've been with the President a year and a half now; and I confess that it has been an experience far beyond my widest horizons. I didn't want to come here in the first place. My wife hates the Washington scene, and so do I. My whole aim in life had been centered upon my career as a naval officer. But now I realize what a rut I really was in. This has been an experience beyond my boyhood's most fantastic dreams."

The White House physician nodded in agreement. He had time only to remark upon the similarity of his own experience, when the President came in. FDR had had a comparatively easy day, and was in high spirits. But after kidding Dan for a moment about the latter's near failure to attend Mass on New Year's Day, the conversation swung around to the Japanese situation and grew serious. Dan was of the opinion that if the British fleet could be relied upon to control the Atlantic, its American counterpart could easily polish off the little men from the Far East, despite frequent reports from Naval Intelligence of feverish Jap warship building. The

President was not quite so sure, and said so, reviewing recent Japanese activities and pronouncements.

He recalled for Dan and Ross the immediate answer to United States Ambassador Grew's speech in November, charging the Japanese with aggression. In the *Institute of the Pacific*, an official organ of a liberal Japanese organization, Yusuoke Tsurumi, who had helped install Kichisabura Nomura as Japanese Foreign Minister, had said bluntly: "We possess the strongest navy and air force in the Far East. We dominate the South Sea markets. Japan is entitled to share the wealth of those regions which Europe snatched while Japan was self-isolated. It is necessary to rectify Japan's economic position; and now is the psychological moment, while the European powers are preoccupied . . . We will not forcibly seize Dutch oil . . . but there are other methods of obtaining such a necessary commodity . . ." A short while later Mr. Tetsuma Hashimoto, president of a one-man patriotic society, "The Purple Cloud," said: "Japan will not remain indifferent if the United States expands naval expenditures . . ."

The President went on to point out evidences of Japanese alarm over our construction of naval and air bases at Midway and Wake, at Anchorage and Fairbanks, in Alaska, at Dutch Harbor, and other defensive points in the Aleutian chain, as well as in the islands lying south of Hawaii. He instanced our recent placing on embargo lists of aluminum, molybdenum, and technical information for production of high-quality aviation gasoline. He called attention to the fact that on January 26, 1940, the American-Japanese Commercial Treaty of 1911 was due to expire. He was very well aware, he concluded, that the United States was still the main supply agency for scrap iron, gasoline, and several other commodities being exploited by this potential enemy. But to completely cut off commercial relations might precipitate action at a moment when we could least afford it. Meanwhile, he had sent Admiral Tom Hart out in charge of the United

States Asiatic forces, with strict orders to keep the fleet at full strength and on the alert.

Then the pressure of Presidential business took a sudden up-curve. The issue of insular or global defense, of isolationism or interventionism, of peace or war for the United States became the subject of passionate debate throughout the land. By February, the President and his aides found the pace almost unsupportable and looked forward to a brief cruise on the *Tuscaloosa*, scheduled for the middle of the month.

Embarking on the East Coast amid a certain air of secrecy, the Presidential party consisted solely of the three aides, Dan, "Pa" Watson, and Ross McIntire, who had been described around the White House as "the only three fellows around here who don't give a damm about politics." After three days of steady steaming, while the outside world was agog with rumors that FDR would meet with the heads of foreign governments, the presidential party suddenly turned up at the Panama Canal. It made a swift and thorough inspection of the Canal Zone defenses, then slid out once more into the broad Pacific.

A few days of sitting in the sun, napping, flipping cigarette butts into the blue waters, had restored tempers and relaxed frayed nerves. On the evening that Dan came in with the radiogram assuring Mr. Roosevelt of the President of Costa Rica's pleasure at having him fish in Chaton Bay, off Cocos Island, Mr. Roosevelt asked Dan if he was aware of the fact that, in the plump green slopes of Cocos Island countless pieces of eight and gold moidores were buried. He then went on to regale the company with a story that he knew Dan, at least, would greatly appreciate. He said there was a fairly well-authenticated legend that somewhere off the island's ancient stone paths was a cache of jewel-studded, solid gold chalices, of golden altars and diamond-studded vestments. These, together with 273 jeweled swords, were said to surround a life-size statue of the Blessed Virgin, wonderfully wrought in

purest gold. It was the booty of some pious, though unscrupulous Spanish buccaneer.

Despite the fact that the catch was not very plentiful—a few blue crevallies, several amberjacks, but mostly small fry—the President came ashore at Pensacola tanned, retoughened, and in bouncing spirits. He came back demanding of Congress immediate enabling legislation for the strengthening of the Canal Zone and the American-hemisphere defenses. At the insistence of his naval advisers, he asked for fifteen million dollars to buttress the canal's air and antiaircraft defenses, ninety-nine million for widening the locks. In proclaiming April 14 as Pan-American Day, he assured the public that he had personally consulted the heads of the twenty-one American republics on their mutual problems.

Before leaving for his cruise on the *Tuscaloosa*, Naval Intelligence had informed the President of elaborate training of Nazi landing forces in the Baltic, of the assembly of immense numbers of invasion barges. Further consultation with the Army and Naval Intelligence seemed to indicate the target to be the Scandinavian peninsula, where already the French and British were making overtures. But it still came as a tremendous surprise when word was brought that on April 9 the Germans had occupied in force the thousand-mile coast of Norway.

The naval implications of the German move were immediately assayable. By controlling the long Norwegian coasts, Germany imposed an enormous burden upon the British Navy, which necessarily weakened it elsewhere. There was a possibility that Danish Greenland, close to the North American continent, might fall into Nazi hands; there were fresh dangers for American shipping in the Atlantic. There was likewise the prospect that Japan might take over the Dutch East Indies, either in anticipation of the forthcoming invasion of Holland, or merely as Japan's compensation for Germany's gains in the West.

Between two trips to Warm Springs with the President,

Dan Callaghan was kept continually active collating naval, State Department, and maritime intelligence. Then military speculation grew intense as it became evident that France was reeling under the blows of the *Wehrmacht*. What would become of her fleet and the disposition of its various units was of immediate concern. At best, it was felt that French naval power would be neutralized, which meant that her African possessions on the eastern Atlantic might go to the Nazis, creating a direct threat to North and South America. It was inconceivable that, without French assistance, Britain could control the Atlantic. If she capitulated, the Atlantic would become the highway of the aggressor. These were the ominous topics of conferences, discussions and speculations on the part of the presidential group and advisers of every type. Dan was generally a silent participant; contributing facts or bits of information only at the President's request; scarcely, if at all, hazarding a suggestion or advice. He felt his role was that of a very minor assistant in the councils of the great. But it was because of such prudence on his part that he was able, occasionally, to bridge the gap between military and political impasses—a fact which was not lost sight of by his naval boss, Admiral H. R. Stark, the Chief of Naval Operations, who wrote of Dan in his fitness report: "Captain Callaghan is worth his weight in gold in his present position to the Navy Department. And it is my guess, after a year's close observation, and working with Capt. Callaghan, that he would be equally valuable in any other position." Nor was this sentiment unshared by FDR himself. In his own handwriting, the President declared: "Dan Callaghan has real executive ability, an excellent temperament, and is covering the many diverse duties of his assignment to my entire satisfaction."

Meanwhile, as a result of these conferences and consultations, the President determined to address Congress and the Nation in an "appeal for preparedness." This he did on May 16, graphically describing the dangers which impended. Em-

phasizing the speed of modern warfare, he gave an imaginary timetable for Nazi bombers stationed on possible new bases, from which to direct their blows at American cities. He called for fresh appropriations to provide a cloud of planes for defense; he insisted on an immediate supplementing of military and naval establishments.

Then the President settled down to the arduous, intricate task of managing the myriad essentials of military expansion, part by part. Dan was kept busy reporting for the President on plans for improvements and speedups in the various sections of the naval service. The President cornered him on the matter of the effectiveness of the 1.1-inch guns for antiaircraft defense. Dan tried to hedge, at first; then admitted, particularly when the President reminded him of a previous conversation on the same subject, that they were not satisfactory; but he conceded to FDR that they were the best the United States possessed. Hence he agreed that the production of 1.1-inch guns should be immediately increased. Dan found the people in the Ordnance Bureau against the President's suggestion that the Navy construct and equip plants for the manufacture of these guns, to be run under private management. Admiral Furlong and Captain Blandy were convinced that the best and most economical way of increasing the production was to use, to their fullest extent, firms already producing the parts, encouraging them to parcel out the work.

There were similar problems connected with developments in submarine construction; in airplane types, and carrier designs. There were difficulties, adjustments, and airings of ideas to be met with on all sides. Dan did his best to keep in touch with each bureau of the department, at times feeling like a tightrope walker, in his attempt to satisfy the earnest desires of planners and schemers without getting his head taken off by bureau heads or the chiefs of operations and plans. In the early days of 1939, for example, there had been a small war in the secret confines of the Navy Department. Mr. Edison, the Secretary, had wanted the Navy to try out

small motor-torpedo boats and sub-chasers. The idea had been opposed by Admiral Leahy and by most of his advisors; but over their protest a few contracts had been let for these "moving mines with brains." By year's end, it was decided that there was a definite need for such craft, and, somewhat embarrassedly, the Navy had to turn to the British for models. Usually, Dan found himself a peacemaker and go-between. Again, there had been a skirmish with regard to the building and maintenance of dirigibles, and Dan was in on the difficulties. Gradually, it came about that he was looked upon as a selfless individual, the perfect go-between, able to absorb complaints, abuse, and criticism of men and systems with the ready unruffledness of a chaplain.

Meanwhile the international situation had reached a crescendo. The President was making strenuous efforts to prevent the French fleet and colonies from falling into German hands. He redoubled his attempts to keep Fascist Italy from joining the fracas; and to give the Japanese pause in the Far East. Dan rushed back and forth between White House and Navy Department, State and Justice departments, checking, inquiring, consulting. There were matters of scientific development of the greatest secrecy, requiring cooperation of all departments of the government, under the direct hand of the President; radar-to-be, electronic developments, atomic energy, requiring the maturest of men as messenger boys. Dan was usually the man.

On the diplomatic front two matters of extreme interest broke, just as the President made ready for his end of June "two-ocean navy" appeal. One had to do with destroyers for the British; the other with Bofors guns.

Dunkirk had been a magnificent maneuver, but it had been costly to British naval auxiliaries. So had the destroyer actions on the Norway coasts. Hence, in June, Lord Lothian had renewed a suggestion that the United States consider making available to the British some "overage" destroyers, which were then being repaired. Dan, of course, had examined a

number of these World War I leftovers during his tours of duty on the Board of Inspection and could speak with first-hand knowledge of their general condition. Eventually, a deal was arranged, after particularly delicate diplomatic dickering, whereby Great Britain was to donate bases in Newfoundland and Bermuda, to be used by both the United States and Canada, and was to lease for ninety-nine years bases in the Caribbean area, to be employed for the protection of the Panama Canal Zone. In return, the United States was to hand over to Great Britain fifty overage destroyers. By September 3, the deal had been arranged and the President was able so to inform Congress. It had been a racking proposition for all concerned, but Dan and his bosses felt it was a decidedly advantageous trade for the Navy.

Meanwhile, matters of similar delicacy had come to the fore. On May 16, Admiral Ernest J. King had submitted an ordnance report summing up United States needs in naval gunware. It brought an immediate "speed it up" order from the President, following several sharp discussions with his immediate aides as to United States skill and efficiency in the event of a "shooting war." On June 10, Dan accompanied the President down to Charlottesville, Virginia, where he heard his Chief Executive brand the Italian declaration of war "a stab in the back" of France, and announce to the world the determination of this nation to extend "to the opponents of force, the material resources of the United States." They were hardly back when the President received a request from the President of Uruguay, Alfredo Baldomir, for an American ship of war to assist in heading off a planned uprising of pro-Axis elements, apparently timed to the anticipated fall of Great Britain. The cruiser *Quincy* was dispatched south, fulfilling its mission on June 20, whereupon the plot was frustrated.

Since the report of May 16 on naval ordnance, considerable attention had been paid to the possibility of obtaining for the United States Navy a copy of the Swedish Bofors gun. The

York Safe and Lock Company, through the interests of J. A. Cunningham, had been pressing the matter since November 1939. Now, when it was realized that antiaircraft guns were a supreme need, overtures were made to the Swedish naval attaché to sound out his government concerning the possibilities of allowing the United States to purchase models of the guns. After considerable parleying, in which Dan played a quiet but conspicuous part, running between the State Department, the Navy and the Swedish Embassy, it was arranged that two of the guns would be carried by truck across Finland to Petsamo and thus shipped to the United States. But this was done only after the United States had agreed not to manufacture the gun from the Swedish model.

The first copies arrived on the *SS American Legion* on August 28, 1940, and were taken to the Dahlgren Proving Grounds. They were a pair of twin-mounted, 40-millimeter guns, with standard sights, and 4000 rounds of ammunition. On September 28, the President sent Dan down to Dahlgren for a first-hand account of the guns' functioning. Later, on October 15, along with the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief of Naval Operations, and a delegation from the British Embassy, he again drove down to witness a demonstration. The concensus was that they were far and away the best thing of their type yet seen. In reporting back to the President, Dan was careful to point out that while they were definitely superior to the 1.1-inch guns, in all fairness it had to be admitted that the latter were really capable of doing what they were made for. But the improvement in aircraft had outworn their "pattern size and density of projectile."

Meanwhile, it was learned that the Dutch had several of their cruisers armed with a German-improved model of the Bofors. Hence, when Holland's naval attaché in Washington, Captain (later Rear Admiral) Renneft, suggested that it might be possible to see the guns installed and in action on a naval craft, Captain W. H. P. Blandy and A. F. France flew down to Trinidad, where the Dutch *Van Kingsbergen* was

anchored. The President ordered the cruiser *Tuscaloosa* over from Guantanamo Bay to have its planes tow targets. Reporting back, Captain Blandy * was enthusiastic, and immediate preparations were made to approach the Netherlands government for plans and production rights. He asked the Dutch attaché to get plans and specifications also for the fire-control equipment.

Meanwhile, however, Holland had been invaded, and it was soon discovered that the Dutch admirals had not had time to remove their plans to England. Dan was sent scouting. Finally, prints of the guns and their technique of manufacture were discovered in Surabaya, Java, and arrangements were made for their translation into English and delivery to Washington. At the same time, Dan and the people in the Navy Department made representations to the Swedish attaché to sound out his government as to selling the United States rights to manufacture the guns. The matter dragged on until the New Year.

Antagonism toward President Roosevelt and the New Deal had not decreased with the advent of the European crisis. Axis propaganda openly and secretly was making good use of the isolationist feelings being manifest throughout the country. Hence the FBI and the various branches of governmental intelligence were constantly checking over the activities of committees organized on the general basis of a campaign to "keep America out of war." It fell to Dan frequently to assimilate such reports, checking them over with his boss. It was a type of thing he did not relish; names and personalities such as Hamilton Fish and Charles Lindbergh and Senator Lundeen were frequently being introduced. Dan had a horror of such politicizing.

Dan had never cared much for politics. He sincerely ad-

* Captain Blandy later described the experiment as "a demonstration about as international an affair as it could be. American planes towed targets for a Dutch ship, firing Swedish guns with a combination Dutch and German fire-control system, taking place in the Caribbean Sea off a British port."

mired Mr. Roosevelt as an outstanding personality. He found the President a hard taskmaster, a shrewd businessman, a sincere proponent of the United States Navy, and above all an exceptionally fine boss to be working for. Hence he was considerably upset when in private gatherings people would manifest a deep, personal hatred for the Chief Executive, reviling him with unmitigated spleen. He told the Gaffney's that theirs was the one house, besides his brother Bill's, where he could feel completely at home. Mrs. Gaffney was a sincere Rooseveltian and would brook no despoiling of her favorite. Dan, of course, had an intimate circle of Navy friends, including the Harry Hills, and a few in the diplomatic corps, whom he saw quite frequently and whom occasionally he would treat to lunch or dinner on the *Potomac*. He was a sincerely gracious host, going out of his way to be kindly, particularly to friends or relatives who called on him from back home.

When his brother-in-law, Gerald Cronan, came on with young John, Dan gave them a great outing on the *Potomac*, taking the boy through the length and breadth of the ship, showing him the President's quarters, his books and hobbies. When Gerald mentioned the fact that the Japanese were daily disporting speedy oil tankers in the harbors of San Francisco and Los Angeles—nineteen-knot ships that had our oil fleets apparently tied to a post—Dan expressed some care about the matter but assured Cronan the United States Navy was aware of the situation. He also confided to Jerry some of his personal difficulties, such as the time a rising politician had told the President that Dan had accosted him for some political preferment. Dan, after performing a number of favors for the senator in question, had merely asked him to keep a certain young man in mind for an appointment to West Point or Annapolis. He did so at the behest of intimate friends, but against his own better judgment. President Roosevelt had been a bit sharp in warning Dan against such situations, the next time Dan saw him, and it had almost crushed him. It wasn't that he needed to learn prudence the hard way. He had an almost

oversupply, but it was one of those cases where he had let his dislike of refusing people get the better of him. It left a bit of a scar.

At Runnymede Place, Dan felt completely at ease. His brother Bill had come home to a job in transportation in the Navy Department early in 1939, and Dan and he had had a chance to get to know each other after a long course of years. In between trips with the President, Dan managed to take part in some of the more intimate family events. He was present for young Billy's graduation in June, and said he thought the local pastor's sermon on the occasion was good, but a bit stuffy. He took an interest in the rest of the family, scattered about Washington, the O'Haras and the Casters, and the Sheas. On the religious side, he went to Mass at St. Matthew's or at Fort Meyer, Virginia, early in the morning, if he planned to be busy on Sunday; otherwise he accompanied the Bill Callaghan's to Sacred Heart Church later in the morning. On Ash Wednesday he had some difficulty in getting time to have the ashes put on his forehead, but appeared at the White House conclave that evening with a good blotch still showing, prepared for FDR's mild ribbing. He managed to make the Nine First Friday's, with the aid of Helen's gentle reminders and took great pleasure in the daily missal that Mother Burnett had given him for Christmas. All in all, Dan was a sincerely religious man, to whom the mysteries of his faith were matters of deep conviction. He seldom discussed religion. When he did, it was usually with a priest, and Dan was looking for information either to guide his own conscience or to pass on a word to someone in need of a little moral assistance. But being a strictly conscientious individual, he had the tenacity of his convictions. He expected others, and particularly his fellow Catholics, to live up to their obligations. When they failed and their failure affected Dan, he let them know in his gentle but firm way that he would not stand for such deficiency. He did not have to tell people twice.

He was, of course, continually being besieged for favors of

all sorts. He handled them in his usual straightforward fashion. Thus, when a young friend of the family's wrote asking Dan to recommend him for a commission in the Navy, Dan first made inquiry of Aunt Jen Raby, then wrote the young man:

While I have no objections, of course, to your use of my name as a reference, I am afraid that such use will be of no value as far as your application is concerned. The Navy Department, in conning applications for Reserve commissions, interviews only those persons given as references who have a first-hand, intimate and personal knowledge of the applicant, his characteristics, his capabilities and his activities during a past number of years. Unfortunately my personal acquaintance with you is of such character as not to fall in the classification given above, and therefore if I am asked, I must be forced to state that any information I can give, other than your family connections, is not of my own knowledge. You can see, therefore, that any recommendation from me would not be of particular value. . . . I regret that this is so, and that I am not able to forward your application with greater eclat. . . .

A little later, in another note to Aunt Jen (October 12, 1940), he wrote:

Jud and I had a grand time together during his rather short stay here. It was good to hear also, by hasty postcard, that his stay with the Rabys and Sheas at Pensacola was a pleasant interlude in his trek to Mexico City, via New Orleans.

I am spending just enough time in Washington these days to deposit a dirty shirt or two, grab some clean ones—then off again. A great life, but most interesting.

My most affectionate greetings,

Ever,
Dan.

Dan had sandwiched Jud's visit in between a sudden pre-election spurt of Presidential visitations that had carried him to Chicago, to Johnston, Pennsylvania, to Hyde Park, and Wilmington, Delaware, through New England, out to Chi-

cago once more, and then back to Hyde Park. Dan, of course, took no part in the politicking; he went along as the President's right arm. He had little time, as a matter of fact, for the pre-election activities; he was fully occupied in keeping FDR abreast of military happenings in Europe, and in the international scene. As a matter of fact, the President had not meant to do much campaigning—he had declared himself too busy for politics—but a last-month spurt of Wendell Willkie forced him to show himself in several key sectors.

The crisis which faced the United States did not diminish during the election campaign. In September, the full fury of the Nazi air blitz upon London reached its climax; intensified submarine warfare diminished Britain's already scanty larder. It looked as though the British Isles were being softened for invasion. In the Far East, Japan made inroads upon French Indochina which were supported by Nazi pressure on Vichy. The result was a Japanese alliance with Germany and Italy, "which," said a Japanese foreign office spokesman, "was an answer to the destroyer deal." To counteract these moves, Prime Minister Churchill announced that the Burma Road would be opened on October 17, commenting brusquely that "neither of the branches of the English-speaking race is accustomed to react to threat of violence by submission." The President gave continual assurance and encouragement to the French authorities in Indochina and the Dutch in the East Indies, to stiffen them against Japanese encroachments. But he could not back such promises with military aid. Yet he did make it plain that he was determined to hold in the Pacific, making no concessions of appeasement.

In the November election, Roosevelt rolled up an impressive popular majority, shattering the "no third term" precedent. He naturally interpreted his triumphant re-election as an endorsement of his foreign policy. Hence, he determined to set about at once to give all-out aid to the hard-pressed British. Together with his aides, he sought some means of implementing the supply of materials and military equipment

being made available for hauling in "British and Allied bottoms." Meanwhile, full attention was being directed to the diplomatic front. Greece and Yugoslavia were encouraged in their heroic defense against Fascist Italy; Vichy, France, was recognized in the hope that it would prove a source of information, and might aid in mobilizing French resistance, particularly in safeguarding the French Navy and French Africa. In July of 1940, the State Department had been informed that a group of German military experts was moving into Dakar, and that some "Spanish" civilians were negotiating with the Liberian Government for the building of an air base for transatlantic service. The Navy Department was alerted. The President sent Rear Admiral John W. Greenslade to Martinique to confer with French Admiral Robert about the naval units stationed there, and the gold and military supplies. An agreement was reached whereby Robert pledged to hold the equipment inviolate, to give the United States a ninety-six-hour notice of intended ship movements, and to allow the United States to maintain a patrol of the region both by sea and by air. In all this, Dan was kept extremely busy carrying information to the President, detailing Presidential decisions back to the Navy Department, coordinating reports from various branches of the government, and helping to weed out essential suggestions from the myriad agencies and people who made it their business to proffer advice.

In the middle of November, Dan was told quietly to arrange to have the cruiser *Tuscaloosa* withdrawn from regular service and made ready for a cruise by the President. Again combining a post-election need of relaxation with his desire to inspect tentative sites for naval bases, which the United States had gained permission to construct in British territory, FDR accompanied by "Pa" Watson, Harry Hopkins, Ross McIntire, Dan, and his secret service men, entrained at the Union Station in Washington before noon, on Monday, December 2. They arrived in Miami at noon the next day and were greeted by a large demonstration of school children.

Boarding the *Tuscaloosa* which had been joined by the destroyers *Mayrant* and *Trippe*, they got underway before nightfall, heading for Guantanamo Bay in Cuba. Next day speed was diminished, while Dan, the President, "Pa" Watson, and Ross trolled from the ship's stern. But the catch was negligible. Anchoring at Guantanamo, the President conferred with the commandant, together with Marine and medical officers, planning developments; then they up-anchored for Kingston, Jamaica. There Dan and the President went off in a motor boat to try their luck for a few hours.

Next day, mail was brought to the *Tuscaloosa* by plane from San Juan. Underway, they touched upon Beata Island, Aves Island and Port Castries, in the British West Indies. Sunday morning, December 8, blossomed beautifully, and the President and his party paused for Mass on the well-deck of the cruiser, celebrated by Father Fred Mehling. Then they were off to inspect the inner harbor of Santa Lucia, investigating its possible use as naval base, checking its aviation facilities, water supply, barracks, personnel, subsistence and sanitary conditions. The President was a stickler in these matters and so informed a host of British officials with whom he lunched while the *Tuscaloosa* moved down to Gros Islet Bay.

Later, they touched Fort de France where they got a look at the French aircraft carrier *Bearn*, seeking safety after the collapse of the French home government. Stopping at Antigua, St. John Harbor, Navidad Bank, West Caicos Islands, they finally reached Mayaguana Island, where word was brought of the sudden death of Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador. The President decided against a base there, due to its uncertain anchorage, and had Dan wire the fact to the Secretary of the Navy. On Friday, December 13, the Duke of Windsor climbed aboard from a Navy plane and was welcomed by Captain Callaghan, who conducted him to the communication deck for presentation to Mr. Roosevelt. Over lunch they discussed the proposed location for bases in the

Bahamas. When the Duke took his leave, the *Tuscaloosa* up-anchored for Charleston, South Carolina.

As the *Tuscaloosa* entered the harbor at Charleston, the guns on Fort Moultrie fired a twenty-one-salvo salute, Dan, the President and his aides standing at attention for the honor. The Governor of South Carolina, B. R. Maybank, and a group of officials were on hand to welcome the President and his party home. That afternoon they entrained for Warm Springs, where they spent the week end, then hustled back to Washington. The fishing had not been too successful, Dan having caught only some snappers and a seven-pound, thirty-inch barracuda; "Pa" Watson, a six-pound tuna; and the President, a few red and mango snappers. The President had lost a large catch when his line parted. But on the relaxation side, the trip was a distinct success. It was also successful on the international political level, for, with the aid of Harry Hopkins, FDR had been able to work out a satisfactory solution to his "aid for the Allies" problem. A few days after the return to Washington, the President delivered a fireside chat in which he scotched the idea of a negotiated peace, advocated by the America Firsters, and declared the United States an "arsenal of democracy." It was his first broaching of the notion of lend-lease, and he was well pleased with the immediate favorable reaction.

Christmas came to the White House in a busy, unfestive fashion. Dan was on hand for the decoration of the Christmas tree in the East Room and for the President's reading of Dickens' *Christmas Carol* aloud to the family. Dan helped with the hanging of red stockings above the fireplace, then went to Bill's place to accompany the family to Mass. Later, he went to Mother Burnett's, in Rockville, Maryland, for dinner. He then went calling on the Hills and Gaffneys.

The next day the whole entourage was back, busy helping with the preparation of what was to be House Bill 1776, the Administration's bid to be able to "sell, exchange, transfer, lend or lease war materials to any country judged to be vital

to the defense of the United States, to use American facilities for the outfitting or repairing of any defense equipment in which they had a mutual concern, and to be given these authorizations 'notwithstanding the provision of any other law.' " It was a bold measure, and when Congress was faced with it by the President at the beginning of the 1941 session there was an immediate vigorous opposition, organized by the isolationist groups. But the President had laid his groundwork well, and despite the long and leisurely investigation instituted by the congressional committees the Commander in Chief and his aides felt sure of its passage.

Early in January, 1941, Admiral William Leahy was detached from the presidential party and sent to Vichy, France, as United States Ambassador. This was a bold bid to win Marshal Pétain's confidence. Leahy's bluff, capable, thoroughly honest approach was relied upon to win the Marshal's esteem and to hold him intransigent against further Nazi encroachments and demands. Dan was sorry to see Leahy go. He had been a supremely valuable confidant and had given Dan proper guidance on innumerable naval dealings with Mr. Roosevelt.

Meanwhile, ominous developments in the Far East strengthened the conviction of the President's military advisers that an open breach of the peace was not far off. In February, five Japanese men-of-war deployed in the Gulf of Siam, while a whole battle fleet was concentrated in the Indochinese port off Haiphong, thus dramatically emphasizing the possibilities of an imminent push into the South Seas. This news precipitated an intimate debate as to the prowess of the Japanese fleet, which again found the Navy people on the scoffing side. But immediate counsel was taken with the British and Netherlands East Indies representatives, whose governments had ordered merchantmen at sea to sail for neutral ports, and had canceled scheduled sailings. Secretary Hull warned American citizens to come home. But before the war scare grew to more dangerous proportions, Admiral Nomura, the Japanese Am-

bassador to the United States, arrived on a mission of "peace." Nomura enjoyed a close friendship with many prominent Americans, including FDR himself, and the Japanese government felt he might be able to move the United States to an entente cordiale in the Pacific, shaped in accordance with Japanese conceptions.

Dan had now been ashore for almost three years. In his bones and sinews he could feel the call of the sea, more insistently as the danger of a wide international conflagration mounted. On board the *Tuscaloosa* in December, as tension grew, he was reminded of the old *New Orleans* days. There was an unidentifiable tightening of machines and men; a premonition of impending action. His years with the President had been intensely busy, intensely interesting. But he was a man who had groomed himself for war at sea. Now, as he saw it looming on the horizon, he was anxious to get out into the midst of action, before the tornado struck. He conveyed this to his immediate naval superior, Admiral Stark; he also mentioned it to the President. Besides, Dan now felt he was in position to eventually move up the ladder of command. What he needed in his record was command of a large ship; that was the usual, departmental procedure on the selection boards for admiral, and Dan was anxious to keep well within regulations.

Dan Callaghan had been more than a success as aide to a most Navy-minded President. He had the full confidence and respect of everyone in the Navy Department, from the lowliest yeoman in the photography office to the Chief of Navy War Plans. As the President's messenger and informant, he had been a model of efficiency, prudence, and close-mouthedness. He had been in on the most delicate operations of international politics; and, what was closer to his heart, had seen the Navy growing and rearming to its full strength. Negotiations for the Bofors guns, a project of intimate interest to him, were going through. The Swedish government had been approached for full patent rights, and though there was con-

siderable haggling to be done—in return for rights to manufacture the gun, for specifications and production plans, the Swedish government requested plans and rights with regard to certain American airplane models—Dan felt sure the matter would be pursued to a successful conclusion. The United States was also beginning to fortify in the Pacific; it was making plans to go all out against the European menace. Dan felt anew the urgency of hurrying out to sea.

Skipper of the USS San Francisco

Talia dicta dabat, clavumque affixus et haerens,
Nunquam amittebat, oculosque sub astra tene-
bat . . . *Aeneid, V.*

“IT IS WITH GREAT REGRET that I am letting Captain Callaghan leave as my Naval Aide. He has given every satisfaction and has performed duties of many varieties with tact and real efficiency. He has shown a real understanding of the many problems of the service within itself and in relationship to the rest of the Government.”

Thus wrote Franklin Delano Roosevelt, with his own hand, in a final fitness report for Dan Callaghan, on March 1, 1941. By way of showing his deep esteem for Dan, the President had arranged to have him relieved several weeks early, thus enabling him to take command of the heavy cruiser *San Francisco*, which had just become available. Someone broached the idea of upping Dan to flag rank. But Dan showed an immediate disinclination for such favoritism, and the matter was dropped.

Dan's orders came through on the twelfth of March. On March 17, FDR endorsed them, signing him out on St. Patrick's Day in green ink, by way of tribute to a bluff and courageous Irishman. A few days later, Dan took leave of his Commander in Chief and his associates in the Navy Department amid genuine tributes of regret. Admiral Stark summed up the general feeling: “Captain Callaghan's detachment will be a distinct loss to the Navy Department. My final report on

him is to confirm all previous remarks and to add 'Well done' with every signification which those two words carry to the Navy."

Dan headed for home, happy to be out from under the vast burden of international affairs; eager to take over his first independent command since his *Truxtun* days. But the first thing that happened to him was a digestive attack that laid him up in the Naval Hospital at Mare Island, from the fourth to the twenty-sixth of April. However, he did get a month's leave, which he used to good advantage, before reporting aboard the *San Francisco* at Honolulu on May 27.

Dan's new cruiser was a sister ship of the *Tuscaloosa*, and had been commissioned on the tenth of February 1934. It was a heavy ship for its class, mounting nine eight-inch and eight five-inch guns. Since the "Frisco" was of similar appointments to the *T*, Dan felt immediately at home aboard her. However, he soon discovered that she was scheduled for a rearmament overhaul towards the end of the year, and therefore there was a certain carelessness about her general getup. He set about eliminating such minor defects, and, as the ship steamed along in squadron under Rear Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, Dan soon had her well in hand. In the course of getting the feel of his command, running through target practice and tactical exercises, Dan's cool intrepidity soon made him the most respected and beloved man aboard. By the end of September, Admiral Fletcher could say of him: "Dan Callaghan is an outstanding officer. During the four months he has had command of the *San Francisco* it has markedly improved in cleanliness, efficiency and morale. I highly recommend him for promotion to Rear Admiral."

Aboard ship, time passed quickly for Dan, with none of the continual hubbub of his White House days. He was soon back in his old chain-smoking, coffee-drinking habits, for which he paid with an occasionally grouching stomach. But the sea was his element. The very marrow in his bones proclaimed the fact. Even from a purely hygienic viewpoint, he felt he had

taken a new lease upon life as he paced the bridge, or hustled up ladders with the nervous energy of a young ensign. He was a huge, handsome figure, and his men were proud of every inch of him.

Dan watched the international scene with a sure conviction that war was not far off. He remembered the Wilsonian regime of 1916-1917, and could feel the same forebodings of disaster-to-come. Only this time he had much more solid information upon which to base his guesses. But he disclosed none of his innermost thoughts to those about him. He had been happy to witness the President's signing of the Lend-Lease Bill just before he left the White House, in March, but knew it would mean a further involvement in the Atlantic. Hence he was not surprised to find that the United States was turning over ten Coast Guard cutters to the British for convoy duty in April. Nor was he unaware of the plans for the actual United States patrolling of the waters of the Western Hemisphere. When the destroyer *Greer* was attacked on September 4, Dan knew that the Battle of the Atlantic was really on.

Then things began to happen quickly in the Pacific. On July 29, 1941, 100,000 Japanese troops were poured into Indochina, occupying strategic points throughout the country; in particular the naval base at Camranh, just 800 miles from both Singapore and Manila. General MacArthur was rushed back to the Philippines; the Marines were withdrawn from Shanghai and Peiping, as were several units of the Yangtze patrol. When Admiral Nomura, in Washington, began to talk once more of peace, Dan knew that severe trouble was just ahead. During September the fleet was put on an all-but-war footing. Dan, feeling the inadequacy of his own man-of-war as a fighting unit, petitioned for its rearmament and overhaul according to schedule late in November. He felt the shooting would not begin before the New Year. By that time, he hoped to have the *San Francisco* back in tiptop condition.

Meanwhile, in Honolulu, Dan ran into old friends and shipmates, many of whom he had not seen for years. Padre

William Maguire was there, as fleet chaplain, helping with the immense problem of entertaining sixty thousand men on their liberty trips ashore. Dan found the Gaffneys there, too, in charge of supplies, and the Rends, Admiral Kinkaid, and dozens of others. It was a tense atmosphere, however, with families and dependents ordered home as soon as transportation could be provided. Yet the ordinary round of everyday life was carried on with little or no particular premonition of coming disaster.

Aboard ship, Dan was fully relieved of the cares and troubles mortal man is heir to. Just before putting into Pearl Harbor, in September, one of his men washed overboard in a storm. Dan was greatly disturbed by the occurrence. Immediately upon reaching port, he strode over to Padre Maguire's office and quietly approached his old friend. "Padre," he said, "one of my men was washed over the side last week, in a storm at sea. I'd like to have you conduct a memorial service for him. He was a fine kid, one of my leading bo'sun's mates, and I feel badly about it." Next Sunday, the padre said Mass aboard the *San Francisco*. Dan himself attended to the arrangements, and the whole ship's company, except those on watch, assembled on the well-deck. Afterwards, with the padre's aid, Dan wrote a touching letter to the lad's family. He was continually careful about his men and their welfare. As a consequence, they hated to face him before the mast for their petty misdemeanors, more out of a sense of loyalty and shame, than in fear of the punishment due.

Sunday, December 7, dawned brightly over Pearl Harbor. The bay was chock-full of men-of-war; battleship row was loaded with a full complement of dreadnoughts. The *San Francisco* was moored to a dock, immediately across from the *New Orleans*, undergoing a complete overhaul of its armament and major-caliber guns. Hence her skipper was not living aboard. As a matter of fact, he had been functioning on a board of investigation, going over the *New Orleans* which had developed some peculiar engine-room difficulties.

Dan Callaghan was up betimes, this particular Sunday morning, making ready to attend early Mass. He was in civilian clothes. Of a sudden, the warning sirens went off with a horrible shriek. The awful blast of bombs bursting and the wide-open roar of racing planes filled the air. Dan needed no prompting. He knew immediately the awful significance of the attack, and went racing helter-skelter for the docks. He had momentary difficulty getting in the gate, but in a jiffy was aboard his ship. There he found relative order reigning, much to his amazed pride.

As the *San Francisco's* guns were useless, small arms and ammunitions had been issued by the Officer of the Deck. The majority of the crew had been sent over to the *New Orleans*. There, as Dan recorded in his official report: "The second attack was delivered at about 0805 and the effect of the anti-aircraft fire was readily apparent . . . The quick transfer of men and officers [to the *New Orleans*] permitted that vessel to open fire with its 5-inch guns in a very short time. The *San Francisco* suffered no losses of personnel, nor damage . . . The conduct of its personnel was in keeping with the best traditions of the service."

Surveying the scene around him, once it seemed certain that the terrible rain of death and destruction from the skies had ceased, Dan's eyes blazed with anger. In his heart there was a tremendous hurt. Across the bay, he could see naught but an inferno of blazing ships. Battleship row looked like one massive tower of smoke and fire. Then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the scene, he began to estimate the immediate damage. On one end of Ford Island he could see the *Arizona*, apparently settling on the bottom; in the center, the *Tennessee* and *West Virginia* were both burning fiercely, the latter sunk far down in the water. To the north—Dan could hardly believe his eyes—where the *Oklahoma* had been berthed only the evening before was the huge, steel belly of that mammoth ship, overturned. Then Dan remembered that the battlewag-

on was expecting an inspection party aboard on Monday—hence all its coffer-dams had probably been wide open.

Monday, December 8, was a miserably rainy day. All hands were completely exhausted as a result of the shock and the heroic rescue work on which they had been engaged. Word had been passed that every ship should be in readiness to head out to sea at a minute's notice. There was a danger of a return of the Japanese. No one knew how accurate an estimate they might have of the damage they had done.

Dan and his staff were furiously at work, rearming the *San Francisco*, rushing its repairs, stowing ammunition aboard. That evening, Dan assembled the crew. He told them of his great pride in the prompt reaction of the duty watch; of his satisfaction at the hasty return of officers and crew to posts of duty.

He lashed out at the treachery of the Japs. Then, in sober tones, he assured them that the United States Navy was far from licked. He reminded them of our great naval traditions. He assured them that the Japs would rue the day they had so maliciously fallen upon Pearl Harbor. He wound up with his resounding: "Let's go get 'em!"

A few weeks later, the *San Francisco* headed out for the open seas, eager to catch up with Tom Kinkaid's squadron, hopeful of being prepared should they meet the enemy in force, and anxious to repay the Japanese in kind.

At sea, Dan called the crew together, informed them that they were headed in the general direction of the Aleutians, on an unannounced objective. He promised to keep them in his confidence. He followed this procedure regularly, every evening. The men idolized him for it. Christmas was thus spent steaming along in formation. Then, on December 31, Dan took time out to write home:

Dear Dad:

Happy Birthday, Dad, and many happy returns, victorious ones! I don't know when this letter will be mailed or when it will

reach you, but in any event you'll know that I was thinking of you and your natal anniversary tomorrow.

Your two fine letters of late December reached me two days ago. I am so glad to know that Mother has recovered from her cold session, and that by your latest letter, all at home are well.

Censorship regulations forbid me from saying anything about the Pearl Harbor affair. It was a horrible thing to witness and participate in, but I've never seen cooler or more magnificent conduct displayed by officers and men. Despite the terrific set back morale is high, whether by a fierce and grim determination on the part of all hands to mete out punishment for the treacherous attack, and with the help of the Almighty (and if the sob sisters will let us) to exterminate the race (races I should say) so utterly devoid of human instincts. It is going to take time, tremendous effort, and unity on the part of all hands, and be accompanied by many hardships, setbacks and reverses. But we'll do it!

My fine ship and grand crew are ready to go and you can bank on us to do our full share. Our ships motto is "Remember Pearl Harbor. Let's go get 'em." And that's what we'll do! If it will be of any comfort to you and Mother I want you to know that I am fully prepared to meet any fate that may be mine.

Is Bill going to sea soon? I imagine he will find some difficulty in getting away from that important job he is doing, but in common with all officers ashore I'll wager he is chafing to get to sea. Give him, Helen and the young 'uns my love when you write. My writing time is at a premium.

God bless you, Mother, and all at home. Pray for me that I may discharge my duties with courage and that victory will be mine and ours.

Ever affectionately,
Dan.

Late in January, 1942, the *San Francisco* steamed south as part of the task force under Rear Admiral Spruance, operating around Samoa. It was clear to all hands that the United States battle force was in no shape to seek fleet engagements with the Japanese. Hence our armed might was to be employed in securing the positions which had to be held at all costs: Alaska, including the Aleutians; Hawaii, including Midway; the stepping stones to the south, Johnston and Palmyra; Samoa, Fiji and New Caledonia, all on the way to the

main southwest Pacific bastions of New Zealand and Australia. To the building up of this chain of bases were allocated all the cargo and troop transports available, with the necessary escort vessels, including the cruiser *San Francisco*.

Meanwhile, with exceptionally bad news coming in daily from the Far East, it was decided to make a few offensive thrusts in the central Pacific, now under command of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. The Marshall and Gilbert islands were selected as the targets, and Rear Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., was sent thither with the carriers *Enterprise* and *Yorktown*, and a force of five cruisers and ten destroyers. The *San Francisco* was at first attached to this group, but then detached and turned over to the task force being organized by Vice Admiral Wilson Brown, for a combination air-and-surface raid on Rabaul, New Britain.

Australian reconnaissance had reported that the Japanese were building up Rabaul, on the island of New Britain, as a base for their advance southward, and were concentrating warships and transports there. Wilson Brown had already taken the *Lexington's* force deeper into Japanese-controlled waters than any other American carrier force had penetrated. Now he decided to run northwestward along the Solomon chain to the northeast coast of New Ireland, where he hoped the *Lexington* could be partly hidden from Japanese scouts while she launched her own air-attack group, for an attempt to abort the enemy's preparations at Rabaul.

On the morning of the twentieth of February, the task force, including five cruisers and two squadrons of destroyers, was steaming off the coast of Bougainville Island, within two hundred miles of her goal, when she was detected and trailed by a *Kawanishi* four-engined flying boat. This was shot down by a fighter piloted by Lieutenant Commander John S. Thach, but the enemy had had time to report the location of the American force by radio.

Hence orders were immediately put out, closing the task force into a tight defensive wheel, with destroyers on the

perimeter as an anti-submarine screen, the *San Francisco* and the *New Orleans* forward on port and starboard sides. Tension aboard the *San Francisco* was terrific. Dan helped relieve it by explaining the possible nature of the attack, and assuring his boys that they were ready for it. In several hours' time, a formation of nine land-based Mitsubishi-96 (double-tailed, twin-engined) Japanese bombers appeared on the horizon. They were flying at about 8,000 feet. Suddenly six Grumman fighters, out from the *Lexington*, pounced upon the Japanese formation, each accounting for one bomber. Whereupon the men on the *San Francisco* were treated to a lifetime thrill, for over the loud speaker came the blow-by-blow account of the fray, as it was being directed by Lieutenant Commander John S. Thach, in the control plane. It was like the climax action of a great football game. But only momentarily, for the remainder of the Jap formation kept coming, bombs bristling. Dan reported the action as follows:

"Two separate horizontal bombing attacks were made from an altitude of approximately 10,000 feet. The first attack was delivered about 1645. The first drop was intended for the *USS Lexington*, and the second drop for this ship. Although bombs of the second drop fell from 900 to 1300 yards ahead of the ship, the pattern was small. The effect of the 5-inch, 25-caliber antiaircraft fire on the leading planes of the first attack was difficult to determine. If damage was done, it was not sufficient to bring down any planes. However, it may have been a contributing factor to the failure of the attack as no bombs were observed to cause any damage to any vessels.

"The second attack was delivered at about 1705 and the effect of the antiaircraft fire was readily apparent. Two of the attacking planes definitely fell out of the attack formation while flying through the pattern of bursts believed to have been fired by this vessel. None of the bombs dropped fell near this vessel. No damage was sustained due to enemy bombing. Some very slight damage resulted from .50 caliber machine-gun fire of adjacent ships. The performance of all

personnel and material was highly satisfactory." Thus wrote Dan Callaghan of his ship's baptism of fire—a calm, moderate, exact estimation of the event. But that evening there was great jubilation aboard, for the story went the rounds of the exploits of Lieutenant Edward H. (Butch) O'Hare, credited with having bowled six Jap bombers out of the sky.

Two of Dan's boys had been hurt in the affray, a young marine named George Cappleman, with a few fragment wounds in the back, and H. K. Ross, a seaman, with superficial fragment wounds in the left hand. Otherwise, the ship and crew had been unscathed. Dan took the occasion to congratulate all hands that night, pointing out how obviously better they had handled themselves in the second Jap bombing run, after the excitement and mild confusion of the first. He wound up his talk again with his resounding :“Let's go get 'em.”

Late that night, a young lieutenant, Jacques R. Eisher, sat down to write to his father. This is what he had to say:

One of the finest things I have ever seen is the way our Captain acts on the bridge. As I have perhaps mentioned before, he is D. J. Callaghan, who was the president's Aide before Captain Beardall. I have stood many, many bridge watches with him out here, and it is a comfort to know the ship is in his hands. One can feel no more secure with 20 inches of armor. He knows his job and his grave responsibility to his men and his country. He reaches important decisions coolly, correctly and fearlessly. I have no doubt but he will be made an Admiral in the near future, and his leaving the ship will be a great loss. It is seldom you can get together 1,000 men, every one of whom in his position is critical to a fault, who can say nothing but the best for their skipper. I have heard nothing but praise from the seamen 2nd class and up.

The carrier *Lexington* with its cruisers and destroyers spent the last few days of February on preventive patrol around the northern part of the Coral Sea, then joined the *Yorktown*. With this newly augmented force, Vice Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher was ordered to attack the northeastern

New Guinea ports of Lae and Salamaua, where the Japanese were now marshaling an invasion force similar to the one Wilson Brown had hoped to attack on the twentieth of February. It was decided to send the carrier force around the southern shore of New Guinea, towards Port Moresby, where they could launch their planes in comparative security for the one-hundred mile flight to Lae and Salamaua. The only hitch was that the hundred-odd miles to these Jap-held bases crossed the highest part of the Owen Stanley range, whose peaks reach up to 13,000 feet. But the operation was decided upon early in March. On the tenth of that month the powerful striking force steamed south of the Papuan shores, and released its aircraft.

In two hours' time the aircraft groups returned to their carriers, in parade formation, with only one gap in their ranks. They reported unbelievable success. Pandemonium of thanks was allowed to break loose for a few seconds on board the vessels of the force; then the *Lexington* and the *Yorktown*, with their respective screening forces, streaked for home at full speed.

The *San Francisco* pulled into Pearl Harbor in the last days of March with an exhausted skipper and an all but exhausted crew. She had been at sea for seventy-five days. As Dan explained to Padre Maguire, who came to call on him: "I've got a great crew, Padre. The ship has been seventy-five days at sea and the food had to be rationed, and the men joked about the turkey they didn't get.

"A few nights ago, while on the bridge, I heard the men singing in the darkness of the boat deck. Their voices became louder, and then so loud that I was tempted to order them to pipe down. I couldn't hear myself think, but I let them sing until they got so tired they turned in. They have marvelous spirit. They are the finest men I have ever known."

Dan came into Honolulu looking a good deal grayer and drawn. But a few days' rest was sufficient to pep up his spirits. He hounded Captain Gaffney the supply officer at Pearl for

the short provisioning, insisting that the twenty-two days he had had his men on short rations was the first occurrence of its kind in the United States Navy since sailing-ship days. On Easter Sunday, he had Mass said aboard ship, welcoming a whole host of friends, including Cassin Young and Commander William Martin. A few days later he had the tremendous pleasure of meeting young Jud, who had just come to Pearl as junior officer on a PT boat. Dan showed his towering young ensign son around among his friends with unconcealed pride. It was the first time he had seen the boy since Jud had come into service. Dan couldn't have been more pleased if he were escorting the Angel Gabriel.

From the first to the fifteenth of April, the *San Francisco* formed part of Task Force Eleven, and Groups 2.5 and 2.6, busy mainly with target-practice firing and night scouting in formation. In keeping with the high esteem Dan enjoyed among his shipmates, his senior officer, Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid, at the time wrote: "Dan Callaghan is an outstanding cruiser captain, calm, courageous, a natural leader. He is the finest type of officer, of exceptional military and personal character. He commands an efficient ship and handles her with confidence and skill. He took part in the Battle of Bougainville on the twentieth of February, and in the Battle of Salamaua on the tenth of March. Under enemy bombing attacks, he handled his ship skillfully to produce efficient antiaircraft fire. Captain Callaghan would make an excellent flag officer."

Meanwhile, on the fifteenth of April the *San Francisco* was detached from the task force, and assigned to Vice Admiral W. L. Calhoun, who sent her scampering back to home port with a convoy. She was badly in need of overhaul. Hence her orders read that on arrival in San Francisco she should proceed to the navy yard, at Mare Island, for work previously authorized. The trip was made on schedule without casualty or incident. Dan's heart rose as he passed through the Golden Gate, home once more. The ship had hardly docked when he

phoned Mary to come over from Oakland to welcome her wandering hero.

Dan had hoped to have a few days at home, having been at sea now for a full year. But he was in for a disappointment on that score. Orders detaching him from the *San Francisco* were already on their way to him before his vessel docked at Mare Island. Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley had been recalled from his post as naval attaché in London, to head the newly formed Southwest Pacific Command (*Sopac*). He had asked the Bureau of Personnel to recommend a Chief of Staff. He had no preference.

The bureau had originally selected Ghormley for the job feeling it had need of a man who did a lot of thinking on broad, strategic lines. In Admiral Ghormley they had a man who was most meticulous and accurate in his estimation of situations and means, though personally somewhat remote from those around them. Hence in suggesting Dan as one of three possible chiefs of staff, the bureau felt it was providing, by way of complement and contrast, an officer with good control of morale, driving energy, and an offensive spirit.

"How would Dan Callaghan do?" they asked.

"Delighted," said Ghormley. "Just the man I would have chosen if I had the pick of the entire Navy."

On the twenty-eighth of April, Dan's orders were forwarded, reaching San Francisco at the same time Dan got there himself. Ghormley's mission was twofold: to buttress Australian-New Zealand morale by having a United States command on the scene; and at the same time to prepare for offensive action. As far back as early March, Rear Admiral Kelly Turner, then War Plans Officer in Washington, had been convinced that something concrete would have to be done in the Solomons. The Japs were heading there in solid concentration, and although they were to be given a good lacing later on by our carrier aircraft, something of a more positive nature on our part was definitely indicated. Turner said as much to Admiral Ernest J. King. He then discussed

the matter with FDR. By process of elimination, as well as by observing Jap strategy, Guadalcanal was chosen as the point whereon to throw a block-check on the enemy offensive.

Vice Admiral Ghormley arrived in San Francisco at 9:00 A.M., on the fifth of May, 1942, and proceeded immediately to the port director's office. There he was met by the members of his newly organized staff. With Dan as chief, he had been given Colonel DeWitt Peck, USMC, as plans officer, Lieutenant Commander L. M. LeHardy, for communications, Lieutenant Commander Lyndon Johnson, as special assistant, and Lieutenant J. W. Wintle, aide and flag lieutenant. Dan and the others were delighted to find they knew each other rather intimately. But their enthusiasm soon cooled when they realized the enormity of the task before them and the slender means at their disposal.

Next day, in conference with the Commandant of the District, and his operations officer, Bill Welles, they checked over the logistic possibilities, and the merchant-shipping problems in the South Pacific area. The realization soon dawned upon Dan that they were starting with a shoestring. Bill Welles provided him with a picture of how such a new command as they were contemplating should be set up. He pointed out the various types of material they would need, from living quarters and communication centers to processing crews and record keepers. He reminded Dan of the necessity of obtaining trustworthy intelligence, and of the enormous amount of detail that would go into the preparations for invading a cocoanut island, where you had to bring everything with you from fresh water to bulldozers.

Dan was distracted by the magnitude of the situation. He rushed over home to bid Mary a fond adieu; stopped for a hurried good-by to his mother and dad. He could only give them the faintest picture of his new job, both because it was a matter of strictest secrecy, and because he wasn't quite sure himself just what he was up to. His father cautioned him that in leaving for the midst of war, once more, "a preparation

for the eternal life was his most necessary duty." Dan told him not to worry; he was ready to answer the call. With that he was off to the wars again.

The party left the airport at Oakland, aboard a Pan American clipper, on the seventh of May, en route to Pearl Harbor, arriving there at 11:00 A.M., the following day. For the next four days they were in continual conference with Admiral Chester Nimitz and his staff, arranging technical details about the exchange of information, the sources of control and direction of task forces, the origin of supplies, and the over-all strategy to be pursued. It was agreed that the commander in chief, Pacific fleet (CincPac), would order task force commanders to report to the commander, South Pacific force, for duty. ComSoPac (Ghormley) would then direct the task force commander to carry out his mission, as given by CincPac (Nimitz), not interfering unless circumstances, presumably not known to CincPac, indicated that other specific measures were necessary.

Departing Pearl Harbor on the thirteenth of May, 1942, Admiral Ghormley, Dan and his staff, along with Rear Admiral John S. McCain, headed for New Zealand with stop-overs for inspection at Palmyra, Canton Island, Suva, Nandia, Noumea, and several intermediate spots. On the last-named island, they conferred at length with Major General Patch and the Army authorities.

The *USS Rigel* had been brought to Auckland as temporary headquarters for the staff. Once stowed aboard, Dan went into immediate conference with the local authorities about taking over an office building capable of properly housing the South Pacific Command. Meanwhile, Admiral Ghormley made the necessary formal calls, meeting R. G. Coate, the representative of the Prime Minister. He was called upon in turn by Commodores Atwell Lake and E. Rotherham of the combined British-Australian staff, and various local officials. An inspection of the city and its vicinity was then instituted. On the twenty-fifth of May, Ghormley flew to Wellington to

confer with the American Minister, Brigadier General Patrick Hurley, and to meet the New Zealand War Council. It was decided that Dan should remain in Auckland, gaining control of the situation there. Mr. Fraser, the Prime Minister, suggested that the American headquarters be located in Wellington itself, to insure close cooperation between the two groups. But Admiral Ghormley was opposed to the idea on the plea that much time might be lost in long discussions. Likewise, he had been advised by the Navy Department to locate in Auckland.

In Auckland, news of the American arrival was at first suppressed, hence Dan had some difficulty in arranging negotiations with representatives of the local authorities. By keeping in close contact with Ghormley, and with the full cooperation of the New Zealand government, however, it was finally arranged that the New Zealand government building on Jean Batten Place, Auckland, should be turned over to the United States Naval staff, and that One Tree Hill be located as a site for United States radio towers. Meanwhile, Ghormley, with the aid of Colonel Peck, came to an agreement with the New Zealand chiefs of staff regarding the disposition of the latter's land and sea forces, particularly persuading them to allow the troops then in the Fiji Island to remain there after the arrival of the United States divisions.

By the tenth of June the prospective commander of the South Pacific area and force was established in his headquarters at Jean Batten Place. His flag was hauled down from the *USS Rigel*.

It had been a hectic month for all concerned; nor was there any sign of a letup. Working day and night, plans had been laid for the organization of Noumea as a jumping off spot. Meanwhile, medical plans, making Auckland a hospitalization center, with full stores and personnel replacement facilities, had to be approved and prosecuted. Directives had to be prepared for the reception of Major General Vandegrift's forward echelon of the First Marine Division, and its

immediate deployment in organizing the amphibious training of reinforcements. The disposition of United States vessels in the South Pacific area had to be arranged. The arrival of a task-group convoy, under protection of the *San Francisco*, had to be provided for, and an immediate disposition made of the men and material. Dan was in the midst of it all, calmly but concernedly directing, correcting, improvising.

Dan's boss, Admiral Ghormley, was big and bald, alternately smiling and sulphurous, and given to meticulous exactitude in his interpretation of commands and directives, unwavering in his demands that things be done right and on time. Dan was continually on call, smoothing over ruffled tempers, guarding against pests or time-wasters. The only relaxation he allowed himself was a call on the padres at the Cathedral of St. Patrick, including Bishop Liston, and an hour for Mass on Sunday morning. He felt he needed all the assistance the Almighty could give him.

Then on the first of July he wrote home:

Dear Dad:

Time flits; busy days and nights go by so hurriedly that it is hard for me to realize that I have been here over a month and have not written in that time. I knew, however, that Mary would keep you informed if she has received my letters. The mail uncertainty is such that we never know whether it will reach its destination.

Our trek down here was slower than we anticipated because of the need for stopovers at sundry places to ascertain the conditions there. The type of travel we employed was a bit cramping and tiring (buck seats in C 54s) because of our inability to move around. However, I arrived in good shape albeit somewhat tired. We were met here by some terrible weather, cold and rainy; as a result everyone of us has at sometime during the month been assailed by a bad cold. Mine, thank goodness, has improved though some remnants are still with me.

Last Sunday I was muchly surprised on arrival at my desk to find a dispatch appointing me to the rank of Rear Admiral for temporary service. I am still pinching myself to see if it is true. I had had prior intimation from sources which I discounted that

my name had been submitted by the President; despite the hint I was greatly surprised when the dispatch actually came.

What did you think of the great Midway show which has now been announced? Great business. That must have rocked our yellow bellied friends a bit. Hope we can repeat in the not too distant future.

Hope you and mother have been well and enjoying the summer weather which I hope is yours now. Would like to have some of the Bay District sunshine myself. I could do with some of it.

Working like the devil. My job as "Chief Stiff" makes me the recipient of everyone's troubles and I scarcely have time to think rationally these days. Certainly have no time to "unlax." Just a hurried note, but it carries all my love and greetings to all at home. Write soon.

Affectionately,
Dan.

News of his appointment as rear admiral was carried in all the Auckland papers. General congratulations were showered on him from all sides, particularly over the honor of his being the first American to be elevated to this rank while serving on Great Britain's territory. The Catholic papers and organizations likewise made much of the occasion.

Following the battle of the Coral Sea (May 7-8), CincPac had recalled our carriers and supporting vessels from the South Pacific in preparation for an expected Japanese thrust past Midway. It was a shrewd strategical estimate, and paid off in the Battle of Midway (June 6). Meanwhile, however, the Japanese had overrun the island of Tulagi. Though they had been savagely attacked there on May 4, still by July 1 they were landing troops and laborers on Guadalcanal, to begin construction of an airfield. An immediate counter-operation was called for, particularly to keep our control of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia areas unchallenged.

Hence plans for our first real offensive move in force were prosecuted with new speed. The two islands of Guadalcanal and Tulagi were selected as the objective. On June 25, a dispatch was received by Vice Admiral Ghormley from Admiral Nimitz, informing him of the commander in chief's decision,

assuring him of the assistance of two carrier task forces, which would arrive in the Coral Sea by the fifteenth of July, and urging him to exert all possibilities of using striking power to eject Japs from the Solomon, New Guinea, and New Britain bases. Target date was set for the first of August.

Accordingly, Ghormley lined up his available forces. Under General Vandegrift he had the First Marine Division, reinforced by the Second Marine Regiment, the First Raider Battalion, and the Third Defense Battalion. These were supported by three major naval units, two of which were under command of Vice Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher. This force included an air-support force under Rear Admiral Leigh Noyes—three carriers, one new battleship, five heavy cruisers, one antiaircraft light cruiser, and a number of destroyers; and an amphibious force under Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, comprising twenty-three transports and the proper cruiser-destroyer coverage. The third task force, under Rear Admiral John S. McCain, was composed of land-based planes of various types, based in New Caledonia, Samoa and the Fijis.

On Sunday, July 26, Dan flew up to Noumea, to supervise final arrangements for the great rendezvous of combat units, and the realistic rehearsal en route that had been decided upon for the entire invasion force. In prewar days, Ghormley had made a special study of the geography and oceanography of the Solomon area. His on-the-spot knowledge proved of crucial value. Dan came back down to Auckland on Tuesday. On Saturday, the first of August, the whole of Ghormley's staff was flown to Noumea, to be closer to the scene of operations. D-day was set for Friday, the seventh of August, and final arrangements were made for naval bombardment and the complete air coverage of the landings. Meanwhile, secondary operations were planned for Santa Cruz Island and Espiritu Santo. It was a night-and-day job for all staff officers, for there was then only a mere handful of them, trying to do

a job that was later handled by hundreds. Dan proved himself a tower of strength.

On the morning of August 7, the landing force, which took the enemy by complete surprise, hit the shores of Guadalcanal and Tulagi. By the next afternoon, to the great relief of Ghormley and Dan, the Marines were in complete control of Tulagi, and were making satisfactory progress on Guadalcanal. The immediate objectives of the operation had been achieved at the cost of one transport sunk, one destroyer damaged (which subsequently sank), and another destroyer damaged, and a plane loss of twenty-one fighters. But the complete jubilation was not sustained, for although they had ably repulsed the Japanese air raids of August 7 and 8, those attacks had delayed the unloading of United States transports.

Despite the fact that further enemy air attacks were to be expected together with an enemy surface move in strength, it became necessary to withdraw the carriers from their covering position because of their lack of fuel, as well as of mounting Jap air strength, and the suspected presence of submarines. On the night of the eighth of August, therefore, a screen of five cruisers under Rear Admiral Crutchley, R. N., took up a position designed to protect the area between Guadalcanal and the Florida Islands, and the channel on either side of Savo Island. The northern group of cruisers consisted of the *Vincennes*, *Quincy*, and *Astoria*, screened by the destroyers *Helm* and *Wilson*. The southern group was made up of the Australian cruiser *Canberra*, and the *Chicago*, with the *Patterson* and *Bagley* for coverage. Two destroyers were placed on picket duty, just outside the screened area.

A force of enemy cruisers and destroyers entered the area undetected from the northwest at 0145. Aided by flares dropped by enemy planes, they opened fire on our screening groups with guns and torpedoes. The result was that, in thirty minutes, the *Quincy*, *Vincennes*, *Astoria* and *Canberra* were so badly damaged that they subsequently sank, and the *Chicago*, *Talbot* and *Patterson* were damaged.

Next day a garbled account of the losses was received from Admiral Fletcher. It caused consternation at headquarters. When the final report came in it was felt that some heads should fall. But the immediate question was: Whose? It turned out that Admiral Crutchley had gone over to the *McCawley* to confer with Kelly Turner on the fatal evening, hence disclaimed responsibility. It certainly was not Turner's immediate problem. But it was agreed by all that the element of surprise on the enemy's part was the result of a combination of circumstances that could be charged only to a lack of experience on the part of the United States naval forces. Because of the urgency of seizing Guadalcanal, planning was not as thorough as it might have been. A certain failure in communications was also involved. One great factor was general fatigue of the various crews, due to the strict degree of alertness constantly maintained. It was a costly bit of experience, but the lesson was well learned. An immediate order went out providing for a relaxation of strict general-quarters procedure, to allow the men necessary rest. Several other directives on command procedure were likewise released.

There was little time for recrimination, however, as there was every indication that the Japs were about to make another move in force. In anticipation thereof, Ghormley had concentrated two task forces southeast of Guadalcanal, built around the carriers *Saratoga* and *Enterprise*. On the twenty-third of August a Jap transport group was sighted. That night the United States task forces moved north. They contacted the enemy on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, definitely repulsing the Japanese with severe damages.

Then a lull of six weeks set in without major action. Meanwhile, supply lines to Guadalcanal had to be kept open. The *Wasp* and the destroyers *O'Brien*, *Blue*, *Calhoun*, *Gregory* and *Little* were lost in scattered, minor actions. On Guadalcanal itself, the Japs were causing demoralization, the Tokyo Express making almost nightly bombardment runs from the Buin-Faisi region.

It was at this juncture, when the picture seemed darkest, that Admiral Nimitz and several members of his staff flew down to Noumea. Nimitz was worried about the situation, knowing full well that he could expect no immediate reinforcement from the Atlantic, as the North African invasion was just about to begin. He found Ghormley and his staff at wit's end, exhausted. Dan's brother, Captain Bill Callaghan, was in the admiral's party. He was Nimitz's logistics and transportation officer, and reported that Dan as well as Ghormley looked awfully tired and worn out. Yet Dan's never-failing consideration for his companions was quickly in evidence.

One of the senior officers on Ghormley's staff had been in ill health for some time. He was being retained only because of the critical need for a man of his talent and experience. In order to spare him, and to give him as much comfort as possible, Dan had insisted that he take his own comfortable bed every night, while Dan slept on a cot in the office adjoining his cabin. It was a small thing for Dan to make the sacrifice, but most indicative of his big-heartedness where his friends or anyone in need were concerned. There was also the story of the Marine colonel who came down from Guadalcanal looking for the "g—d—Navy and a Catholic chaplain." Dan Callaghan unruffled him, then told him he had all of the existing Navy at his back door. As for the Catholic chaplain, he'd get him that, and quick. And he did.

Nimitz, Bill Callaghan and a few others took a quick hop over to Guadalcanal to estimate the logistic problems and the general situation. Back at Pearl Harbor, in conference, it was decided to relieve Ghormley, but only after hand-picking his successor. Fortunately, the man of the moment was at hand. Bill Halsey had just arrived from the States, rested and refreshed after a spell of sickness. He was eager to get into action. When news of the cruiser skirmish off Cape Esperance on October 12 was brought in, indicating complete victory for Rear Admiral Norman Scott's forces, Nimitz had sent Bill Halsey down to Noumea with the instructions: "Bill,

I want you to take a look at things down yonder. You can give me your estimate of the situation on your return." But Halsey did not come back. For meanwhile Admiral Nimitz had decided that he was just the man to take Ghormley's place. He sent on a dispatch to the effect with his blessing. Halsey relieved Ghormley on the eighteenth of October.

Battered Glory

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi, et
nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago. *Aeneid*, V.

ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 18, 1942, universal joy broke out over Guadalcanal. News had just been released revealing the appointment of Vice Admiral Bill Halsey as the new naval commander for the South Pacific. To add to the jubilation, announcement was also made of the victory, the previous week, at Cape Esperance. There was an immediate lift in morale on all sides. Navy men, aware of the real situation, and of the brusque, aggressive spirit of Bill Halsey, felt the change was timely. They hoped it was not in vain.

To Dan Callaghan, of course, the replacement was a minor tragedy. He knew it would be interpreted by many as a minor criticism, at least, of his boss, Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley. Dan knew how unfair such a judgment would be. Despite the muttering and dissatisfaction of many of the Marines, Robert Ghormley had been guilty of no censurable act or omission. He was an extremely tired and sick man, who had been holding on to a precarious position with the slenderest of resources—"hanging on by his fingertips," as he himself has phrased it. It had been a nerve-racking, soul-punishing, thankless task.

There had been, of course, minor scrimmages of strategic and tactical thought, and not a few disagreements among the commanding officers. In particular, Kelly Turner had not always seen eye to eye with prescribed movements, and had said

so with his habitual candor and emphasis. But such difficulties were part of the game. The principal worry had been a lack of material and fighting forces. If the coming of Halsey meant that at last ships and men could be spared for this precarious assignment, then, and then only, was there any real hope for the United States forces in the Southwest Pacific.

The turning over of command was accomplished in short order. Halsey quickly persuaded Ghormley to leave his staff behind, at least, temporarily, to help with the tremendous turnover. Word was passed that Admiral Nimitz had a job for the retiring commanding officer on his board of strategy at Pearl Harbor, and the rumor pleased Dan immensely. He was likewise delighted when Admiral Ghormley, in bidding good-by to the men under his command, promised each of them a "breather at home" just as soon as he could get the Chief of Naval Operation's ear. For there was a general feeling of exhaustion among all these men.

Meanwhile, Dan found himself just twice as busy as before, trying to give his new boss a complete estimate of the situation, and aiding in the reorganization of the South Pacific command. He was of course a key figure in the new setup, having had immediate control of all the factors involved. Hence he was flattered when, the reorganization fairly well in hand, Admiral Halsey suggested that he take over a newly forming combat task group. It would be made up of virtually all the cruisers and destroyers then available, and would comprise the *San Francisco*, *Helena*, *Pensacola* and six or eight destroyers. It would be the nucleus of a force that would just have to stop the Japanese.

There was some momentary discussion as to where Dan should fly his flag. But everything pointed to the *San Francisco*. It was the largest and most powerful of the several ships available, and the one which would logically be chosen in keeping with the then current Navy rules regulating the location of a senior officer afloat. Besides the *Pensacola* already

had Rear Admiral Tisdale aboard. The *Helena* and *Juneau* were too light.

Against picking the *San Francisco* as flagship was the fact that she was not equipped with the most recent and best types of radar, whereas the *Helena*, *Juneau* and *Atlanta* were equipped in this respect. But Dan was not fully aware of the competence of radar, at the moment. Having served in a supervisory capacity on the South Pacific staff, he had been out of touch with the newer technical developments. Likewise his experience with earlier types of radar, while skipper of the *San Francisco*, had been somewhat disappointing. He had got much misinformation from his "bedsprings" at the beginning of the war, as a consequence of which he had been a victim of a number of false alarms.

Finally, there was an element of sentiment involved. Dan seemed to feel that he needed to be with friends again, at least for a while. And what better place could he find than his former command, where he was loved and honored? This, in addition to the fact that he knew the ship and the capabilities of her personnel, was the decisive factor. His selection had to be a quick one. On October 30, he received orders detaching him from Halsey's staff. That same day he flew down to Espiritu Santo.

Dan was back on board the *San Francisco* that evening, reforming his staff, happy to be at home once more. He had taken along the men who had been with him on Ghormley's staff in Auckland and Noumea: Jack Wintle, Duncan Cummings, L. M. LeHardy and Emmet O'Beirne. Aboard the *San Francisco* there were great comings and goings. They had just dispossessed Rear Admiral Norman Scott, who had taken over the *Atlanta*, and left to shell the Japanese off Point Cruz. Likewise they were awaiting the arrival of a new skipper, Cassin Young, decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery at Pearl Harbor, and a close friend of Dan's. He was to replace Charles F. "Sock" McMorris, who was moving

up for his admiral's stars, heading for a famous fight off the Aleutians.

The change-over to Halsey's staff at Noumea had been accompanied by hectic activity, both ashore on Guadalcanal and at sea. On the nights of October 23, 24, and 25, the Japanese had inaugurated strong land assaults on the island. These had been precipitated by the effective shelling of American positions, along with considerable reinforcement activities, via the Tokyo Express. On October 26, the carrier *Enterprise* was badly damaged, and that same day the United States Navy lost the carrier *Hornet*. The planes that caught the *Enterprise* were an advance echelon flown from four Japanese carriers, which were escorted by two enemy battleships. Our own planes finally turned back the enemy move at sea. But it left us with no effective carrier strength in the area. And the Marines on Guadalcanal were calling for help; for ammunition, reinforcements, and something to stop the terrific punishment they were taking from the Japanese naval forces. Halsey himself, on a quick inspection trip he had made down to the besieged island, had overheard the boys in the foxholes crying: "Where the h—'s our Navy?"

To counter this enemy activity, an American force of twenty-four submarines, originally ordered by Admiral Ghormley, was put into operation in the Solomons. Seven vital, cargo transports were on their way out from the States. A battleship force consisting of the *Washington* and *South Dakota*, under Rear Admiral Tom Kinkaid, was being put in readiness at Noumea.

United States scouting forces, meanwhile, brought word that the Japanese were preparing another major offensive. Flyers reported two carriers, four battleships, five heavy cruisers, and transports innumerable in the Rabaul-Buin area. Hence one of Halsey's first moves had been to dispatch Norman Scott, with his *Atlanta*, and several destroyers on a bombardment expedition off Point Cruz. He was anxious to demoralize the Japanese ground forces before their big push

could get into motion. This Scott accomplished on October 30, overlaying the place with heavy ammunition continuously for almost eight hours. Next morning the Fifth Marines struck across the Matanikau River, reaching Point Cruz on November third. The Japanese, however, had managed to land over 1,500 men and some artillery, by way of a diversionary expedition, to the east of Koli Point.

As Dan Callaghan's first assignment, the *San Francisco*, *Helena*, and *Sterett* were sent north to bombard this new Japanese force. On November 4, Dan brought his heavy guns to bear, setting fires and destroying stores and ammunition. He then retired to Espiritu Santo, where new orders were awaiting him. A large-scale reinforcement of Guadalcanal was being organized, with the aid of which, it was hoped, the Marines would be able to beat the Japanese offensive to the punch.

At Noumea, Rear Admiral Kelly Turner had been working feverishly on the plans for this reinforcement. He had four of the seven cargo ships with him at his base; the *McCawley*, which he used as his own flagship, the *Crescent City*, *President Adams*, and the *President Jackson*. For protection he had assembled the cruisers *Portland* and *Juneau*, and four destroyers, *Barton*, *Monssen*, *O'Bannon*, and *Shaw*.

Under Dan Callaghan at Espiritu Santo there were now three cruisers; the *San Francisco*, *Pensacola*, and *Helena*, together with six destroyers, the *Buchanan*, *Cushing*, *Gwin*, *Laffey*, *Preston* and *Sterett*. Admiral Halsey had given instructions that this force was to be used as a striking group, should occasion require it. Likewise at Espiritu Santo there was being formed a second supply group under Rear Admiral Norman Scott, containing the cargo vessels *Betelgeuse*, *Libra* and *Zeilin*, to be escorted by the cruiser *Atlanta*, and the destroyers *Aaron Ward*, *Fletcher*, *Lardner* and *McCalla*.

In all, Admiral Turner planned to put some six thousand men ashore at Guadalcanal, along with a considerable amount of aviation, engineering and operational material, and the

all important ammunition and food. In handing over the twenty combatant units as coverage for the cargo ships, Admiral Halsey had instructed Turner to be ready to employ this force to seek out and destroy such enemy surface units as might be found in the Guadalcanal area.

On Sunday, November 8, the Noumea group under Kelly Turner set sail. Admiral Scott's section of the *Espiritu Santo* group left on Monday, November 9, passing north of San Cristobal Island to avoid submarines or possible aerial detection. It was spotted, however, by a Japanese scouting plane on Tuesday morning.

Since his return to *Espiritu Santo*, Dan Callaghan had been busy refueling and rearming his combat unit. Sunday, he managed to get to Mass, then spent the day carefully going over Turner's orders and dispatches, and studying the channels, soundings and lay of land and sea around "Iron Bottom Bay." Finally, at 5:00 A.M., on Tuesday morning, November 10, he ordered his task group to weigh anchor and prepare to leave *Espiritu Santo*. Dan had had a sound night's sleep. He felt rested, almost at ease, aware again of the steady swish of water under his keel. The uncertainty of the immediate future bothered him, but he appeared on the bridge calm and unperturbed, smoking an endless chain of cigarettes. The task force steamed along at a fast clip, on the alert all day long. About 5:00 P.M. orders came in from Noumea, recalling the cruiser *Pensacola* and the *Gwin* and *Preston*, to be held in readiness as reinforcement for Admiral Kinkaid's battleships, which were preparing to leave base quarters in a day or two. Dan was not very happy at losing so formidable a part of his small group. But he pushed on resolutely for the rendezvous with Kelly Turner, the next day. They were scheduled to meet near the eastern end of San Cristobal Island at 5:00 A.M., on Wednesday.

It was there arranged that the transports and four destroyers should steam on ahead of the main fighting force by some twenty miles. Reassuring word had been received that Nor-

man Scott had reached his objective undisturbed, and was unloading his four transports off Lunga Point.

Meanwhile, the Japanese had not been asleep. By the afternoon of Monday, November 9, there was no longer any doubt that the enemy was about to set in motion a vast amphibious offensive. In Kelly Turner's considered judgment, the Japanese planned to use two to four carriers, possibly two to four fast battleships, as well as cruisers and destroyers to the north of Guadalcanal. In readiness to operate eastward from Buin, they likewise had two heavy cruisers, two to four light cruisers, and twelve to sixteen destroyers, along with sixteen or eighteen transports.

It was anticipated that land-based planes would start bombarding Guadalcanal on Tuesday, and that the airfield would probably be bombarded by naval surface craft on Wednesday night. A further naval bombardment followed by landings was expected for Thursday night. Hence it was essential that American reinforcements be unloaded by Thursday evening. Kelly Turner was most emphatic in his instructions to this effect. As it turned out, Turner's estimates proved correct, except that he was a full day ahead of the Japanese schedule.

Meanwhile it was hoped that if our cargo ships could be emptied and removed from Guadalcanal by Thursday night, the fighting strength—cruisers and destroyers—relieved of protective duties, might possibly manage to turn back the enemy's initial onslaught, cost what it might. This would give our planes and the two battleships under Admiral Tom Kinkaid an opportunity to dash in from Noumea and destroy or cripple the main Japanese surface force. But Kelly Turner was extremely concerned over the Japanese carrier strength. Hence he had assigned strong antiaircraft protection—the specially equipped cruisers *Helena* and *Juneau*—to Dan's task group. Hence, likewise, his urgent request, which was not honored by Halsey's staff—the admiral himself was returning from an on-the-spot check—that Kinkaid's task force be brought up from Noumea a day or so earlier.

Admiral Scott had reached Guadalcanal at 5:30 A.M., Wednesday, and had begun unloading immediately. It was a clear day with the cloud ceiling well over 10,000 feet. Japanese air attacks twice caused him to suspend unloading operations. They also damaged the *Zeilin*, and caused considerable loss of personnel on the *Betelgeuse* and *Libra*. Around noon, another flight of Japanese light and heavy bombers came in at 27,000 feet, but they confined their destructive activities to the airfields. Their approach, however, again interrupted the unloading, which was afterwards prosecuted with renewed vigor.

Meanwhile, as the sun waned on Wednesday evening, November 11, the combined task force under Kelly Turner and Dan Callaghan approached Guadalcanal on schedule. Entering Indispensable Strait, they were suddenly joined by Norman Scott who had withdrawn his forces from their advanced position at dusk. Air reconnaissance from Guadalcanal had reported the sea approaches as "clear of the enemy." But the report was not considered conclusive. Dan Callaghan, reinforced by Norman Scott's combatant ships, proceeded at high speed far in advance of the lumbering transports into Sealark Channel, off the American-held coast of Guadalcanal, entering Savo Sound at 11:30 P.M. Dan made two thorough sweeps east and west of Savo Island. Nothing was found. The entire fighting group then remained in the sound, slowly cruising back towards Kelly Turner's transports as they appeared at dawn on Thursday.

At 5:30 that morning, Admiral Turner anchored his four transports off Kukum Beach, with the cargo carriers *Betelgeuse* and *Libra* two miles east of Lunga Point. The *Zeilin* had been sent back to Espiritu Santo for repairs. The cruisers *San Francisco*, *Portland*, and *Helena* lay in a semicircle, three thousand yards out from the anchorage. Around them were assembled the *Atlanta*, *Juneau*, eleven destroyers, and two mine-sweepers, at 6,000 yards. Orders were given that this semicircular screen was to close to 1,100 yards if an air

attack eventuated, and the transports had to get under weigh. Unloading was continued with undiminished efficiency.

Someone reported a "sub" contact off Lunga Point. Dan was about to dispatch a destroyer to investigate when at 7:18 A.M., a Japanese shore battery opened fire with six-inch shells at the *Betelgeuse* and *Libra*. Dan hurried the *Helena*, *Barton* and *Shaw* over to silence it. Later he dispatched the *Barton* and *Shaw* to bombard enemy installations further to the west. At 10:10 that same morning, twelve of our aircraft, coming in low from Espiritu Santo, were fired upon by our own forces. Fortunately the incident was without serious consequence. But it did not add to the peace of mind of the higher command.

At 1:17 P.M., Kelly Turner was handed a dispatch from Guadalcanal, stating that a flight of enemy bombers had just been sighted over Tonolei, heading southeast, Guadalcanalward. They could reach the island by 1:30 P.M. Orders were immediately issued suspending unloading operations. A double column of cargo ships was formed, while Dan tightened the combatant screen, as previously arranged. He set the course of the whole group at 340 degrees true, in the general direction of Savo Island.

Shore radar picked up the planes. It scheduled their arrival for 2:15. But at 2:05 some twenty-five bombers appeared on the horizon headed directly for the transport anchorage. These twin-engine "Bettys" skimmed in a long line abreast, so close to the water as to appear to dip occasionally below the horizon. As they drew near, Dan Callaghan ordered his screening ships to the north and east to open fire. This they did with devastating effect.

Several enemy planes immediately broke up in the air. The survivors separated into two groups, one swerving across the bows of our ships, the other trailing westward along the Guadalcanal coast. Immediately our land-based planes swooped down like hawks upon the latter, driving them, one after the other, aflame into the sea.

Of these, however, one bomber managed to drop its torpedo on the starboard side of the *McCawley*. The plane was immediately set on fire by that ship's guns. But the pilot was after blood. He headed for a crash on the *San Francisco*. Though running parallel with her, he succeeded in turning into Battle Station II, catching the ship's after-control structure with one wing. The plane then sideswiped, and fell like a crippled bird into the sea. But several fires immediately broke out on board. In an instant, thirty lives were taken. A number of men were badly burned and wounded, among them, Marc Crouter, the executive officer of the ship. The antiaircraft director and the FC radar were put out of commission, and several smaller gun mounts demolished.

During this action, the *San Francisco* had been steaming at fourteen knots, 1,000 yards ahead of its division, on an axis with the transports. Her skipper, Cassin Young, was forced to maneuver radically to avoid airborne torpedoes, and to enable his own main antiaircraft batteries to fire at the torpedo planes.

Above, on the flag bridge, almost simultaneously with the crash, Dan was handed a report of a submarine seen on the surface, in the vicinity of Cape Esperance. His attention centered on the over-all activity, he immediately sent the *Shaw* to the scene. By the time the air action was over, one Japanese bomber was all that could be seen tailing off to the north. Dan gave the cease-fire order, then hurriedly checked to find out what other damage might have been inflicted on his fighting squadron. He was greatly relieved to hear that there were no other casualties. By 3:00 P.M. the Guadalcanal radio reported all clear, just as the *Shaw* returned to announce that it had destroyed the submarine on the surface by gunfire.

On board the *San Francisco* an attempt was made to clear away the damage. Dan had hardly time to take cognizance of the disaster. But he offered hurried sympathies to the wounded and survivors, advised Cassin Young to transfer the disabled to one of the cargo ships, and was back at his post, con-

ning reports and scout-advisements. Meanwhile, the wounded were removed from the *San Francisco*—all but Marc Crouter, who refused to leave his post.

Kelly Turner, Dan and Norman Scott now held a conference over the loud-speaker system. During the afternoon, they had been estimating Japanese activity, attempting to prognosticate the enemy's next move. They were advised that strong enemy surface craft were bearing down on Guadalcanal, and were close enough to arrive during the night. Three separate groups had been sighted. At 10:35 A.M., that morning, two Japanese battleships, one light cruiser, and six destroyers had been discovered due north on the northwest tip of Malaita Island at a distance of 335 miles. This proved to be the *Hiei* group, comprising, besides the flagship, a companion battleship, the *Kirishima*, together with the light cruiser *Nagara*, and the destroyers *Amatsukaze*, *Yurisukaze*, *Terusuki*, *Akatsuki*, *Inazuma*, and the *Ikazuki*—Battleship Division 11, and Destroyer Squadron 10, under command of Admiral Heroaki Abe. This group was operating as the Second Japanese Fleet out of Truk. American reconnaissance had also reported the two battleships as possibly heavy cruisers.

Five more Japanese destroyers were sighted at 10:45 that same morning, due north of Santa Isabel Island, about 195 miles from Guadalcanal. The scouting was accurate, for this proved to be Destroyer Squadron 4, including the *Asagumo* (flagship), *Murasame*, *Samidare*, *Udachi*, and *Harusame*, with Rear Admiral Tamotsu Takama in flag position. Finally, at 2:50 P.M., two small carriers and two destroyers were seen about 150 miles way, just south of New Georgia Island.

As no Japanese transports had been discovered on the way, it was decided that the enemy's intent was to attack our transports that night in Indispensable Strait, or else to bombard Henderson Field. Since the enemy likewise had considerable fighting strength at Buin (the task groups so far sighted were evidently coming from Truk), it was felt that additional

cruisers and destroyers were probably also on their way to the Guadalcanal area.

To meet this gathering armada, Admiral Turner now had at his disposal two heavy cruisers, one light cruiser, two anti-aircraft cruisers, eleven destroyers, and the transports that comprised Task Force 67. In conference, he decided to give Dan Callaghan all the cruisers and eight destroyers (Task Group 67.4). Turner himself now took the three remaining destroyers and two mine-sweepers then in the area as a protective screen for the transports. In view of the enemy's approach in force, the admiral decided to withdraw all his vessels, together with the noncombatant ships, down into the open sea. He planned to have Dan re-enter Indispensable Strait, and sweep around Savo Sound, seeking out the approaching Japanese with the hope of striking them suddenly and inflicting as much damage as possible. Meanwhile, he had been informed that Tom Kinkaid with Task Force 16 (the carrier *Enterprise*, the battleships *Washington* and *South Dakota*, two cruisers and eight destroyers) was steaming north to be in fly-off position south of Guadalcanal on the morning of November 13.

Kelly Turner's decision was a tough one for any task force commander to have to make. He was tempted at first to move his flag to the *Helena*, and take charge himself of the combatant vessels. But on reflection he abandoned that idea. His responsibility was for the over-all situation—the replenishing of Guadalcanal. Besides, Halsey had practically handpicked Dan Callaghan for this assignment.

At five o'clock that afternoon, by bridge dispatch, Kelly Turner and Dan Callaghan (Zeke and Tod) made arrangements for the subsequent action. Because of the precarious waters and the narrowness of the channels, Dan decided to line his group in battle disposition "Baker One", with four destroyers in the van, the five cruisers and four destroyers astern. He felt he would thus have sufficient destroyer protection from whatever angle he might meet the enemy. Kelly

Turner did not quite agree with the disposition, but he withheld comment on considering Dan's problem, which was twofold: to avoid water hazards; and likewise to provide against identity-confusion in battle, with the consequent danger of firing on one's own ships. Sound cruiser-scouting tactics, as Dan well knew, prescribed the use of destroyers on flanks in the van, where they might dash in for a torpedo attack, while the cruisers drew fire from the approaching enemy heavies. But he had to get his vessels in and out of narrow Lengo Channel. He had no idea where he might meet the enemy's forces. With destroyers fore and aft of his battleline, he felt he had some immediate offensive force, no matter at what angle initial contact might be made.

It was decided then that the whole task force should up-anchor at 6:16 P.M., the transport group heading directly westward, by way of Lengo Channel. At the same time, Dan and Norman Scott steamed out along the further rim through Sealark Channel, sweeping that expanse thoroughly before Kelly Turner's arrival with the transports.

The two groups met at about 11:00 P.M. in Indispensable Strait. Dan hailed Kelly Turner for a final word. He wanted to know whether the admiral was fully aware of the fact that the enemy had three separate groups coming down. Yes, the task force commander assured him, he was aware of that fact. But it was essential that the Japanese forces be intercepted to give the *Washington* and *South Dakota*, together with the air force, a chance to come up. Dan was satisfied. Kelly Turner understood the full extent of the risk he was taking. His final request was for a pilot; there was none available. With that, Admiral Kelly Turner set his course for Espiritu Santo, grave misgivings rising in his heart. It was close to midnight, Thursday. Friday would be the thirteenth of November.

On the bridge of the *San Francisco*, Admiral Daniel Judson Callaghan stood resolute. His last few hours of information sifting and meditation had given him a fairly accurate picture of a situation that was loaded with the worst possibil-

ities. Three separate Japanese fighting forces were headed for Guadalcanal. Dan's duty was to challenge and defeat them. He knew full well that this was a moment toward which his training, his career, his whole life as a naval officer had been pointed.

As Kelly Turner's transports headed slowly out into the open sea, Dan Callaghan gave orders for a complete reversal of course. He watched with anxious pride the dexterous maneuver of his battleline, as cruisers and destroyers deployed, coming around half-circle, and, slowly upping speed, proceeded toward Lengo Channel. Peering fore and aft, Dan could only faintly discern the full sweep of his magnificent ships of war. They were out in single file, led by the destroyer *Cushing*, followed by the *Laffey*, *Sterett*, and *O'Bannon*, then the cruiser *Atlanta* and his own *San Francisco*, then the *Portland*, *Helena*, *Juneau*, and then more destroyers the *Aaron Ward*, *Barton*, *Monssen*, and *Fletcher*. Dan had close friends on all these vessels, knew their wives and families; Captain DuBose on the *Portland*, Lyman Swensen on the *Juneau*, Frank Lowe, Murray Stokes, Gilbert Hoover, Sam Jenkins, and a whole host of skippers, officers and men. He felt a great responsibility for all the men under his command, whom he was about to lead into one of the most dangerous situations ever faced by units of the United States Navy.

Dan now set the distance to be maintained between destroyers at 500 yards; between cruisers and destroyer divisions between 700 and 800 yards. Signals were to be given over the superfrequency radio (TBS). At the stroke of midnight, Friday, November 13, Dan's vessels were running at eighteen knots for a search of the Savo Island area. The moon had set. The sky was overcast. A slight breeze—about nine to ten knots—was blowing from south-southeast.

At 12:30 A.M., the *O'Bannon* thought it detected a torpedo wake, but as the report was uncertain Dan ignored the distraction. At 1:00 A.M., the same ship reported a bright light on the port bow, apparently from the Japanese-held sec-

tion of Guadalcanal. On the *San Francisco*, Dan's attention was then drawn to two lights coming from the same direction, the eastern light sending long flashes. Someone on the bridge told him that this same phenomenon has been observed on the night of October 11-12, just before the battle of Cape Esperance. Next a red air-raid warning signal ("Planes overhead") was received from the Guadalcanal control. But dark silence still prevailed. Peering straight ahead, Dan kept his narrow line plowing toward Savo Sound.

Near Lunga Point, while running almost parallel to the shoreline, at 1:24 A.M., the *Helena's* radar picked up three distinct groups of enemy vessels off the port bow, the first bearing almost dead ahead at some thirteen to fifteen miles. This information was immediately referred to the task force commander. But for some inexplicable reason, the transmission took six minutes. Meanwhile, Dan had shifted course, swinging approximately 134 degrees to starboard, but continuing speed at twenty knots. Other radar contacts enabled Dan's plotting officer to point out at least three separate enemy groups closing the American column, one apparently directly ahead, and two on the left to port. The course was again changed back to 310 degrees, to steam directly for the largest segment of the enemy.

Meanwhile, a Japanese bombardment force, in three separate units, had skirted the southeastern tip of Santa Isabel Island, and was entering the sound between Savo and Guadalcanal islands. Three destroyers were detached on picket duty, and remained just outside the channel until the battle began. The main enemy vessels passed through the channel, south of Savo. Armed chiefly with bombardment ammunition instead of armor-piercing shells, the Japanese commander had no immediate inkling of the American's approach.

Peering intently into the darkness ahead, as he rushed head-on for the enemy, Dan's intention was to run straight through the enemy formation, giving them all he had, then to get seaward of them, out in maneuverable waters off the northwest

coast of Savo, and attempt to pit speed, target angle, range and rapidity of fire against bulk and force. Dan felt he was facing an armada of cruisers and at least one battleship. It was to be a touch-and-go affair, depending in good part upon surprise, luck and prayer. But it was in keeping with the highest traditions of American naval action. It was one chance in a hundred thousand for putting into effect years of study, plotting, playing with naval strategy, and tactics.

The idea of turning back scarcely entered Dan's head. Even if it had, he could hardly have done so. To the east lay Sealark and Lengo channels, both too dangerous in which to manipulate ships during a battle action. On the south he was much too close to Guadalcanal. But the very idea was foreign to the man's make-up and way of thinking. Fully conscious of the terrible risk to himself and to the thousands of men under him, he was still more aware of his duty as a naval officer, and the tremendous confidence placed in him by his own immediate superiors and the American people. So with a quickly whispered prayer, he pushed forward at full speed, hoping to get in so close to the enemy before being discovered that he would be through the enemy lines with his devastating fire before the Japanese had a chance to lower the elevation of their guns.

It was now 1:40 A.M. The *O'Bannon* relayed another radar contact, again reporting "three groups rapidly closing our column." One group far on the port side was at a distance of some six miles; a second almost abeam on the port side, between four and five miles away; and a third group, bearing 42 degrees, distant some three and a half miles, and containing three or more units. To Dan, quickly reckoning on the previous day's scouting reports, it seemed that the left-hand group must consist of two heavy cruisers; the center, at least one battleship and a cruiser or two; and the right-hand group, a Natori-class light cruiser and several destroyers.

In reality, on the far left were two destroyers (the *Yudachi* and *Harusame*), close to the shore near Tassafaronga. Di-

rectly in his van, was the main Japanese force with two battleships, the cruiser *Nagara* and six destroyers. Aft of this group, to the left, were three more destroyers. The Japanese admiral was on the alert for possible trouble, but had little fear that he would run into organized opposition.

On the flag bridge of the *San Francisco*, Dan Callaghan stood apparently unperturbed. Through his mind was running one main thought: 'We want the big ones!' At that moment—it was 1:41 A.M.—the TBS (talk-between-ships) opened. Captain Gil Hoover on the *Helena* had sighted the enemy.

"To Tod (Dan) from Teddy," crackled the loud-speaker. "Four ships in line in cruising formation—range, 3,400."

Immediately a chorus of voices hurried in.

"To Tod from One Zero (Commander Parker on the *Cushing*): Ships ahead on port bow at 4,000 yards."

"To Tod from Teddy (Hoover on the *Helena*): Ten targets in all."

Cushing: "Shall I fire torpedoes at them?"

Dan took a quick glance at his watch. It was 1:42 A.M. "Go ahead," he shouted.

At the same second, the skipper on the *Helena* asked: "How about the targets to port?"

"Affirmative," ordered Dan. He was now tense, straining every muscle, scanning the horizon all about him. It was 1:43 A.M. Dan broke the momentary silence.

"Tod to Tod's boys: Enemy to port and on starboard bow. Stand by to open fire."

With that a hubbub burst forth over the TBS. One group of the enemy was by now on top of the American van. Queries and reports from all sides were jumbled into the speaking system.

The *Cushing*, upon receiving permission from Dan, had changed her course to the north, but did not fire her torpedoes, as she discovered her destroyer target falling back on the main enemy body. Reporting this, she was immediately ordered back into line. But the shift disorganized the Ameri-

can column. The *Atlanta* was forced to swerve suddenly, to avoid the *O'Bannon*, which in turn was making rudder changes to avoid the *Sterett*. Dan could see the faltering, sharp turning of the *Atlanta*, 500 yards ahead. He called out nervously: "Tod to Rip (Sam Jenkins on the *Atlanta*): What are you doing?"

"To Tod from Rip: Trying to avoid our destroyer."

Dan shifted his query. "To One Zero (*Cushing*) from Tod: What have you got now? Have you come back on course?"

"To Tod from One Zero: Coming back."

It was 1:45 A.M. At that second, Captain Swenson on the *Juneau* reported: "To Tod from Jim (*Juneau*): Two ships starboard; a number to port." But Dan's attention was still on the *Atlanta*. He was in mortal fear that his column would get disorganized.

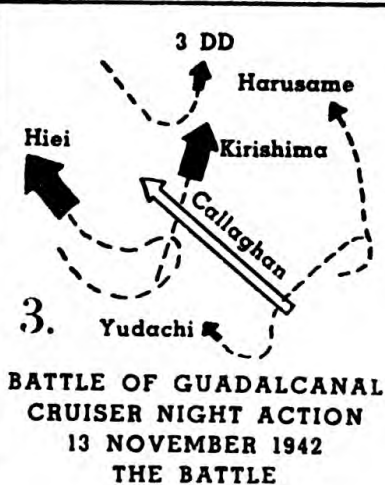
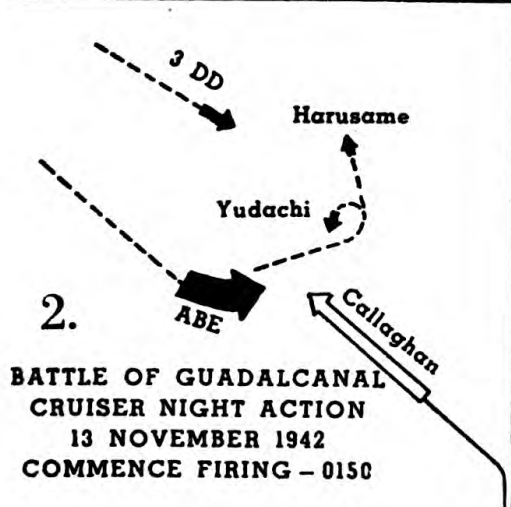
"From Tod to Rip (*Atlanta*)," he ordered, "Come back on course. Our whole column is being thrown into disorder."

At this point the Japanese commander became aware of something strange in the vicinity. He ordered a momentary flashing of recognition signals—red over white over green, then blazed out with searchlights, port and starboard, illuminating the American column from left to right.

It was the moment for which Dan had been waiting. Cooly, he commanded: "Tod to Tod's boys: Odd ships fire to starboard, even to port!" There was a simultaneous crash as both sides opened fire. A free-for-all now began—it has been aptly described as more like a barroom brawl—with little attempt at maneuver or coordination on either side, though Dan had made heroic efforts to keep his force in line.

The *San Francisco* had immediately let go with seven salvos from her nine 8-inch guns. Her gunfire appeared to be most effective, for her gunnery officers, Commander W. W. Wilbourne and James Cone, bracketed one of the enemy illuminating ships on the starboard side, several hits apparently

The Naval Battle of Guadalcanal



setting him on fire from stem to stern. * The target was probably the *Yudachi*, at 3,700 yards on the *San Francisco*'s beam. As the enemy ship passed astern of the *San Francisco*, it was brought under fire by succeeding ships in the American line, including the *Portland* and *Juneau*. The flagship then concentrated fire on a second target with her five-inch battery. This target was a light cruiser, or flotilla-leader destroyer, which had been guarding the flank of the heavy ship ahead. Within a minute the first ship seemed to blow up. *

The two searchlights snapped on by the enemy at the beginning of the action had been immediately shot out. Meanwhile, two Recco, enemy cruiser planes overhead, were given a rough time of it by the anti-aircraft missiles from the *Atlanta* and the *Juneau*. Meanwhile, too, the *Cushing* in the United States destroyer van had opened fire on an enemy destroyer also to starboard, at about 2,500 yards. This ship appeared heavily hit, but immediately returned the fire. The *Atlanta*, and the *Laffey*, *O'Bannon*, *Helena*, *Barton* and *Fletcher* had immediately turned their attention to the illuminating vessels on the port side. This enemy task group had come in behind the main force, and consisted of three heavy destroyers (*Asagumo*, *Murasame*, and *Samidare*.) The *Atlanta* and *Juneau* concentrated on a ship almost parallel with them. The *Helena*, *Barton* and *Fletcher* blasted at another vessel, apparently a light cruiser, some 4,000 yards off the port side of the *Helena*'s main battery. Both enemy vessels appeared to burst into fire. But before leaving the action, one of them managed to place two hits aboard the *Helena*, and some thirteen 5.5-inch, as well as 3-inch hits on the *Atlanta*, mostly on the bridge section.

The illuminating ship to port on which the *O'Bannon* and

* The only plausible explanation for the claims of gunnery officers to have set on fire or sunk these enemy vessels seems to be the fact that after our salvos appeared to have bracketed an enemy vessel, it would open up with all guns firing, thus giving the appearance of being on fire. When it ceased firing, it was considered to have sunk.

Aaron Ward had opened fire was a *Kongo*-class battleship, later identified as the *Hiei*. Immediately after the battle opened at 1:46 A.M., this ship had turned directly into the melee, heading in a northeasterly direction, then swinging due north and crossing between two vessels in our destroyer van. Its companion battlegroup, the *Kirishima*, also swung due north. With all its guns firing, it steamed completely out of action, then turned and lobbed 14-inch shells indiscriminately into the fracas.

The *San Francisco*, still heading in a northerly direction, took the *Hiei* under fire two or three minutes after the action began. Range was about 2,200 yards. Several hits were scored at the waterline with two salvos. The battleship was seen to be under fire from our van (presumably from the *O'Bannon*) and was burning intensely at the mast. The *Cushing* was about 1,000 yards to starboard of the *Hiei*, and saw her repeatedly hit by ships astern. She now opened fire with her 20-millimeter guns, and sped one torpedo from number two mount, with unobserved results.

The *Hiei* continued on its course, however, and bore down on our second destroyer, the *Laffey*. Only by speeding did the *Laffey* manage to cross the enemy's bow with a few feet to spare. Two torpedoes were launched, but the range was so short that there was not time enough for them to arm. The *Laffey* then shelled the battleship's bridge with all the guns she could bring to bear, damaging it severely before she was silenced by a return heavy-caliber salvo which smashed her own bridge, as well as number two turret, the after fireroom and the electrical workshop.

At 1:52 A.M., the *Portland's* second salvo landed square on a *Hibiki* destroyer which the observers thought had immediately disintegrated. At the same time, enemy ships—probably the destroyers that had crossed ahead of the *Cushing* and *Atlanta*—began firing torpedoes, one of which struck the already damaged *Laffey*. At 1:53, the *O'Bannon* turned hard right to avoid ramming the *Sterett*, which had stopped be-

cause of a hit on the port quarter that had jammed her steering apparatus. The *O'Bannon* then circled left to join the column astern of the *Laffey*, while continuing to fire on the *Hiei*. This battleship had apparently doubled back to the left, after passing through our column behind the *Laffey*, so that she was bearing down on the *Cushing's* starboard quarter on a westerly course.

The battle was now raging with full fury. The *Atlanta* had been hit a number of times, then took two torpedoes on the port side, losing all power except the auxiliary diesels, and her rudder was jammed to left. The ship began to circle back toward the south. Meanwhile the *San Francisco* shifted fire from her second stricken enemy ship "to a small cruiser or large destroyer farther ahead on the starboard bow. This vessel was hit with two full main battery salvos and set afire throughout her length." The range was 3,300 yards.

At about this time, a large cruiser had come up on the *Atlanta's* port quarter, opening fire at a range of about 3,500 yards, and scoring some nineteen 8-inch hits. The shells were loaded with green dye, the *San Francisco's* color *. As the first salvo hit, Captain S. J. Jenkins, on the *Atlanta*, rushed to the port side to get off torpedoes. When he returned, Admiral Scott and three staff officers had been killed. The foremast collapsed. Fires were blazing. The *Atlanta* was dead in the water.

At 1:54 A.M. Dan, aboard the *San Francisco*, ordered all ships to take a course due north. The *Portland* asked for authentication, which was immediately given, along with the order "Cease firing! Our ships!" Dan was worried about the *Atlanta*. The *O'Bannon*, *Portland*, *Helena*, and *Fletcher* immediately obeyed the task force commander's order, but because of the confusion the word did not get through to all ships.

* It must be remembered, however, that the Japanese also used green dye-loaded shells; hence the *Atlanta's* assailant could possibly have been an enemy vessel.

During the lull that accompanied Dan's order to cease fire, the *San Francisco* changed course eastward; there is no record of the change in the log. However, at 1:56 A.M. Dan again opened on the TBS.

[1:56 A.M.]

Tod to Tod's boys: "Stand by to commence firing again together when ordered."

To Tod from 99 (*Sterett*): "Where is enemy?"

Tod to Tod's boys: "Enemy on all sides; battleship on starboard bow, destroyers all around him and other cruisers."

Tod to Tod's boys: "Take place in column astern, *all ships*."

[1:58 A.M.]

To Tod from Cy (*Portland*): "Give us true bearing of battleship. This is Cy."

To Cy from Tod: "Wait."

[1:59 A.M.]

To Tod from Cy: "Cy is ready. It's on my starboard beam."

To Cy from Tod: "Give her hell."

With that the *Hiei* was illuminated from the *San Francisco* and smothered with fire. The battleship passed on the starboard bow of the *Cushing*, on a target angle of about 020 degrees, inside a range of 1,000 yards. It was being hit repeatedly by ships astern.

The *Helena*, meanwhile, had picked up another target. At 1:58 A.M., it called.

To Tod from Teddy (*Helena*): "Four ships in column bearing 060 true."

From Tod: "Who is this?"

To Tod: "This is Teddy."

To Teddy from Tod: "What is distance?"

From Teddy to Tod: "Wait."

The *Sterett* then broke in, asking for recognition light to

get its bearing, as it had a jammed rudder. Dan ordered the *O'Bannon* to turn on its lights for a second. He then called the *Portland*.

[2:01 A.M.]

To Cy (*Portland*) from Tod: "Do you have the battleship? If so, commence firing!"

To Tod from Teddy (*Helena*): "Does that apply to us about opening fire when we have target?"

To Teddy from Tod: "Advise type first. *We want the big ones.*"

To Teddy from Tod: "Affirmative on last request."

The *O'Bannon* was now in the lead of our scattered column, since both the *Cushing* and *Laffey* had disappeared to starboard. She was on a course 280 degrees north, about 1,800 yard from the *Hiei*, coming up on the battleship's starboard quarter. The *O'Bannon's* radar showed that the three nearby enemy groups had become intermingled, while the two sections of a fourth group were respectively 8,000 and 12,500 yards away. Light enemy units to starboard appeared to be drawing ahead.

Our formation now ceased to function as a force. Each ship became an independent entity faced with the problem of not firing on friendly vessels. Before the *O'Bannon* closed to within 1,200 yards of the *Hiei* she fired three torpedoes, then sheered off north to avoid having her course converge with the battleship's. The *Aaron Ward*, coming up in the destroyer's rear, thought she observed a large enemy ship roll over and sink. But there is no record of the loss on any such Japanese vessel. By this time, too, the *Juneau* had received torpedo hits. The *Portland* had been struck close by the inboard screws, the explosion bending out the shell plating on the starboard side, fouling the rudder. The ship began to circle, and it was found impossible to counteract this movement.

At the moment that Dan had instructed the *Helena* to "get the big ones," the *San Francisco* again had the *Hiei* on

her starboard bow, steaming along on practically the same heading as the battleship. On the *San Francisco's* starboard quarter, however, was an enemy cruiser which was getting the range. A Japanese destroyer which had cut across the bow (probably the *Harusame*) was passing down the port side with all guns blazing. Hence Dan summoned the *Portland* to his aid.

At 2:00 A.M., he called again on the TBS.

From Tod to Cy (*Portland*): "Do you have the battleship?"

The *Portland*, completing its first circle to starboard, fired four main battery salvos at a range of 4,000 yards, making ten to fourteen hits. The *San Francisco* at the same time let go with all she had. But the next second Dan's flagship was struck by the enemy cruiser's second salvo. The *Hiei's* third salvo likewise smashed into her bridge. The explosion killed Dan Callaghan outright, together with three of his staff officers, and injured a fourth. It mortally wounded Captain Cassin Young. The next salvo caught the executive officer, Marc Crouter, in his cabin, killing him. It was just 2:02 A.M. Dan Callaghan never knew what happened. He died as he would have wanted to die; the guns of his flagship blazing; the enemy making way before him; his faith supreme in the courage and endurance of his men.

The *San Francisco* continued to blaze away at the battleship, as long as her main battery would bear. But the *Hiei* had the range, and systematically raked the American cruiser. Just before she was completely silenced, however, the *San Francisco's* secondary battery set off the depth charges on the stern of the destroyer close in.

Meanwhile, the *Helena* got the range on the cruiser firing on the *San Francisco* from the left. It opened on this vessel with its main battery, apparently silencing it after 125 rounds. By this time, too, the rear squadron of American destroyers had come up. The *Aaron Ward*, *Monssen*, and *Fletcher* each let go at the battleship with a brace of torpedoes, but each was in turn subjected to a terrific going over by enemy fire.

By 2:12 A.M., the *Helena* had been unable for some minutes to raise the task force commander on the TBS. She then tried to reassemble our scattered units. But by now, after a quarter of an hour of heavy fighting, our group was in very poor shape. The *Cushing* had received nineteen to twenty hits from the battleship and destroyers. It lay helpless. The *Laffey* had sunk. The *Sterett* had just been hit in the foremast. It was virtually out of control. The *O'Bannon* was slightly damaged. The *Atlanta* was burning. The *Portland* and *San Francisco* were badly holed. The *Helena* itself had suffered minor injury. There was a mere remnant of a battle, with the enemy in full retreat.

On board the *San Francisco* great confusion reigned. It had received fifteen major-caliber hits, as well as numerous others, and twenty-five separate fires were burning. What had saved her from complete destruction, of course, was the enemy's use of bombardment ammunition. She was still in between two Japanese columns, but they seemed to be shooting at each other. The officer of the deck, Lieutenant Commander Bruce McCandless, who had been knocked out by the first cruiser salvo, was now conning the ship, while Lieutenant Commander Shonland, the senior officer aboard, continued to fight the fires below. McCandless decided to make his escape around Cape Esperance, in the hope of finishing out the task force commander's original maneuver. But as he continued in a westerly direction, a large vessel (most probably the *Kirishima*) opened fire at him. He circled to the eastward, astern of the enemy forces. This was the procedure followed by our remaining ships.

At 2:26 A.M., the *Helena* ordered all ships to form on her, and take an easterly course. By 2:30, the *Cushing* was abandoning ship. The *Portland*, still turning in tight circles at high speed, asked for a tow. But the *Helena* did not consider this a safe thing to do because of the fear of torpedoes. At 2:35, the *Helena* instructed all ships to turn on their fighting lights briefly. Five minutes later she located the *San Francisco*,

although the latter was unable to show lights since they had all been shot away. News of the admiral's death was signaled by flashlight. The *Fletcher* joined, and the three ships stood out Sealark Channel. Later they fell in with the *Juneau* in Indispensable Strait. The *O'Bannon* and *Sterett* had retired through Lengo Channel.

When the firing ceased, the *Portland* observed a number of ships apparently burning, only three of which were ours: the *Atlanta*, *Cushing*, and *Monssen*. At daybreak, she could see the *Hiei* steaming slowly in circles northwest of Savo Island, with a destroyer nearby. At 12,000 yards south of Savo, lay the Japanese destroyer *Yudachi*, with two small boats aside. After checking identification by signaling the *Atlanta*, the *Portland* fired six 8-inch salvos at this ship. The last one exploded the after magazine, and the destroyer sank.

The cruiser night action of November 13 had taken some thirty minutes in all. It was one of the most furious sea battles ever fought. Our losses were admittedly large: the *Atlanta*, *Barton*, *Cushing*, *Laffey*, and *Monssen* sunk; the *Juneau* fatally damaged; the *Portland*, *San Francisco*, *Helena*, *Aaron Ward*, *O'Bannon*, and *Sterett* badly holed. The enemy did not suffer half as severely: two destroyers sunk; the *Hiei* mortally wounded; several vessels damaged. But the bombardment of Guadalcanal had been effectively frustrated. The results became impressively more apparent during the next two days. For Admiral Kinkaid's *Enterprise* group, with its two battleships, was given a chance to get into position for decisive action. This finally resulted in a clearance of the Japanese combat vessels from the sea, although not until Henderson Field had taken another bombardment from Admiral Mikawa's task force on the night of November 13.

Meanwhile, the crew of the *San Francisco* made heroic efforts to cope with its damage control. By mid-morning, Friday, November 13, most of the fires had been extinguished. The wounded were being cared for; the dead prepared for burial. In state on the quarter-deck, lay the body of its be-

loved admiral. Dan's face was peacefully in repose. He had been sent into eternity by the blast of a 16-inch enemy shell. Except for a few shrapnel marks on his shoulder, there were no other disfigurements. His body was consigned to the sea. It was a fitting resting place for this salt-water sailor who had just appeared before his Maker, the scars of battle full upon him, carrying out his duties before his country and his God.

The appearance of the United States fleet had been a complete surprise to the Japanese admiral, who had definitely come down in full force to wipe out, by means of naval bombardment, our position on Guadalcanal, and particularly Henderson Field. Absolute evidence of this is the fact that the Japanese ships had only bombardment ammunition ready—the type that caused great damage to the superstructure of our ships, but did not produce as many sinkings as armor-piercing shells would have done.

It is still not clear whether Dan Callaghan knew that he was about to engage at least one battleship when he swung his column between the two groups of enemy vessels, unless he learned that fact from the *O'Bannon's* radar report. But as Admiral Nimitz remarked, once the battleship did appear "there was nothing he could do but fight his way out; which he did."

The importance of what was done in the early hours of Friday, November 13, 1942 is well underlined by a Japanese combat report covering the last three weeks of October: "It must be said that success or failure in recapturing Guadalcanal, and the results of the final naval battle related to it, is the fork in the road which leads to victory for them or for us." To Dan Callaghan and Task Group 67.4 must be given the credit for having started the United States forces on the right prong of that fork.

Epilogue

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures . . .
Aeneid III.

I

At Guadalcanal, that same night, on an elevation overlooking the sound, stood a Marine general, praying in his heart of hearts for victory. He fully appreciated the titanic nature of the struggle. He knew the overwhelming firepower of the Japanese Armada.

With the battle suddenly ended, the Japanese forces turned and Guadalcanal unbombarded, he sat down and wrote: "The enemy has apparently suffered a devastating defeat. The battered helmets of the fighting forces on Guadalcanal are lifted in deepest tribute to Rear Admirals Callaghan and Scott . . . and to the forces who, against seemingly hopeless odds, did, with magnificent courage, attack and drive back the first hostile stroke and make later successes possible."

II

In the White House in Washington, late on Monday evening, November 16, 1942, a rumor suddenly arose in muffled whisper. "Dan Callaghan," it said, "Dan Callaghan . . . killed." There was no one willing to convey the news to the President. When finally word was brought to him officially, he gasped in unaffected consternation. "I knew it," he said. "I knew Dan was too brave a man to live. But I'll bet, as he

set his course straight for the enemy, he was thinking of Dewey and Manila, and our constant discussions of such actions."

The President retired early that night. The next day he dictated a note to Dan's wife Mary: "I am very sure I need not tell you of the sense of great personal loss to me. Dan and I had a very wonderful relationship during the years he was at the White House. I took great pride in him, and I must have been nearly as happy as he over his new command. In spite of our grief we will always remember a gallant soul who died leading his ship and his command to a great victory."

III

In Auckland, New Zealand, as well as in Washington, D. C., and in San Francisco, California, Solemn Military Masses of Requiem were offered for Dan Callaghan and the magnificent fighting force that had faced eternity with him. On November 24, 1942, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, New Zealand, His Lordship, Bishop William Liston presided at a Solemn Mass offered by the Reverend F. A. Gallagher, S.J., of New Haven, Connecticut, a United States Navy Chaplain. He was assisted by the Reverend Michael Kenefick, Auckland Port Chaplain, and the Reverend George Marinovich. Present for the Mass were high-ranking officers of the United States Navy and Army, contingents of noncommissioned ranks, representatives of the New Zealand Army, Navy and Air Forces, and representatives of the Auckland Consular Corps and the Government.

In the Cathedral where Dan had frequently attended Mass during the few weeks of his active duty in Auckland, Bishop Liston gave voice to the sentiment of the Catholic Church: "This service of prayer and sacred worship in the Cathedral is our tribute of respect and gratitude to the heroic dead, and expression of sympathy to the Admiral's family in sorrow, to his comrades in arms, and to the land of his birth . . .

"The deed of courage that brought the Admiral's life to an end on earth was no act of sudden daring. A hero is not made in an hour, but in the long, slow years before, while nobility and strength are being grafted on his soul. Such an act of sacrifice—death for the sanctities of the home, the protection of one's country, the true and good in the world, for God—is the highest use a man can make of life . . ."

IV

In Oakland, California, in the midst of sorrow tempered to a mild degree by the news of his son's heroism, an old gentleman of fourscore years, Dan's father, sat down and wrote: "All I can say is that I warned Dan of the danger to life he was facing when leaving again for the seat of war. I reminded him explicitly that this was a 'shooting war,' and that a preparation for Eternal Life was his most necessary duty. Dan wrote me not to worry, he was ready to answer the Call . . . This gave his mother and me our greatest comfort . . ."

V

In Newport, Rhode Island, at the Naval War College, when the final results of the battle action were in, a critique was organized. It was based in good part upon Admiral Spruance's estimate of the Solomon Island's Action Report, written for the Pacific Commander in Chief at Pearl Harbor. It dealt with five specific critical points.

1. The *San Francisco*, on November 13, as on October 11-12, was hampered by her lack of ships' detection radar. While Admiral Callaghan was trying to get a clear picture of the situation from the ships so equipped, the situation suddenly began to develop beyond his control . . . His destroyers started to turn, and there was confusion of identity at the moment of opening fire. With SG radar he would have been more cer-

tain of his own formation, and his forces might have been able to maintain uninterrupted fire.

2. It should again be noted that our heaviest losses in surface night action have come from torpedoes, whereas the damage we have inflicted has been primarily by gunfire.

3. On the night of November 13, the enemy used searchlights skillfully, one or more ships illuminating while others took it under fire. In this action, it is quite possible that Rear Admiral Callaghan closed the range in order to smother the enemy battleship's main-battery fire control with a high volume of fire. Except for such special instances as this, however, it is our interest to open fire with radar at ranges that preclude searchlight illumination, close destroyer torpedo attack, or visual observation by the enemy.

4. The complete reliance on TBS is unfortunate. TBS restricted to an emergency has many virtues. It has also many defects which must be guarded against, such as opening up before contact; possibility of enemy deception; unreliability of communiques getting through in the heat of action; loading the circuit with unessential conversations.

5. Destroyers were not utilized to the best advantage in the mid-November actions. As for the heavy ships, these actions again demonstrate the advantage of a single column for night engagements. Enemy ships approaching in multiple columns fired into each other, or were slow in opening fire because of doubt of identity. Until the melee began (just after the opening fire on the night of the November 12-13), our ships had no problem of identification. This was an important element in enabling our ships to hit first.

VI

Faced with this criticism, Kelly Turner admitted its essential cogency, particularly in the matter of the use of torpedoes, the employment of destroyers, and the advantages to be gained by a skillful use of radar-searching. Taking cogni-

zance of certain unofficial judgments that seemed to emanate from the plotting rooms of the War College he had this to say: "It is easy enough to estimate a situation, once the action is over. Faced with the immediate prospect of stopping an uncertain aggregate of Japanese coming down in force, Dan Callaghan took the wisest and most effective action he knew. There may have been another way of doing it, a more effective way, perhaps, but the fact is that Dan stopped the Japanese from bombarding Guadalcanal that night, a most important factor in the over-all situation. It was at a moment when it was essential to beat the Japanese in detail. Admiral Callaghan's action was the beginning of the turning in the road. Two days later, we knew for the first time that the future was ours."

Raymond Spruance would concur in that judgment. He has said: "In four days, the fate of Guadalcanal, and the fate of our campaign in the South Pacific for months to come, was decided. There were many courageous decisions, from lowest to highest commands, and heroic actions without number. First place among them, however, belongs to the decision of Task Force 64's Commander (Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner), well knowing the odds and possible destruction of his forces, to send his cruisers and destroyers against the Japanese battleship bombarding force, and the resolute manner in which our ships were led (by Admirals Callaghan and Scott) into the resulting battle. The night action of November 12-13 probably saved Henderson Field. It made possible the subsequent air operations from Guadalcanal."

Bibliographical Note

The gathering of material for a biography of the proportions of this work presented its own peculiar problem in historical investigation. For Dan Callaghan's family background, I was most fortunate in having had as a source the recollections of his father, Mr. Charles W. Callaghan, a man of fourscore years, with a keen memory and an interest in history and the trend of events, which has lent a degree of accuracy to his memories that is, to say the least, remarkable. Several books on California history, a number of family papers, and a small but informative collection of Dan's letters helped to fill in the picture and further the narrative.

For Dan's career as a naval officer, there are first of all the records at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, including the year books (*Lucky Bag*) for 1909, 1910, 1911; his fitness reports throughout his years of service; the records and logs of ships and stations to which he was attached; and the recollections of numerous officers and men with whom he served, including Father William Maguire's *Rig for Church* (Macmillan, 1942) and his *The Captain Wears a Cross* (Macmillan, 1943).

For his activities as gunnery officer under Admiral Leigh, and as staff aide to Admiral Taussig, there are the *Gunnery Reports* of 1930-1933; and various plans and documents in connection with fleet problems in which he took part. For his career as naval aide, there are a number of documents in the naval aide's files; the logs of several presidential cruises; the *History of Naval Ordnance* (still in manuscript); newspaper and periodical accounts of the President's activities; and the recollections of his associates.

For the war years, there are the *Action Reports* of the *USS San Francisco*; the *War Diaries* of the Southwest Pacific Command; the *Combat Narratives* of the Solomon Islands Campaign (VI); the *Interrogations of Japanese Officials*, issued by the United States Strategic Bombing Survey (Pacific Section); Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King's *Official Report* to the Secretary of the Navy (I); and the recollections of such men as Vice Admiral Robert I.

Ghormley, Richmond Kelly Turner; Commander Bruce McCandless; Captain Theodore R. Wirth; Commodore Robert Tobin, Captain R. F. Martin, and a number of others. Finally, for the over-all picture, there is a good interpretative essay on Dan by Fletcher Pratt entitled "Battleship Admiral" which first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1944, and is reprinted in *Fleet Against Japan* (Harper's, 1946). Despite several inaccuracies, this essay gives a fairly complete picture of Dan Callaghan.

For the general historical background, Morison and Commager's *The Growth of the American Republic II* (Oxford University Press, 3rd edition, 1944), and Haines and Hoffman's *The Origin and Background of the Second World War* (Oxford University Press, 1945) are most useful. For strictly naval history, Fletcher Pratt's *The Navy—A History* (Harper's, 1939) and Donald Mitchell's *History of the Modern American Navy* (Knopf, 1946), S. E. Morison's *The Struggle for Guadalcanal* (Atlantic Monthly-Little, Brown, 1949) proved most reliable. For an understanding of naval strategy and tactics, Bernard Brodie's *A Layman's Guide to Naval Strategy* (Princeton University Press, 1943) is most informative. So is his *Sea Power in the Machine Age* (Princeton University Press, 1941); and Harold and Margaret Sprout's *Towards a New Order of Sea Power* (Princeton University Press, 1940). For the rest, valuable fill-in material is to be found in the *New York Times*, *Time*, the *Army and Navy Register*, and various other newspapers and magazines.

INDEX

Aeneid, 1, 5, 16, 17, 34, 51, 76, 93,
107, 132, 152, 175, 203
Alaska, 48, 158
Aldrich, Winthrop, 53
Aleutians, 133, 157, 158, 178
Akatsuki, 185
Anderson, A. B., 30, 39
Annapolis, 12, 17-33, 35, 39, 67, 77, 99
Arkansas, 57, 82, 88
Asagumo, 185, 194
athlete, 39, 40, 52, 59, 103
Atlanta, 177, 178, 179, 182, 188, 192,
194, 195, 196, 200, 201
Australia, 66, 67, 159, 164
Auckland, 166-170, 177

Bancroft Hall, 23, 24
Bank, First National, 7-8
Barton, 179, 183, 188, 194, 201
Belknap, R. R., 65
Bennett, K. M., 53
Betelgeuse, 179, 182, 183
Beveridge, Senator, 18
Bieri, Admiral B., 32
• Blandy, Admiral W. H. P., 137, 140,
141
Bloch, Admiral Claude C., 110, 121
Barron, Rev. J., 31, 32
Bougainville, 159, 163
Boston, 6
Bofors, 118-120
Brady, John, 32, 84
Brereton, L. H., 23, 32
Britain, 125, 136, 139, 141, 145, 154
Brown, Wilson, 159, 162
Buckley, A. V., 11
Buin, 172, 181, 185
Buchanan, 179
Burke, Father, 64
Butler, Smedley, 41

Calhoun, Admiral W. L., 163

California, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40, 50, 84, 88
California, Univ. of, 94-98, 112
Callaghan, Chad, 11, 15, 26, 65, 99
Callaghan, C. W., 3, 5, 7, 9, 14, 15,
18, 19, 27, 28, 71, 80, 110, 205
Callaghan, Daniel, Sr., 6, 7, 9, 10
Callaghan, Janet, 18
Callaghan, Judson, 51, 63, 81, 99, 106,
163
Callaghan, Mary Tormey, 37, 39, 46,
54, 57, 58, 63, 68, 81, 83, 84, 100,
101, 106, 108, 109, 130, 131, 204
Callaghan, Admiral William, 3, 63,
64, 65, 70, 71, 72, 81, 83, 92, 117,
120, 173
Cameron, Emmet, 96
Cammernan, Joseph, 32
Canal Zone, 113, 134, 135, 139
Cantillon, Father, 99
Carreras, E., 11
Casanova, Archbishop, 9
Casey, J., 11
Catholic Youth Organization, 127
Cervera, Admiral, 17
Chambers, Mr., 64, 70, 99
Chamberlain, 115, 123
China, 34, 37, 100, 117, 125
Cicognani, Archbishop, 127
Clausewitz, 99
Cobb, Admiral, 32
Colorado, 61, 65-67, 74, 77, 88
Coman, 'Plug', 47, 48
Congress, 52, 53, 62, 73, 86, 118, 120,
121, 135, 136, 139, 149
Coronado, 47, 81
court-martial, 34, 49, 56
Crouter, Marc, 184, 185, 199
Crutchley, Admiral, 171, 172
Cushing, 179, 188, 191, 192, 194, 195,
196, 197, 200, 201

Daniels, Josephus, 35

Denfeld, Admiral, 3, 100, 102, 114

Deutschland, 126, 128, 129

Dewey, Commodore, 17

Douhet, General, 124

DuBose, Captain, 188

Dunmanway, 6

Dutch, 133, 135, 145, 149

Early, Steve, 111, 112

Earthquake, 14, 92

Enterprise, 159, 172, 178, 201

Espiritu Santo, 170, 177, 179, 180, 182, 183

Europe, 115, 116, 119, 123, 124, 126, 145

Fall River, 6, 28

Farley, James, 114

Fiji, 158, 167, 170

Finn, Father, 66

Fletcher, Admiral, 153, 161, 170, 172

Fletcher, 179, 188, 194, 196, 199, 201

France, 123, 124, 125, 136, 139

France, Captain, 140

Frankfurter, F., 127

Fraser, Mr., 167

Furlong, Admiral, 129, 137

Germany, 53, 55, 123, 129, 135, 138, 145

Ghormley, Admiral, 164, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178

Giannini, Joseph, 11

Gleeson, Father, 32

Greek, 8, 12

Greenslade, Admiral, 146

Guadalcanal, 1, 3, 165, 169, 171-175, 178, 186, 188, 189, 190, 201, 202

Guantanamo Bay, 141, 147

Guilday, Monsignor, 4

gunnery, 61, 63, 68, 69, 78-92, 118

Halsey, Admiral, 159, 173-181, 186

Harusame, 185, 190, 199

Hart, Admiral, 67, 69, 70, 133

Hawaii, 126, 133, 158

Hiei, 185, 195, 196-199, 201

Helena, 176-179, 181-183, 186, 188, 189, 191, 194, 196-201

Henderson Field, 185, 201, 202

Hearst, William Randolph, 5

Hill, Admiral, 32

Hitler, 115, 123, 124, 125

Hogan, Captain B., 3

Holland, 135, 141

Hoover, Admiral, 130, 188, 191

Hopkins, H., 119, 146, 148

Houston, 109, 110, 113, 116, 120

Hull, Cordell, 117, 124, 149

Hussey, Captain, 59, 61

Hutchinson, Dean, 96

Hyde Park, 122, 123, 130, 144, 145

Idaho, 58-61, 64, 67, 74, 87

Indispensable Strait, 182, 185, 186, 187, 201

Indochina, 116, 123, 145, 154

Iron Bottom Bay, 1, 180

Italy, 123, 138, 145

Japanese, 27, 61, 67, 89, 104, 115, 116, 117, 120, 123, 125, 133, 135, 145, 154, 157-165, 169-172, 176-192, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202

Jenkins, Sam, 188, 192, 196

Jensen, H. M., 53

Jomini, 99

Juneau, 177, 179, 181, 182, 188, 192, 194, 198, 201

just war, 86

Jutland, 94, 110

Karns, Captain, 65, 66, 67, 74

Kennedy, Joseph, 119

Kirishima, 185, 195, 200

King Neptune, 60, 112

King, Tom S., 23

Kinkaid, Admiral, 155, 157, 163, 178, 180, 181, 186, 201

Knights, Charles P., 11, 24, 37

Laffey, 179, 188, 194, 195, 196, 200, 201

Latin, 10, 11, 12, 15

LeHardy, Lieutenant Commander, 165, 177

Leahy, Admiral, 114, 116, 126, 138, 149

Leigh, Admiral, 58, 76, 77, 78, 79, 81-84, 86-92, 94, 103

Lengo Channel, 187, 188, 190, 201

Lexington, 74, 75, 82, 88, 159, 160-162

Liston, Bishop, 168, 204-205

Lucky Bag, 29, 30, 32
Lunga Point, 181-183, 189

MacArthur, General, 154
 McAleer, Marie, 4
 McCain, Admiral, 166, 170
 McCandless, Bruce, 4, 200
 McCombe, Jane, 6, 7, 28
 McIntire, Ross, 3, 53, 107-111, 112, 113, 116, 122, 132, 134, 146, 147
 McNamee, Admiral, 88
 Madden, Father, 12
 Maglione, Cardinal, 122
 Maguire, Father, 32, 59, 60, 65, 103, 106, 108, 155, 162
 Mahan, Captain, 18, 77, 93, 99
 Mare Island, 34, 110, 153, 163, 164
 Martin, Commander William, 163
 Mass, 103, 119, 155, 156, 163, 168
 Mehling, Father, 147
 Midway, 120, 133, 158, 169
 Mikawa, Admiral, 201
Mississippi, 55, 61, 67, 68, 71, 72, 74, 87, 105
Monssen, 179, 188, 199, 201
 Mundelein, Cardinal, 127
Murasame, 185, 194
 Murphy, Father Edward, 6
 Murray, Admiral G., 31, 32

naval aide, 13, 107-151, 152
 naval science, 93-106
 Navy Day, 118, 127
 Navy Department, 114-119, 126, 130, 136, 137-141, 143, 144, 146, 150, 152, 167
 Navy, German, 37
 New Caledonia, 158, 169, 170
 New Deal, 110, 111, 141
 Newman Club, 31, 96
New Orleans, 155, 156, 160
 New Zealand, 66, 159, 164, 166, 167
 Nicaragua, 40, 41, 122
Nero, 18
 Nimitz, Admiral, 74, 95, 96, 159, 166, 169, 173, 174, 176, 202
Nogara, 185, 191
 Nomura, K., 149, 150, 154
 Norway, 128, 135, 138
 Noumea, 166, 167, 170, 173, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181

Oakland, 11, 14, 15, 110, 164, 166
O'Bannon, 179, 188, 190-196, 198, 200-202
 O'Connor, Basil, 111, 113
 O'Hare, Lieutenant, 161
 Oikawa, Admiral, 116
 ordnance, 34, 35, 114, 119, 128, 129, 137

Pacelli, E., 121
 Panama, 125, 134
 Peck, Colonel, 165
 Patch, General, 166
 Pearl Harbor, 35, 97-99, 127, 155, 157, 158, 166, 173, 176
 Perkins, Senator, 19
 plebe, 23, 26
 Point Cruz, 177, 178, 179
Portland, 179, 182, 188, 194-201
 Pratt, Fletcher, 31, 85
Preston, 179, 180
 Pringle, Joel, 61, 67, 68
Potomac, 114, 117, 127, 142

Rabaul, 159, 178
 Raby, James J., 18, 20, 25, 29, 30-35, 37, 38, 51, 54, 66, 67, 70, 71, 72, 79, 80, 83, 84, 99, 100, 106, 114
 Rend, Chas., 155
 Riddle, Captain F., 86, 91, 103
 Riordan, Archbishop, 5, 6, 8, 26
 Rome, 119, 127
 Roosevelt, F. D., 111, 107-152, 165, 203-204
 Roosevelt, T., 5, 18, 27, 35

Samidare, 185, 194
San Francisco, 152, 153, 154, 155-168, 176, 179, 182, 184-201
 San Pedro, 40, 47, 108, 127
 Savo, 1, 171, 182, 183, 188, 189, 190, 201
 Scapa Flow, 55
 Scott, Admiral, 32, 173, 177-185, 187, 196
 Sealark Channel, 182, 187, 190, 201
 Swenson, L., 188, 192
Shaw, 179, 183, 184
 Skibbereen, 6
 Solomons, 159, 164, 170, 178
South Dakota, 178, 186, 187
 Sowell, Admiral, 30, 39, 40, 41

- Spruance, Admiral, 158, 205-207
 St. Ignatius College, 6-16, 24, 31, 64, 67
 Stark, Admiral, 126, 136, 150, 152
 State Department, 114, 117, 123, 124, 130, 136, 138, 140, 146
 Sterett, 188, 192, 195, 197, 200, 201
 Sun Yat Sen, 34

 Taussig, Admiral, 100, 101, 102, 105, 107, 109
 Thach, Lieutenant Commander, 159, 160
 Thomas, Admiral Wm. N., 4
 Tokyo Express, 1, 2, 172, 178
 Truxtun, 44-51, 100, 153
 Tsushima, 110
 Turner, Admiral Kelly, 164, 170, 172, 175, 179, 180-188, 206-207
 Tuscaloosa, 125, 134, 135, 141, 146, 147, 148, 150, 153

 U-boat, 55
 Udachi, 185

 Vandegrift, General, 167, 170
 Vichy, 145, 146, 149

 Voorhies, Edward E., 96, 98

 Wake Island, 120, 133
 Warm Springs, 113, 118, 119, 122, 130, 135, 148
 Washington, 108, 114, 117, 119, 123, 125, 127, 132, 141, 143, 146, 148
 Watson, 'Pa', 107, 111, 116, 134, 146, 147, 148
 Wellington, 166, 167
 West Virginia, 72, 87, 88, 156
 Westholm, Commander, R. E., 4
 Wheeler, Rose, 5, 8
 Wheeler, Judson, 8-10
 White House, 3, 108, 114-119, 124, 126, 127, 131, 138, 143, 148, 153, 158
 Wilson, Pres., 41, 51, 62, 125
 Wintle, D., 2, 98
 World War I, 124, 126, 127, 139

 Yarnell, Admiral, 116, 125
 Yorktown, 159, 161, 162
 Young, Cassin, 2, 163, 177, 184, 199
 Yudachi, 190, 194, 201

 Zeilin, 179, 182

89058442815



B89058442815A

MURPHY

Fighting Admiral

The time was shortly after midnight, Friday, November 13, 1942. The place was Guadalcanal. On hand was the United States Navy—invincibly present, awaiting an attack from the Japanese. Suddenly all hell broke loose.

With the man standing on the bridge of the flagship *San Francisco*, one thought was uppermost: we want the big ones! For, as his mighty cruiser plowed through the churning sea, salt spray mingling with the smoke of belching eight-inch guns, Rear Admiral Daniel Judson Callaghan peered ahead into the terrifying darkness, hopelessly trying to distinguish friend from foe. Futilely, he endeavored to delineate his own cruisers and destroyers amid the fiery confusion. He was determined to direct the withering fire of his task force upon the mightiest of the embattled Japanese warships around him.

The task was an impossible one. Suddenly a salvo from an opposing Japanese battleship landed squarely on the American flagship's bridge. It killed Dan Callaghan and it sanctified his story in the annals of United States naval glory.

It was no mere accident of fate that had placed Dan Callaghan on the bridge of the *San Francisco* that perilous night. His whole career as a student and officer of the United States Navy had prepared him for that moment. Like the progress of a classic drama, it was inevitable that at that hazardous moment a man of the intrepidity and character of Dan Callaghan should have been guiding the destinies of virtually the only effective naval force possessed by the United States in that area.

FIGHTING ADMIRAL is the record of Dan Callaghan's distinguished career in peacetime and wartime. It is a valiant story that will always be an inspiration to every man who enters the service of our country.

A

VANTAGE

VANTAGE

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Fighting Admiral

The story of
Dan Callaghan



by FRANCIS X. MURPHY